THE YOUNG LADIES MAGAZINE,

OR,

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN

A DISCREET GOVERNESS

AND

Several YOUNG LADIES of the first RANK under her EDUCATION.

BY

Mrs. *LE PRINCE DE BEAUMONT.*

A NEW EDITION.

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THE YOUNG LADIES MAGAZINE.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Lady LOUISA, *Lady* LUCY, *Miſs* ZINA, *Miſs* FRIVOLOUS, *Mrs.* AFFABLE, *Lady* SINCERE.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

I Did not think proper to ſpeak more fully of the neceſſary diſpoſitions to make the marriage ſtate happy. The younger ſet of little ladies will not want inſtructions on that head this long time; but as the time draws near for moſt of you to be married, and two of you will very ſoon be diſpoſed of, I am highly pleaſed with this occaſion to give you my thoughts upon this ſubject.

Miſs Frivolous. You caſt a look towards me; has any one told you I was going to be married?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear. I am generally one of the firſt, that knows what concerns you all, as many as you are. They know I love you,

and that I am intereſted for your welfare; your general confeſſions are made to me, and I know the next morning what has happened to any one of you the day before.

Miſs Frivolous. Pray, what do they ſay about me? Do not keep any thing from me.

Mrs. Affable. But how ſhall I know, that you will not take it ill of me, particularly, if I ſhould perhaps ſay any thing, that may be diſagreeable to you before theſe ladies?

Miſs Frivolous. They are all my intimate friends; I hope ſo at leaſt; you are free to ſay what you pleaſe before them. Beſides, if the public has informed you concerning my behaviour, they very likely know already what you have to ſay.

Mrs. Affable. You are much in the right, my dear; perhaps you are the only perſon in town, that is not acquainted with what I am about to tell you.

Miſs Frivolous. You frighten me, Mrs. *Affable*; then it muſt be very public.

Mrs. Affable. It is indeed, my dear friend; and among ſo many that wiſh you well, not one has had the courage, not one has had the heart to give you a friendly notice of the town-talk. I muſt in all likelihood have a greater friendſhip for you than the reſt, ſince I take the diſagreeable taſk upon me, and run the hazard of forfeiting your eſteem, and love of me, by what really ſhould make me more worthy of it.

Miſs Frivolous. No, Mrs. *Affable*, you ſhall not loſe my friendſhip; to be ſure I have many faults, but I am not guilty of taking amiſs the advice given me by friends with regard to my behaviour, when I have reaſon to believe, that it is done out of kindneſs and affection.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I am perſuaded you will do me the juſtice to believe, that it is out of no other motive, that I venture to put you in mind of things, that may be diſagreeable for you to hear.

No ſooner was it known in the world, that you honoured me with your company at our leſſons, but people made themſelves very buſy in acquainting me with your character. You was not at all flattered in your picture; and if I had been ſo inclined, I ſhould have formed a moſt diſadvantageous opinion of you; but as I am no ſtranger to this malicious work; I ſuſpended my judgment, and I have obſerved you very ſtrictly to find out how I was to form it.

Miſs Frivolous. Well, what have you diſcovered, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. That for the moſt part you was not concerned in their imputations; but that withal you had given too much room by imprudence, and a leſs guarded conduct, for their framing ſuch a judgment of you. I have come out with it at laſt, deareſt Miſs; I muſt juſtify what I have ſaid. I beg you will hear me with attention.

You are pretty, and you are not unacquainted with it; you will be very rich, and all the world knows it. This is enough to let looſe a crowd of jealous young women againſt you, and to excite them to the moſt rigorous and ſevere inquiry into your behaviour, and endeavour to bring you into diſrepute. A very little reflection would have taught you, that the advantages you have muſt naturally produce this effect; and this would have engaged you to confine your conduct within much narrower bounds, than many others, that no hold

might be left for malice to take any advantage. No, inſtead of this, you ſeem to have entered into a combination with your enemies, as if you had laid a wager, that you would ſlip no occaſion, which might give them room to diſcredit you.

Miſs Frivolous. But, my good God! Mrs. *Affable,* what is there ſo very extraordinary in my behaviour?

Mrs. Affable. You ſhall hear. To begin, you are extremely giddy; next, you are a *coquet* of no ſmall degree. Your head is ſtuffed with dangerous romances; I have obſerved them among your books. Your thoughts running upon nothing but amorous adventures, has made you conclude, that all the gentlemen muſt be ſtruck with your charms. I will go farther; you have wiſhed it, and been ſo imprudent as to let them diſcover this weakneſs. Laſt ſummer you happened to be, where a great many foreign officers were. They are ſparks by profeſſion; they vied with each other, who ſhould make you the fineſt and moſt amorous compliments; you believed, that profuſion of ſweet words from thoſe gentlemen, was attended with the greateſt ſincerity. Well! dear Miſs, when they were by themſelves, your ſimplicity became a jeſt with them; and they diverted one another with making you very ridiculous. A fortnight ago I fell into company, where two of thoſe gentlemen viſited; I named you as a perſon with a great ſhare of wit and merit; this was received with great ſhouts among the company, as if I could not have ſaid any thing more extravagant. Really, ſaid a lady to me, you

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are ſtrangely prejudiced in behalf of your ſcholars; and nothing but the greateſt prepoſſeſſion could find any wit in the perſon you have mentioned. The other day I was with a very deſerving young lady, who takes pleaſure in reading, and is provided with a good library; Miſs *Frivolous* came thither, and ſeeing ſo many books, burſt out a laughing like a mad creature, and aſked the lady what ſhe meant with all thoſe volumes. I read them with pleaſure, the other anſwered; then ſhe redoubled her peals of laughter, and the animal, you have been praiſing, proteſted, that the ſight of her library was enough to give her the *megrim*.

Miſs Frivolous. Is it poſſible this ſtory ſhould be taken up thus and carried abroad? Mrs. *Affable*, I really was guilty of this folly. But you know I love books, and I was then with a lady, who ridicules all that underſtand ſomething, beſides dreſſing and detracting; I did this to mock her.

Mrs. Affable. You ſee what it is to be in bad company. Half of your faults are owing to that cauſe; but to return to the converſation, of which you was the principal ſubject.

I know that ſhe is very ſilly, ſaid one of the officers; but for all that, ſhe would ſuit me very well; ſhe is beautiful, and moreover very rich; it would do wonderfully well for me.

But his companion replied, you muſt be uncommonly bold to venture on ſuch a match. A coquet at ſeventeen ſeldom lays down that character; probably you may not be very jealous.

I'll tell you, ſays the other; ſhe is modeſt in the main; but if ſhe goes on, ſhe is not to be truſted. A woman that ſeeks to pleaſe will ſome

time or other meet with a perſon, that will pleaſe her; I would ſpare no pains to make her ſenſible of this important maxim by frequent repetitions; but, if I could not ſucceed, I ſhould very ſoon determine what I had to do. Madam ſhould be at liberty to *coquet* it away as ſhe pleaſed with a ſeparate maintenance, the leaſt that could be allowed; and I would take my pleaſure with her fortune.

Miſs Frivolous. I could cry with vexation, Mrs. *Affable*; I gueſs the perſon who ſet me off with this fine ſpeech. Falſe man! he applauded all my follies; one would have thought he was paſſionately in love with me.

Mrs. Affable. Perhaps he was, my dear. Men are daily in love with women they deſpiſe. Love and contempt often meet in the ſame perſon; the firſt, it is true, ſeldom laſts long. But let us make an end of what was ſaid concerning you. I ſtuck to it, that you had wit, and it is very true. Nature has endowed you largely in that reſpect, but her gifts have yet availed you nothing. You are ſtill ignorant, and groſsly ſo; you love reading, but your reading lies in trifling ſilly books. You have never applied to any one thing; if you can but gad from morning till night, with ladies of your own way and humour you are ſatisfied. This ſhould make you tremble, my dear; thoſe mean deſpicable women, who, notwithſtanding their rank, are become the butt of all the low jeſts of the meaneſt rabble, all of them ſet out into the world as you do.

Miſs Frivolous. Rather than ever to reſemble them, I chuſe to die on the ſpot.

Mrs. Affable. I am perſuaded you do my dear; your will is good, and comes from a heart that

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is ſincere; and conſequently you will ſubmit to the directions I ſhall give you for avoiding ſo great a misfortune. The firſt, and the moſt important, is to ſhun bad company.

Miſs Frivolous. I do aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that among the ladies I frequent, I do not know one, but what is very modeſt, and of unſullied reputation.

Mrs. Affable. You are certainly miſtaken; the ladies you ſee are very modeſt; I am willing at leaſt to believe it; but they have not the faireſt character; they are, like yourſelf, unſettled young ladies, who mind nothing but pleaſure, and have their heads full of a deſire to pleaſe; and that is more than ſufficient to bring the modeſteſt woman into diſrepute. On the other ſide, examine yourſelf. What is the topic of converſation, when you meet? Your dreſs, the gentlemen of your acquaintance, the intrigues of one, and the lover of another. All this vain talk keeps up and feeds that inclination to trifles, which you muſt abſolutely lay down. Providence has thrown in your way a very eaſy means for that good purpoſe; it has helped you to a very agreeable acquaintance with theſe ladies; you have for ſome time ſlighted them; but they will forgive your neglect, I am ſure. Make haſte, and without affectation break off abſolutely with the others. Let it be done forthwith, I ſay; you have not the leaſt minute to loſe; you are within a very little of loſing your character; and, as much your friend as I am, principles of conſcience will oblige me very ſoon to forbid theſe ladies any farther correſpondence with you.

Miſs Frivolous. I have heard all the reſt with patience, but cannot bear this laſt ſtroke. It ſhould

ſeem, by what you ſay, that I am a looſe young woman.

Mrs. Affable. To diſguiſe the truth would not be acting the part of a friend. No, my dear, you are not a looſe liver; you abhor the guilt; but, let me repeat it, you are in the road that leads to flagitiouſneſs. I could name half a ſcore ladies, who are become infamous in the ſame way. Coquetry, as well as unſettledneſs, brings you to the ſame; who eſcape thoſe dangers, can only eſcape by miracle. Let us ſpeak our minds freely. You are ſcarce eighteen, and you have already had two ſeveral inclinations. Very fortunately for you, your firſt was for a man of honour, who never thought once of making an improper uſe of the paſſion, which you had inſpired to him: now you have a ſecond; the match is undoubtedly ſuitable; but you know as well as myſelf, that it does not very much pleaſe your father, and that he will very probably refuſe his conſent, by which you will be expoſed to an infinity of diſagreeable reports.

Miſs Frivolous. As we ſpeak with open hearts, and great ſincerity, there ſhould be no diſſembling. I deſire to be married, and for very good reaſons. I have loſt my mother; and my father, who is not in a condition to train me up in the world, is of courſe under a neceſſity to leave me now to the care of one lady, then of another, and theſe two ladies are not equally ſuitable to my temper. Go out leſs, you will ſay; that is mighty well, but I find a good deal of trouble and vexation at home; my younger ſiſter is my father's idol; ſhe is moſt tedious company. This makes me wiſh I was ſettled; this is the real cauſe of my coquetry, for I am determined not

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to marry a man unleſs he loves me, and a man whom I can alſo love.

Mrs. Affable. Extremely well! it is very fitting that you ſhould marry a man that you can love, but there is no neceſſity of loving him firſt; nay, that is really dangerous. I look upon you to be too generous to marry without your father's conſent. What will become of you, if your inclination and his pleaſure ſhould not agree? You meet in company with all the rattle-headed coxcombs in town. You may find in the croud one of theſe, that ſhall not only amuſe, but really affect your heart. What is to be done then? You muſt either be married to this rattle-head againſt your father's will, if he refuſe his conſent; or, ſooner or later, tear him from your heart under the greateſt rack and torture, with the moſt ſenſible violence to yourſelf. However, we will ſuppoſe, that you may overcome your father by repeated importunities, and that he will let you have your fancy; you will marry without knowing the man. It requires ſerious reflections, and a great preſence of mind to look into a man's character and conduct; and thought and preſence of mind are not the allotment of lovers. You will look upon your ſpark, as the eighth wonder of the world; you will ſuppoſe and imagine perfections which he has not; you will excuſe the real defects he has. In your ſight he will be all love and ſubmiſſion; you will fondly conceit this will continue always; and I could ſafely ſwear all theſe appearances will vaniſh in a ſhort time after the nuptials. This is certain, that nothing can laſt always, but ſuch ſentiments as take their riſe from a well-grounded eſteem. Your perſon is ſuch as may inſpire a

paſſion; but your behaviour hitherto has not been at all fit to raiſe a great eſteem of you; whence I am very poſitive, that you can only fix a giddy-headed, or vain ſuperficial thoughtleſs man; and how can you depend upon ſuch a character?

I had a friend, a moſt lovely perſon about ſixteen years of age. A young gentleman that ſaw her accidentally, fell in love with her, and ſhe with him. As he was much richer, and his father exceſſively covetous, deſpair was the firſt and the only relief he found in this misfortune. He locked himſelf up in a remote cloſet, and was three days without meat or drink; by mere chance they found him; he had ſwooned away, and he was with very great difficulty brought to himſelf; this was being in love indeed. His father, to cure him of his paſſion, ſent him upon his travels for two years; but perceiving his inclination was ſtronger than ever, obtained an order for him to be ſent to the *Indies*. He contrived to ſee his miſtreſs before his departure, made the ſtrongeſt proteſtations of an eternal love, and begged that ſhe would not diſpoſe of herſelf before three years were expired; and told her, that if ſhe did not hear from him within that term, ſhe might conclude he was no more. Five years paſſed without the young lady's hearing from him; ſhe was known by the name of *beautiful Fanny*. Mean time a man of great worth courted her, and her conſent to this match was extorted by the importunities and teazing of her family. She had no inclinations, but a great eſteem for him, and ſhe could not forbear declaring, that he was every way qualified to make her very happy. The day before ſhe was to be married, ſhe received a letter from her lover, who had wrote ſeveral, that never came to hand. There needed no more

to turn her head; ſhe broke off her match, and her ſuiter having found means two years after to come back to *France*, they were married. They adored, but did not know each other. Half a year's time proved abundantly enough to open their eyes. The *beautiful Fanny* had made ſure, that her huſband would always be her lover; ſhe thought him very unjuſt, when the tranſports, which ſhe had been accuſtomed to, began to diſappear; ſhe complained, ſhe wept; the firſt time he wiped off her tears, and promiſed to revive all the warmth of his firſt paſſion. But, as I have declared to you before, love is a tranſient affection, too violent to laſt; and the happieſt thing that can befal lovers engaged in marriage, is to find a tender friendſhip ſpringing up from the aſhes of departed love. This commonly happens, when a well-grounded eſteem is the forerunner of love; and ſcarce ever is the caſe, where love and eſteem have not joined to make their union agreeable. It was in vain for the huſband to promiſe, and to attempt keeping up to the raptures of a bridegroom; the inutility of his endeavours to pleaſe, diſheartened him, and he grew weary of her complaints. At laſt he hated her; he brought in rivals, to whom he ſhewed the ſame paſſion he once had for her. His behaviour had the effect which might be naturally expected; ſhe hated him in her turn, and looked upon the day of his death as the happieſt day of her life. Some years after ſhe met by chance with her lover, or rather the friend ſhe was upon the point of marrying; and which ſhe was frequently ſorry ſhe had not done; he was then about forty, and being out of conceit with the buſtle and boiſterous pleaſures of the world, was in queſt of a rational partner for the remainder of life. The *beautiful Fanny* had diſappeared, and

and could not be known again, ſo much ſhe was altered. Gueſs at her ſurpriſe, when her former lover propoſed to bring on again the match which ſhe had broken off. Madam, ſaid he, I muſt not deceive you; I am not in love, and very likely never ſhall be. I make you a tender of my friendſhip, eſteem, and an intire confidence; if that will pleaſe you, and if you are at liberty, and willing to make me the ſame offer, I hope to make you amends for all that you have ſuffered. *Fanny,* who had fared ſo ill with love, was determined to try the effects of friendſhip; ſhe gave her hand to her friend, and they are now actually happy beyond expreſſion. Not the leaſt cloud has ever darkened the ſereneneſs of their days; their mutual affection increaſes continually, and their conſtant prayer is, that they may end their lives the ſame day, not to feel the torture of a life, which, after ſeparation, neither could bear.

Miſs Frivolous. I cannot underſtand how a young woman can be happy with a man older than herſelf.

Mrs. Affable. A man that is only eight years older than his wife, is as young as ſhe is, if things are well underſtood, or young enough for her; and this ſhould be a ſtanding rule. If a friend ſhould aſk my advice, I ſhould caution her againſt a man, that was not at leaſt twenty-eight or thirty years old. Before that age a man's character is not come to a conſiſtency, it is not formed; paſſions are ſtill in their full force; and one can frame no idea of what may happen.

Lady Lucy. I agree with you in opinion, Mrs. *Affable.* When I ſaid that I would not chuſe to marry without love, I wanted terms to explain my ideas. By love I meant a friendſhip ariſing from

from a juſt eſteem; and, to uſe *Fidelia*'s words, I will never give my hand to any man, that has not the firſt place in my heart. I alſo join with her in regard to a delicacy of ſentiments or paſſions, and unpolite behaviour. That coarſe roughneſs to me appears intolerable in a perſon, with whom I have choſen to ſpend my life. That defect breaks out on all occaſions, and I cannot blame *Fidelia* for refuſing a huſband ſo unpoliſhed.

Mrs. Affable. Obſerve, Miſs *Frivolous*, the difference which different ſorts of books produce in the mind. Lady *Lucy*, who only reads ſerious books, has not even the idea of the fooliſh paſſion which inceſſantly takes up your thoughts, becauſe your romances repreſent it agreeably, and ſet it off to advantage, though not as it is in itſelf. A modeſt and prudent young woman, far from ſeeking the occaſions of admitting the ſilly weak paſſion into her heart, avoids it with care, and ſpares no pains to keep herſelf free to receive a huſband from the hands of her parents without repugnance.

Now I muſt anſwer Lady *Lucy*. Providence has placed you in a ſituation where you can marry as you pleaſe, and as you wiſh. You are in the midſt of plenty under the eyes and care of affectionate parents, who love you, and whoſe aim is chiefly to make you happy. Nothing preſſes, that you ſhould be in haſte to marry; you have time and leiſure to chuſe according to your mind; and you will do wiſely not to enter upon an engagement, till you meet with a perſon who reunites in himſelf both the amiable and eſteemable qualifications. Providence ſeems to give you that liberty by the ſituation you ſtand in, ſo much to your advantage. *Fidelia*'s caſe, and of a thou-

a thouſand others, differs widely from yours. How many young women are by their circumſtances obliged to other laws, and cannot follow the ſame rules? And not to depart from our example, prudence, her condition, and the certainty ſhe had, that ſhe could live contentedly with a man, who only wanted ſome exterior accompliſhments, ſhewed plainly, that providence pointed out this match for her. The qualities, that are worthy of eſteem, are never to be overlooked; better a thouſand times to ſtarve with hunger, than be married to a man without honeſt principles; but where there is worth and probity, in many occaſions a young woman is not to inſiſt on the reſt.

Can you think in good earneſt, my dear, of finding a man that is entirely perfect, and with whom you can never have any croſs to ſuffer? You miſtake greatly, if you flatter yourſelf with ſuch hopes. The beſt ſuited, and the happieſt matches are not without trouble and pain; and here the eaſe and ſatisfaction of married perſons depends upon a mutual ſacrifice of their humours, and a reciprocal patience with each others defects. *Fidelia* ſhould have concluded, that providence required her accepting the match offered, ſince it offered her no other means of ſupport in her diſtreſs; by which ſhe would have avoided the misfortunes wherein ſhe afterwards found herſelf involved. I only ſay this in general, for numberleſs circumſtances frequently alter the caſe.

We muſt make an end. Miſs *Frivolous*, I hope, will find ſome benefit from our conference; and I ſhall ſpeedily hear from the public, that ſhe is reformed.

Miſs

Miſs Frivolous. The public will take care enough to repeat my follies, but I may become ſo much a ſaint as to be quite out of farther notice.

Mrs. Affable. Pardon me, my dear; I muſt ſay with madam de *Sevigni*, the world is neither ſilly nor unjuſt. It abates of the good, it makes large additions to the bad part of characters. But perſons acquainted with the world, may make a tolerably exact calculation; and in the main you may rely on the judgment of the public, making ſome allowance either way.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

YOU may remember, ladies, that we had no time for geography when we met laſt. That omiſſion muſt be made up. Begin Lady *Senſible.*

Lady Senſible. I am now to ſpeak of the land of the *Amazons.* The air is hotter than in any other part of *America*; and yet there are fruitful fields, eſpecially near the rivers. It is thought they have gold-mines, as the ſavages often bring ſome with them. Hitherto, no one has found his way to the interior parts of the country. Here are no towns. The river of the *Amazons* croſſes the country, and the inhabitants, who live without chiefs or laws, are cannibals; that is, as we have obſerved before, man eaters.

As to *North America*, it is uncertain whether it is a continent, or a vaſt *peninſula*, as no perſon has gone quite through the country. The limits,

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as far as is yet known, are theſe. It is bounded on the north by *Hudſon*'s ſtreights, and a bay of the ſame name, or the *Chriſtiana* ſea; what lies beyond is not known; on the eaſt by the North Sea, and the Iſthmus of *Panama*; in the South by the gulf of *Mexico*, and the South Sea; the ſame ſea is the weſtern boundary.

Lady Witty. But why not get farther up into the country, as they are there?

Mrs. Affable. This has been attempted ſeveral times; and many pretend, that *America* is continent to *Aſia*, or is only ſeparated from it by ſtreights. Several have endeavoured to find this paſſage through *Hudſon*'s bay, but were ſtopt by mountains of ice. The paſſage by land is as difficult, as the extreme parts of *North America* lie within the Frigid Zone.

Lady Charlotte. When I was a very little one I read a book, I have forgot the name, but I think it was a *Voyage* of the Hollanders. Their voyage was to the North of *Europe*, if I remember well, about or near the ſtreights of *Weygatz*. All on a ſudden their ſhip was hemmed in with ice on all ſides; there were heaps of it like mountains, inſomuch, that there was no getting back or forward. They were of neceſſity to quit the ſhip; they came into *Nova Zembla*, and took with them what they could carry out of the ſhip; they even cut their ſhip in pieces, and brought off the planks. Now, in that country there are very large white bears. One of theſe carried off a *Hollander*, and tore him to bits in the preſence of his companions, who were not in a condition to defend him from the cruel beaſt. They ſaw very well, that they muſt wait for the melting of the ice; they made a hut in the ground, and covered it with planks in form of a houſe.

The

The cold was extreme, and they kindled a coal-fire, which had like to have ſmothered them; they got out as faſt as they could to breathe a little air; after this they contrived a large chimney, and lived ſeveral months under ground. They killed ſome bears and foxes, which they eat, and made themſelves clothes and caps with the ſkins, which they wore with the furr inward. They were ſome time without a viſit from the bears, who very likely took the opportunity of croſſing over to another country upon the ice. What was moſt terrible during their ſtay, they had one continual night; the ſun was on the other ſide, and only gave them a few hours of twilight, that is, a ſort of light, ſuch as we call the break of day. Winter now drawing near to an end, the bears returned, and attempted to come down their chimney, which made them diſpoſe ſeveral guns in ſuch manner within the chimney, that the bears trying to go down, made them go off and kill themſelves. At laſt when day came after this long night, they came out of their burrow, and built a boat with the planks of their ſhip. Before they left this wretched place, they ſet down the hiſtory of their adventure upon a large poſt of wood, that it might be of ſervice to any one, that ſhould come by the ſame misfortune. After that, they went on board; ſeveral died in the voyage, being over-fatigued; the reſt arrived very ſafe, I think, at *Amſterdam*, where they made their entry in their furs.

Lady Mary. Oh dear! this is quite frightful, Mrs. *Affable*. Do you think there is any human creature there?

Mrs. Affable. There may, my dear. Formerly the *Torrid Zone* was thought to be without inhabitants, on account of the exceſſive heats; yet it

it is very populous. If God has placed inhabitants under the *Poles*, he has provided them bodies able to ſtand the cold. But we muſt defer the explication of *North America* to another time, and ſet about our ſtories. Lady *Mary*, begin.

Lady Mary. *Cyrus* being now maſter of *Babylon*, governed that country with his uncle *Cyaxares*, who had very great confidence in *Daniel*. This laſt ſhewed him the prophecy of *Iſaiah*, which was conceived in theſe terms.

Thus ſaith the Lord to his anointed, to *Cyrus*, whoſe right hand I have holden to ſubdue nations before him: and I will looſe the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates ſhall not be ſhut.—I will go before thee, and make the crooked places ſtrait, I will break in pieces the gates of braſs, and cut in ſunder the bars of iron.—And I will give thee the treaſures of darkneſs, and hidden riches of ſecret places, that thou mayeſt know that I the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of *Iſrael*, for *Jacob* my ſervant's ſake. *Cyrus* was aſtoniſhed when he ſaw that the prophet had foretold the things that had happened to him, and conſequently to the prophecy he iſſued the following decree.

Thus ſaith Cyrus *king of* Perſia, *The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and he hath charged me to build him an houſe at* Jeruſalem, *which is in* Judah.—*Who is there among you of all his people? His God be with him, let him go up to* Jeruſalem, *which is in* Judah, *and build the houſe of the Lord God of* Iſrael, *(He is the God) which is in* Jeruſalem.—*And whoſoever remaineth in any place where he ſojourneth, let the men of his place help him with ſilver, and with gold; and with goods, and with beaſts, beſides the free-will offering*

for

for the house of God, which is in Jerusalem. Besides, Cyrus *the king, brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which* Nebuchadnezzar *had brought forth out of* Jerusalem, *and had put them into the house of his gods . . . . . and numbered them unto* Sheshbazzar, *the prince of* Judah. Thus by his orders all concurred to the execution of this great design, the treasurers furnished all they desired to this end, and the *Jews* were to offer sacrifice for his, and all his royal family's prosperity.

Immediately after the publication of this edict, a great number of *Jews* resorted to *Jerusalem*, and laid the foundations of the temple; but notwithstanding the care and application of *Ezra*, who was a scribe, and a very holy man, the work went on very slowly. The *Samaritans*, who were declared enemies to the *Jews*, had brought the ministers of *Cyrus* over to their interest; nay, the work was interrupted, and was not resumed till the time of *Darius*, the son of *Hystaspes*. *Nehemiah*, who was his cup-bearer, obtained a new order to finish the work, and to rebuild the walls of *Jerusalem*, and the gates of that city. When the building of the temple was perfected, he summoned all the people to solemnize the dedication; some wept for joy, seeing the temple rebuilt; others, who remembered the magnificence of the temple of *Solomon*, and compared the two structures, shed tears of sorrow; but the prophet *Haggai* to comfort them, *The glory*, said he, *of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of hosts.*

Lady Witty. I don't understand this prophecy, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs

Mrs. Affable. This is the ſenſe, my dear, and it cannot bear another properly. What is the peace between God and man? *Jeſus Chriſt,* no doubt; he reconciled us to his Eternal Father. The prophet gave to underſtand in thoſe words, that however great the ſplendor of *Solomon*'s temple was imagined, it could never come up to the glory of the latter, which was to be honoured with the preſence of the *Meſſiah,* and of God made man.

Admire with me, ladies, how clear and diſtinct the prophecy is. God not only declares his name, but foretells his actions. This will appear ſtill more, when Lady *Witty* gives us an account of *Cyrus*'s life. Lady *Violent,* favour us with what relates to *Daniel.*

Lady Violent. Daniel was a celebrated prophet, who, from his tender infancy, obſerved faithfully the precepts of the Lord. *Nebuchadnezzar* had given orders to pick out among the children of the *Jewiſh* captives the handſomeſt to wait upon him in perſon. They had a governor appointed, who was to teach them how they were to diſcharge their ſeveral employs about the king. Whilſt they were inſtructing, they had a proviſion aſſigned them of the king's meat, that they might appear fat and fair when they came into the king's preſence. *Daniel* and three other *Jewiſh* youths, who, like him, had the fear of God, applied to their governor: The law of the Lord, ſaid they, forbids us to make uſe of your meats; it will be a favour, if you will permit us to live upon pulſe. Their governor anſwered, I wiſh it lay in my power to grant your requeſt, but if you are only fed with roots and greens, you will appear pale and thin, and I ſhall be ſeverely puniſhed. Try us, ſaid *Daniel,* for ten days; and if you find us altered in that time,

time, you ſhall be at liberty to act as you think fit. The governor carried his complaiſance ſo far, that he agreed to their propoſal, and ſeeing that they looked better than the others, he left them to do as they pleaſed. When all the captive youths were brought before *Nebuchadnezzar*, he fixed his eyes particularly on theſe four, who were more agreeable to him than any of the reſt.

Some time after the king had a dream, which gave him a good deal of inquietude; he thought on this, ſome part of the night, and fell to ſleep again. When he awaked in the morning, he endeavoured to recollect his dream, but to no purpoſe; it was what he could not now remember. Upon this, he called together all the learned and ſoothſayers, to give him the explication of a dream he could not poſſibly call to mind. They repreſented, but in vain, that they could not explain a dream, without knowing what it was; their excuſes were not admitted; in ſhort, they were to be put to death, unleſs they divined the dream, and its meaning. The ſentence was on the point of being put in execution; and *Daniel*, with his companions, were included among the others. They fell to their prayers, after which, *Daniel* waited on the king, and declared to him his dream, which he alſo explained at the ſame time. The king with aſtoniſhment fell upon his face to the ground, and ordered, that *Daniel* ſhould be furniſhed with all neceſſaries for a ſacrifice to be offered to his God, who was the God of gods.

Lady Charlotte. Nebuchadnezzar was mad to inſiſt upon an impoſſibility, and to condemn thoſe perſons to death on that account.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis a pernicious conſequence of the education given to princes and great ones,

and which was worſe in thoſe days than it is now, though it is ſtill bad enough. Flatterers perſuade them, that all the reſt are only made to obey, let what will be commanded; it is an unpardonable fault not to comply. Many are ſo uſed never to meet with any contradiction, that they will be obeyed, even in moſt ridiculous things. Parents in this reſpect have weakneſſes that cannot be forgiven, and will not ſee that they effectually ſpoil and ruin their children, by uſing them to have their will in every thing without controul. I muſt divert you with a little adventure that I ſaw with my own eyes.

A lady of great ſenſe in all other reſpects, had an only ſon, and was ſo tender of contradicting him in the leaſt, for fear of maſter's being out of order by it, that he became a mere little tyrant, and broke out into downright fury upon the leaſt oppoſition made to his whimſical out-of-the-way fancies. Her huſband, her relations, her friends, remonſtrated, that it would be the ruin of her darling; all this was without any effect. A whimſical adventure had more weight with the lady than all the reaſons they could alledge. One day as ſhe was in her chamber, ſhe heard maſter crying in the court; he ſcratched his face from an exceſs of paſſion and ſpite, becauſe, you muſt know, a ſervant had refuſed ſomething that he would abſolutely have. Saucy fellow! ſaid ſhe to the ſervant, to refuſe the child what he aſks. Faith! madam, ſaid he, he may roar till morning before I give it him. At this, the lady was quite in a rage, and juſt falling into fits; away ſhe runs, and going through a parlour where her huſband was, ſhe begs of him to come with her, and to turn off the impudent footman, who refuſed to obey. This gentleman,

who

who had as great a weakneſs for his lady, as ſhe had for the child, followed her, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders; his gueſts got to the window to ſee what was the matter. Inſolent varlet! ſaid he to his man, how durſt you diſobey your lady and refuſe the child what he aſked. Really, Sir, my lady may do it herſelf; maſter, a quarter of an hour ſince, ſaw the moon in a bucket of water, and muſt needs have me give him the moon. The gentleman and his company hearing this, broke out into loud peals of laughter; the lady herſelf, though heartily out of humour, could not forbear ſmiling; and grew ſo much aſhamed of this odd ſcene, which made her ſenſible of her miſtaken fondneſs, that ſhe took another and better method with her ſon, whom ſhe made a very hopeful youth of a ſad ſpoiled child. How many mothers are there that ſtand in need of ſuch accidents, to be taught not to uſe their children to be allowed what they crave and deſire in that abſolute and over-bearing manner?

Lady Mary. I begin to think, that as you told us two years paſt, poor fare contributes to the preſervation of health; for *Daniel* and his companions were in better health with their roots and greens, than thoſe who were at a grand table.

Miſs Rural. Was that inſtance neceſſary to believe Mrs. *Affable?* I am ſo much perſuaded, that ſhe will not impoſe upon me, that I allow without farther inquiry all that ſhe ſays.

Mrs. Affable. I am much obliged to you, my dear; but you have forgot our agreement. We are not to take any thing that is ſaid upon truſt, without good proofs.

Lady Mary. Can there be any ſatisfactory reaſons to ſhew that we ſhall enjoy better health

by living temperately, or even very poorly, than by plentiful and ſumptuous eating.

Mrs. Affable. That can be eaſily done, my dear. Let us ſuppoſe, that the King makes a preſent to all his ſubjects, of a load of coals to each, with this charge, and that he ſhould ſay, huſband theſe coals well, you are to have no more, as long as you live, to dreſs your eatables, and you ſhall eat nothing but what is dreſſed with theſe coals. How would you contrive, Lady *Mary*, to make your fuel go as far as poſſible?

Lady Mary. I would live upon ſuch things as are readily dreſſed, and require not much fire in the dreſſing; but what relation is there, Mrs. *Affable*, between a load of coals, and living poorly?

Mrs. Affable. There is a connection, and it is this; God allots to every one that comes into the world a certain proportion of fire. This fire is the heat of the ſtomach, which, as our common fire is uſed to dreſs victuals, digeſts our meat, and ſerves, as I may ſay, to dreſs and prepare what we eat and drink for interior nouriſhment. The temperate man huſbands this fire; and you juſtly obſerve, that leſs is required to digeſt greens, and ſuch light food, than for concocting beef, and other fleſh meats. Beſides, moderate people not only eat meats of eaſy digeſtion, but ſtint their appetite to a ſmall quantity, and only ſuch as ſuffices to ſupport life. Your gluttons on the contrary never ſpare this fire, they put a great deal too much to the pot; they are perpetually ſtuffing and cramming. When the fire is ſpent, death comes of courſe, and the devourers ſpend their ſhare of fuel very ſoon. An Epicure is ſeldom long-lived, and thoſe few who reach to old age, with temperance would have prolonged their lives to a farther term. The greateſt part

are

are old at forty, few exceed ſixty, and if they paſs thoſe years, you find them heavy, dull, and inſupportable to themſelves and to others. And this is the firſt reaſon to prove that a temperate life conduces to a long life, and a good ſtate of health.

Miſs Rural. I can ſafely ſay, Mrs. *Affable,* that I am not greedy; I could live very well on pulſe. If it was otherwiſe, the argument you have brought, would engage me to curb a craving appetite for the preſervation of health; but if one could die in an inſtant without ſickneſs or infirmity, the advantage of living to an old age, is not ſuch as to make it worth the while to ſubmit to any conſtraint. Life is even long enough already.

Mrs. Affable. I thought ſo at fourteen years of age. Sixty years appeared to me at ſuch a diſtance, that I never thought of living ſo long; and now they draw near, the great number of years I have lived, looks but like a dream, and nothing is left but the few good actions I have done, and the regret of having loſt ſo much time unprofitably. Time grows more and more in requeſt as it ſlips from us; and we are more deſirous of life at fifty, than at fifteen.

Miſs Rural. That is beyond my capacity of underſtanding. Could I have known, before I came into the world, the particulars of this life, which are to be gone through, and it had been left to my choice, I ſhould not have found, I think, any very preſſing temptation to exiſt.

Miſs Frivolous. In my life, I never heard the like. You muſt be very unhappy, Miſs, to be ſo tired with this world.

Miſs Rural. I do not believe there is any one perſon in the world ſo happy as I am. My father

and mother are the kindeſt of parents; they prevent and are beforehand with me in every thing that I can wiſh in reaſon, and by the ſpecial grace of God I wiſh for nothing out of reaſon. I am not rich enough to be cumbered with wealth, nor in danger of being poor; I am ſatisfied I ſhall never be conſtrained to marry againſt my inclination, and if I deſire to be married, I am very ſure I ſhall find no obſtacle to a match from either of them. Such is my happy ſituation, and yet, deſirable as it is, not of ſufficient weight to make me ſo fond of life.

Lady Louiſa. But after all, my dear, what reaſon have you to be diſguſted with it?

Miſs Rural. Give me leave to aſk, Madam, what ſhould move me ſo particularly to deſire it? But don't imagine, that I have an averſion to life; no, it is a very indifferent object to me; and I would not give a pin to chuſe between a longer and a ſhorter life.

Mrs. Affable. To keep up to the regulations of our ſociety, Miſs *Rural* muſt acquaint us with her reaſons for this extraordinary manner of thinking.

Miſs Rural. That is eaſily done, Mrs. *Affable.* Suppoſe a man has lived an hundred years; what has he been doing all this time? He has ſlept thirty whole years at leaſt. If he has been under a neceſſity of allowing an hour every day to converſe with people, for whom he has the greateſt indifference, this will amount to four tedious years, ſpent in diſagreeable company, from a regard to the common rules of civility. Add to this, an hour paſt every day in undreſſing to go to bed, with getting up and dreſſing, you have four years more to ſwell the account, whereby thirty-eight years of life are truly loſt. However

ever well in health he may have been, we may moderately compute for ſo many years, as many moments of pain, and ailing, as put together will come to two years; and now forty years are gone. Mrs. *Affable* agrees, that there happen in life ſeveral troubleſome and perplexing affairs; and I dare advance, that, one day with another, the moſt independant and moſt happy man ſpends two hours a day contrary to his inclination, which adds eight years of trouble, and makes up forty-eight. The ſix firſt years of life muſt be reckoned with theſe, and raiſe the ſum to fifty-four. Without being a glutton, it is very tedious and a great conſtraint to a perſon if he is obliged to make ſeveral meals in the day; however, I will reckon two hours ſpent in this ſubjection to nature, which requires daily refreſhment, and cuts out eight years more, which added, completes ſixty-two; ſo that a man who has lived as happy, as moſt can pretend, for one hundred years, has only had thirty eight years leiſure in ſo long a race. But how much leſs muſt be allowed, if he had laboured under infirmities and misfortunes, or any perſon, for whom he had any value or concern.

Mrs. Affable. Have you any thing to object, ladies? Don't you think Miſs *Rural* much in the right?

Lady Lucy. I don't, Mrs. *Affable*; and I muſt beg the lady's pardon for the liberty I take of contradicting what ſhe has ſaid. We do not loſe our time by ſleeping, eating, minding our affairs; no, not even whilſt we ſuffer and are in diſtreſs. They are neceſſities to which we are made ſubject by providence; and we muſt not think it a hardſhip to comply with ſuch duties, though they appear troubleſome to nature. I

ſay to myſelf, I obey God, I perform his holy will, and this thought has a ſufficient efficacy to procure us very great pleaſure, even in the moſt taſteleſs and inſipid occurrences incident to nature.

Mrs. Affable. Miſs *Rural* has given her opinion like a heathen philoſopher, and Lady *Lucy* like a Chriſtian philoſopher. Take this with you however, my dear, that life is a gift of God; and that being diſguſted with, or indifferent to it, has an air of ingratitude. When we reflect, that life is beſtowed on us as a means to arrive at happineſs in heaven, every moment muſt be thought very precious. That indifference for life, which appears ſo favourably at firſt ſight, loſes that aſpect when thoroughly conſidered. We muſt enjoy the gift with pleaſure, as we receive it from God; then as we have no attachment to it, but as coming from him, we ſhall have no repugnance to yield it up to it's author, whenever he is pleaſed to take it away.

Lady Charlotte. You have given us a reaſon which proves, that temperance conduces to a long life. Are there other proofs of this truth?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear; I fear I ſhall tire the ladies with ſo much natural philoſophy.

Lady Violent. I am the leaſt in company, and conſequently muſt have leſs wit; and yet it does not tire me; therefore it will not tire the other ladies.

Mrs. Affable. So, ſo, Lady *Violent!* You begin to talk like a geometrician. You lay down a principle; you draw your conſequence from it. You are getting into an excellent method.

Lady Violent. This is very pleaſant; I am ſure, I have ſpoke without any reflection on what I ſaid.

ſaid. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, let me know what it is I have done.

Mrs. Affable. You ſuppoſe, firſt, that a perſon of wit cannot find it tedious to acquire knowledge; and the ſuppoſition is very juſt. You go on to ſuppoſe, that wit muſt be proportioned to our age; it is not always true, but, in ſhort, it ſhould be ſo. You have formed your principle on theſe two ſuppoſitions. I am the youngeſt and conſequently have leſs wit. This conſequence from your ſuppoſition ſerves by way of principle to a farther conſequence. I am not tired with the leſſon, I, who have leſs wit, than the other ladies; therefore, by ſo much a ſtronger reaſon, they, who have more wit, muſt not be wearied with the leſſon; for wit will never ſuffer the acquiring of knowledge to be tedious to witty perſons.

Miſs Frivolous. Then I have had very little wit hitherto; theſe fine things have always been very tireſome, ſo that wit muſt be coming now, that they begin to amuſe me.

Mrs. Affable. Rarely well, ladies. If we go on thus, thoſe muſt be very cunning, that will pretend to impoſe upon you. As it will amuſe you, ladies, I offer another phyſical proof upon the principle fixed by Lady *Violent*, that temperance prolongs the term of life.

Take notice, ladies, that you grow every day; you not only grow taller but fuller. The bones increaſe in length and thickneſs, and will do, to a certain time. Your little arms, Lady *Violent*, that are now ſo weak, will, as years come on, be good, ſtout, plump arms, like mine. You know that this growth comes from your food. What you eat and drink, is let down into the ſtomach, after it has been prepared in the mouth.

Miſs Bella. How is it prepared? pleaſe to tell us.

Mrs. Affable. You eat frequently in the day, children, and have never reflected upon the various inſtruments providence has ſupplied you with, and which help you to deal with your nouriſhment. You obſerve firſt the teeth, formed two different ways, the fore-teeth with an edge like a knife; the others without ſuch an edge with a larger ſurface. This is not the work of chance. The fore-teeth were neceſſary to cut your meat into bits; but if you had only theſe, you would be under great difficulties. The bits would be too large, and could not paſs into the ſtomach; beſides the danger of choaking, and moreover the large ſize of the bits would ſpend in the digeſtion too great a quantity of the fire, or heat of the ſtomach which we have mentioned. To remedy theſe inconveniencies, you are provided with other teeth called grinders, and which have not ſo ſharp an edge, and meeting each other, cruſh and grind your meat, and reduce it to leſs particles, which, if dry, would be a kind of duſt, and pray take notice, ladies, would choak you in the ſwallowing; but to make this eaſier, it was neceſſary theſe ſmall particles of meat ſhould be made into a ſoft and clear paſte; and to that end providence has prepared many receptacles of water in the mouth, which is ſupplied from what they call the *ſalival* glands. Whilſt the jaw-bone is in motion to grind the meat into ſmall particles, this humour, or moiſtneſs, which is the *ſaliva*, or ſpittle, is furniſhed from thoſe glands. It is ſalt, and not only helps to make that paſte of your food, but to diſſolve and alter it.

Miſs Sophia. What is the meaning of *diſſolving the food?*

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. All the parts of our eatables, are not proper nouriſhment, and would not have that effect, if we ſwallowed them, ſuch as they are. Swallow hazel nuts, peaſe, and ſeveral other things whole, they will paſs whole, and far from being ſufficiently digeſted; for the ſtomach has not heat enough to diſſolve, to alter them, and to ſeparate all the nutritious parts from others, which nature throws off as uſeleſs. The *ſaliva* or ſpittle begins that work in the mouth, which the ſtomach perfects. But to reduce your meat into the paſte we have ſpoken of, it muſt be often turned and turned again in the mouth; and after it is well prepared, it muſt be brought near the gullet. To finiſh the work, providence has allotted a ſhovel, your tongue, to convey the meat ſo far in it's way. But this is not all. Your nouriſhment would go no farther, but for another agent that ſteps in to forward your food. There is a muſcle commiſſioned to this purpoſe, and which by its action ſends the meat down. There is a dangerous paſs, in the way that our food takes, and is to be carefully avoided; miſtakes are of great conſequence, and may endanger life.

Pleaſe to obſerve, ladies, that, every moment, nature makes two ſeveral motions abſolutely neceſſary for the preſervation of life, and which if they once ceaſed, life muſt alſo ceaſe. Firſt, you take in freſh air which cools your lungs, and next, you part with the air lodged in the ſame. There is a paſſage for the air going out and coming in; and, if any thing obſtructed or ſhut up this paſſage, death is the immediate conſequence.

Lady Mary. That was like to have been my caſe, t'other day at dinner; I drank in haſte, I ſuppoſe; my breath was gone all on a ſudden; I

was black in the face; I thought I was dying; to be ſure, ſome water was got into the paſſage for reſpiration: it muſt be very near the channel, through which our food is conveyed; if ſo, I wonder we can eat without being choaked.

Mrs. Affable. God has provided againſt ſuch an accident. There is a little valve or flap, which ſhuts and opens every inſtant with the air we reſpire; and this kind of trap-door always ſhuts when we eat, or rather when we ſwallow our meat. By this means our victuals go ſafe, and reach the ſtomach, which we may call the houſe-kitchen. Here a good fire is ready to dreſs and reduce them into a kind of jelly. The whole of our food is not altered in this manner, but only the parts that are fit to join with the other parts of our body; the reſt which is uſeleſs, goes into the bowels and paſſes off, after having gone a great way.

Lady Louiſa. A great way! how can you ſay that Mrs. *Affable?* To me it ſeems to be very ſhort.

Mrs. Affable. Perſons of a middle ſtature have near twenty-five ells of bowels in their body; the ſuperfluous part of the nouriſhment goes through that extent, which you will not judge very ſhort. When we conſider the inſide of a human body, it is not eaſy to imagine, that there is room for ſo many different parts, but the whole machine is ſo well diſpoſed, that every part finds proper and ſufficient room.

Lady Violent. You ſpeak of this matter, Mrs. *Affable,* as if you had ſeen it.

Mrs. Affable. I certainly have, my dear, and examined it with the greateſt attention.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. The very thought ſhakes me with horror; but to what purpoſe the ſight of ſuch a dreadful object?

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Senſible* will tell you; ſhe was with me when I examined this matter.

Lady Senſible. I would not for a good thing have miſſed the ſight. I trembled at firſt, and found a great natural reluctance, for I have a good ſhare of ſelf-love. I could not reflect without horror, that one day would bring me to that terrible condition: but, at laſt, by degrees I took courage again, and examined that wonderful piece of God's workmanſhip. What various ſprings and numberleſs parts compoſe this frame, all wonderfully fitted for their reſpective uſes by a tranſcendently powerful and wiſe Being! If the whole world ſhould attempt to perſuade me, that a human body is the work of chance, they could not make the leaſt impreſſion on my underſtanding. Next, I wondered how it was poſſible for vanity to find a place amongſt us. I obſerved the face covered with a dried and withered ſkin, and then looking at myſelf in the glaſs, take care, ſaid I to myſelf, to dreſs out that head, look upon that face with pleaſure, wiſh for praiſe, ſeek to be admired; thou wilt become very lovely in a ſhort time. Another reflection I made, was ſuggeſted by Mrs. *Affable.* I conſidered the exquiſite delicacy of ſo many pieces of ſtupendous mechaniſm in the ſtructure of our body, which is ſuch, that it is beyond conception, how we can live twenty four hours an end. If the creation is wonderful, our conſervation cannot be leſs ſo; and it is eaſy to imagine, that God watches over us in a very particular manner, that no part of this ſtructure be put out of order. If compariſons can be allowed in this matter, the work is

far beyond the niceſt watch, and you know, ladies, how eaſily they go out of order.

Lady Lucy. I could never have thought, that ſo melancholy an object could be of ſuch uſeful advantage; and though I have a natural repugnance, yet I ſhould, I think, be glad to ſee it.

Mrs. Affable. You may ſpare yourſelf a part of the difficulty. They ſhew wax-work in town, that exactly reſembles the human body. But let us ſee what becomes of our nouriſhment.

The jelly we have mentioned goes ſeveral different roads. One part goes into the veins to form the blood. It is white at firſt, and does not take a red colour, till it has got through a certain paſſage, the name of which I have forgot. The reſt is wiſely diſtributed into the other parts of the body, inſomuch, that they all have their ſhare. The bones, the muſcles, the fibres, the nerves, each receive their neceſſary portion of nouriſhment.

All the parts I have juſt named are hollow. Have you never ſeen ſome of the ſtreets where the pavement is taken up? You muſt have obſerved large trees in the ground; they are hollow in the middle, and ſerve to convey water into every houſe. 'Tis the ſame with our bodies; the bones, the muſcles, the fibres and nerves are hollow trees, ſome larger, ſome leſs, through which a liquor flows, that is reſpectively thicker or thinner. Whilſt we are young, they are very ſoft and tender, and grow wider and longer. Part of our food takes that courſe and finds room there; but by crowding daily thither, they grow hard, and come to their conſiſtency, ſo as not to bear ſtretching farther; and upon this our growth properly ceaſes.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. But we go on eating ſtill. What becomes of the food, which can no more be lodged in thoſe parts, ſince our growth is now over?

Mrs. Affable. Tho' our growth be over in that reſpect, we grow interiorly. Our veins, which are the channel through which the blood ſtreams, the nerves, and that wherein the ſpirits flow, that give us motion; all theſe parts fill, and by degrees are ſtopt up. When they are quite obſtructed, dreadful accidents happen. If the veins are choaked up, and the blood flows no longer, an apoplexy and death is the conſequence; if the nerves are obſtructed in the hand, arm, or leg, the limbs become paralytic, that is, motionleſs, and ſeemingly without life.

You ſee plainly, ladies, that your plentiful feeders muſt ſhew others the way to the grave, who ſend a greater quantity of nouriſhment to thoſe parts, which ought to remain hollow, and of courſe fill the faſter, the more they are ſtuffed.

Now, do you underſtand, that gluttony brings on diſorders, and ſhortens our days? Do you ſee the advantage of an early temperance from your youth?

Miſs Molly. I underſtand it ſo well, that I will break off the ugly cuſtom I have of eating every moment. I am reſolved not to be ſo laviſh of my fire for the future, nor put ſo much meat to the pot; for, to ſpeak the truth, Mrs. *Affable,* I eat much more meat than bread.

Mrs. Affable. You are quite in the right to promiſe you will eat no longer ſuch a quantity of meat. Did every body take the ſame reſolution, the ſcurvy would not be ſo common in *England.* It is very rare in *France,* where they eat more bread and leſs meat.

Lady Lucy. I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable,* I have never heard any thing with greater pleaſure. How many wonders are placed by the Creator in our frames, that paſs unobſerved by us?

Mrs. Affable. Let this ſuffice to-day on this ſubject. Miſs *Molly,* give us your leſſon.

Miſs Molly. Nebuchadnezzar ordered a prodigious great ſtatue to be ſet up, and commanded all to fall down, and adore it, the moment they heard the ſignal given by the ſound of a trumpet. The three young perſons who were brought up with *Daniel,* refuſed to adore the ſtatue, and were brought before the king, who aſked the reaſon of their refuſal. They anſwered with reſpect and reſolution, that conſcience would not ſuffer them to adore his gods. *Nebuchadnezzar* enraged at their conſtancy, commanded the fire of the furnace to be greatly increaſed. It was a dreadful place, where a prodigious fire was kindled, and the flame roſe forty-nine cubits higher than the furnace. In obedience to the king's orders the three young men were thrown into the fire. How great was their ſurpriſe to ſee them walk among the flames with as much eaſe and tranquillity, as if they had been in a delightful garden! The king obſerved, that there were four in the furnace, for God had ſent an angel to protect and comfort his champions. They compoſed a canticle in this place of horrour, and when the king commanded the gates to be opened, they came out unhurt, without any damage to a hair of their head, or to their garments.

Nebuchadnezzar having ſeen this miracle, and raiſing his voice, Bleſſed, ſaid he, be the God of theſe three youths, who has delivered them, becauſe they yielded their bodies to the flames, that they might not offend him. But if any one ſhall blaſ-

pheme againſt their God, he ſhall be cut in pieces, and his houſe ſhall be deſtroyed, becauſe he only can work theſe wonders for the deliverance of his ſervants. Then he promoted them to great and honourable employs, as he was perſuaded, that thoſe who chuſe to die rather than forfeit their fidelity to God, will never be traytors to their ſovereign.

Mrs. Affable. Take particular notice of this. It is a misfortune but too common among princes to neglect men of worth and honour; but if affairs of conſequence are to be managed, that require a truſty and faithful perſon, they will never employ their partners in debauch or wickedneſs. They look out then for truſty and honeſt men, for they are ſatisfied that, although they have uſed them ill before, their fidelity and worth will remain unaltered. Lady *Senſible*, give us ſome account of *North America*.

Lady Senſible. It is divided into nine parts, *Mexico*, *New France*, *Florida*, *New England*, *California*, the country of the *Criſtinals* or *Kiſtinons*, thoſe of *Anian*, *Quivira*, and *New Albion*. Three large rivers croſs the country, the *Miſſiſippi*, the river *St. Lawrence*, and the river *del Norte*. There are many others, that are not ſo conſiderable. Here are beſides ſeveral lakes known by the following names, the lake *Michigan* or freſh water ſea, the upper lake, that of the *Hurons*, another called *Erie*, the lake *Ontario*, called by the *French Frontenac*, and ſeveral others.

Mexico is divided into the old and new. The firſt takes its name from the capital, and is alſo called *New Spain*. Though it is nearly all ſituated under the Torrid Zone, the air is notwithſtanding very temperate and wholeſome, and where you find a ſhady place as cool as in *France*. The

ſoil

ſoil is very fruitful, and abounds in gold and ſilver, and yet inſtead of money they make uſe of the almonds which are found in the fruit of the *cacao* tree. The river *del-Norte* partly ſeparates this country from *New Francè*, and diſembogues itſelf into the gulf of *Mexico*, under the name of *Rio Bravo*. The city of *Mexico* paſſes for one of the fineſt in the world. An author ſays, that it was ſituated upon two lakes, one of freſh, and the other of ſalt water.

Ferdinand Cortez diſcovered this part of the world. The inhabitants were idolaters, and ſacrificed men, whom they afterwards eat up out of devotion. They lived in well built cities, and were not without their arts and ſciences. They made admirable pictures with feathers of different colours, that reſembled very exactly what they deſired to repreſent. They ſaid, that certain oracles had foretold, that foreigners would come by ſea, and ſeize their country. When the *Spaniards* landed, they were under the greateſt ſurpriſe; they ſent notice to their emperor, that theſe ſtrangers had houſes that floated on the ſea; that they carried thunder, and rode tame and docile monſters. Such were the ideas they formed of ſhipping, cannon and horſes. The emperor ſent them very rich preſents, that he might induce them to return home; but *Cortez* was determined to wait upon him at his court, and was graciouſly received. The author of this adventurer's life pretends, that the *Mexicans* had formed a plot to deſtroy the *Spaniards* *; and this he ſays

* The *Mexicans* had certainly laid a ſcheme to deſtroy the *Spaniards* entirely; but even this cannot juſtify cruelty and barbarity. V. The conqueſt of *Mexico* by *De Solis*. The more ſenſible and conſcientious part of the *Spaniards* are not comprehended

ſays no doubt to cloak their cruel actions in that country, which are more ſuited to the fury of devils than the paſſion of rational creatures. This has given me ſo great an averſion to *Spaniards*, that I would prefer living in a deſart to a life among ſuch cruel people.

Mrs. Affable. I am much of an opinion with *Lady Senſible*; and my reaſon is, the poor people were ſo good-natured. The inhuman behaviour of their invaders has been a great obſtacle to the advancing Chriſtian Religion amongſt them. I have heard, that one of the inhabitants in a dangerous ſickneſs was upon the point of becoming a Chriſtian; but he aſked on a ſudden the perſon who was going to baptiſe him, whether the *Spaniards* went to Heaven? To be ſure, anſwered the other. If it be ſo, ſaid the dying perſon, I don't intend to go thither, and chuſe rather to keep company with the devil in hell, than with *Spaniards* in heaven.

prehended here, who abominate the cruelty of their countrymen in the conqueſt of *America*; nor the court of *Spain*, which has enacted wholeſome and good laws for the advantage and protection of the natives; but many of the adventurers, perſons of mean birth, and no principles, who went to make their fortune, and whoſe malice and cupidity ſupported by their diſtance from a power to correct them, and ſometimes countenanced by the example of wicked governors, who joined in, and had the greateſt ſhare of the ſpoil; whoſe malice and cupidity, I ſay again, has lain very heavy on the original *Americans*. A misfortune not to be imputed to the nation and government, but to unhappy circumſtances, againſt which human prudence could not guard the natives ſufficiently from wicked and avaricious men. And this is generally the caſe in remote parts of the world, to which the attention of a government cannot ſo well reach, and where the under parts of the adminiſtration too often ſwerve from their inſtructions, and others from the laws they have enacted among themſelves, for the publick weal, and for the benefit and advantage of the ancient inhabitants.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. So the *Mexicans* at this time are not Chriſtians.

Mrs. Affable. Few remain of the *Mexican* families, they being almoſt totally deſtroyed by the *Spaniards,* and the nations that joined *Cortez.* Thoſe that are born in *Mexico* are *Creoles*; that is, of a *Mexican* woman and a *Spaniard,* and they are ſuch Chriſtians as their fathers.

Lady Lucy. Are the *Spaniards* a different ſort of Chriſtians?

Mrs. Affable. They are ſo ſuperſtitious *, that they diſhonour the Chriſtian religion as well as their neighbours on the continent. But we ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak of this, when we treat about *Spain.*

Lady Mary. You look angry, Mrs. *Affable,* whilſt you are talking of this.

Mrs. Affable. I am, my dear. A robber, a libertine, nay, an atheiſt, I do not know how, is leſs odious to me than a ſuperſtitious Chriſtian, or a perſon of counterfeit piety. That is my averſion. Farewell, ladies. The next leſſon in the morning ſhall continue the hiſtory of *Fidelia.*

* We muſt except thoſe that are well inſtructed, and have been brought up with ſome education, of whom there are great numbers. Theſe hold ſuperſtition in the utmoſt abhorrence; but ignorant perſons are the moſt ſubject to that degree of irreligion, which is too common among many other nations with the meaneſt rabble. Hypocriſy is a refined wickedneſs; and, as ſuperſtition is the ſhare of the ignorant, this belongs to the deteſtable impoſtor, who conceals a lurking villain under the maſk of godlineſs. They are too many, and every nation has ſome cheats, as well as *Spain* and its neighbour.

DIALOGUE XX.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

YOU know, ladies, that *Fidelia* ſpeaks herſelf; we broke off where ſhe left her unworthy couſin.

I came home ſo dejected and diſconſolate, that I ſpent ſeveral days locked up in my room without ſpeaking to any perſon. At laſt however, I reſolved to try once more, whether poverty and friendſhip were abſolutely incompatible.

I had a friend; her company had been the greateſt comfort and pleaſure of my tenderer years; and I pitched upon her to make a ſecond experiment. *Amanda*, for that was her name, was very compaſſionate, and ſuſceptible of the moſt generous ſentiments. I did not apply to her to be relieved in my preſent diſtreſs; I only wanted comfort, and deſired to be encouraged in the ſacrifice I had made, as I thought, of all conſiderations to virtue. My former friend had only a middling fortune; her beauty over and above ſupplied that defect; and ſhe was a woman, that might hope to be ſettled very honourably; but ſhe ſacrificed all advantages to love. She married a young officer, whoſe whole dependance was the income of his commiſſion. A choice ſo widely diſtant from all appearances of human prudence, as it is called, ſeemed to inſure her approving my conduct in the refuſal of a mercenary match, and emboldened me to make her a viſit.

Amanda was a ſtranger to my misfortunes; ſhe had been in the country, where ſhe had ſpent ſome months; ſhe heard me with great attention, and anſwered

anſwered civilly enough; but under this outſide of good breeding, I obſerved a coldneſs that chilled my heart. My dear *Fidelia,* ſaid ſhe, you have ſo much wit, that I never pretended to compare with you; your underſtanding is greatly ſuperior to mine; and that is undoubtedly the reaſon, why your way of thinking appears very ſtrange and ſingular in my opinion; ſo that if I may be allowed to give my thoughts upon the matter, your behaviour to a kind uncle was quite wrong, particularly for a young woman in your circumſtances. Firſt, you offended him by maintaining a doctrine, which, though you may think it good, is very contrary to the received opinions we all have been brought up to. Secondly, you offended him in a moſt ſenſible manner in throwing up all claim to his friendſhip and protection, and chuſing the greateſt miſery and diſtreſs, rather than marry a man he had ſingled out for you; a perſon you had no averſion to, and whom you could not reproach with any material fault. Good God! replied I, my dear, there are many degrees, and a conſiderable difference between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and having a horror of, with an utter averſion to, his perſon. In my opinion the firſt is the duty of an honeſt woman, a duty to which ſhe ſubmits voluntarily, by marriage, and in the moſt ſolemn manner. I found this duty more than I could comply with; and conſcience would not permit my engaging in rhis contract. It is true, that I am thereby expoſed to all that is diſagreeable in want and poverty; but as this will be the conſequence of a virtuous action, it cannot be a real evil, nor able to take away that happineſs which virtue procures. It is the greateſt pleaſure to me. *Amanda* took me up: I find, that the ſtrength of imagination ſupplies you with means to be truly happy;

may

may this enthuſiaſm continue, and may experience ever convince you, that poverty, and being deſpiſed, are not evils!

I was touched to the quick with *Amanda*'s inhumanity, who dared to jeer me in this cruel manner, and was juſt upon reproaching her with the harſhneſs of the advice ſhe gave me under a ſhew of friendſhip; but her huſband came in. He brought a gentleman with him, who ſeized all my attention, though my heart was overwhelmed with bitter grief; but if his appearance fixed my eyes, his civil behaviour and agreeable diſcourſe ſoon prejudiced me in favour of his underſtanding. The captain preſented him to his lady, as a deſerving gentleman, and the beſt of his friends; and *George*, ſo the gentleman was called, did all in his power to ſhew, that he merited the commendation his friend had given of him. He ſucceeded ſo well, that *Amanda* was perſuaded the gentleman had a mind to pleaſe her, and ſhe, willing in return to appear amiable enough, grew very good humoured again, to keep up the fancy, ſhe thought this gentleman had taken. I was got up to take my leave, but ſhe inſiſted ſo preſſingly I ſhould ſtay at dinner, that it was impoſſible to refuſe the offer without giving her occaſion to think, that I reſented her rough and harſh behaviour to me, which I would avoid. I flattered myſelf, that I proceeded upon this motive; but I believe in the main, the true reaſon of my yielding to her importunities was a deſire of obſerving more particularly the lovely ſtranger, for whom I found that my heart in ſecret was already too much engaged. The converſation brightened up extremely; I forgot nothing that could without affectation ſhew my wit in an agreeable point of view; and *George*'s attention perſuaded me I had not miſſed my aim. The deſert

was

was brought on; and *Amanda* took an occaſion of giving my hiſtory, with an account of my ſentiments and melancholy ſituation. *George* heard the whole with the greateſt attention; pity and admiration alternately took place in his countenance; and I plainly ſaw that he was particularly affected. We broke up very late; *George* made the moſt preſſing inſtances that he might have leave to ſee me home; I abſolutely refuſed him, but more like a woman than a philoſopher. I muſt own I condemned this new born paſſion; but, alas! it was not leſs real upon that account; I could not deceive myſelf, and I found that there was more art than regard to decorum, in not accepting his offer. Our acquaintance was of too freſh a date to let him have my conſent to ſee me again; beſides, this might have given him a worſe opinion of me. I ſent for a chair, but got nothing by it; *George* and his ſervants waited at a ſmall diſtance from the houſe. It was in vain to beg moſt earneſtly he would let me go home by myſelf; he would accompany me with his attendants, which gave me the greateſt confuſion I had ever met with, and mortified me extremely, for I was obliged before all that crowd, to creep into a miſerable little room, to which there was no way but through a ſhop. My poor lodging however, did not hinder him taking his leave of me, with as much reſpect, as if he had conducted me to a palace.

I ſoon got to bed, but had not power to cloſe my eyes. *Amanda*'s rough behaviour had made a deep impreſſion upon me; I grieved that now ſhe was only an acquaintance; ſhe no more deſerved the name of a friend. My heart was caſt down, and quite diſconſolate. The deplorable ſituation I was in added to my diſtreſs. I knew not what

courſe

courſe to take for a ſubſiſtance. The exceſſive uneaſineſs I ſuffered on ſeeing that I was deſpiſed, convinced me that pride ſtill had a very great influence, and that I only helped to deceive myſelf, when I vainly imagined that I had overcome all paſſions, and brought them under the yoke of reaſon and philoſophy. What miſeries remained for me to go through, in the extreme indigence to which I was very ſoon like to be reduced! The reſult of all theſe reflections was, that I muſt apply my thoughts to ſubdue pride, and call to my aſſiſtance the examples of thoſe ancient ſages, who generouſly deſpiſed honours and riches, and who had preſerved peace of mind under all the ſeeming difficulties of poverty.

After I had raiſed myſelf to be above the applauſe of the vulgar, and, as I hoped, to meet with indifference the ſmiles and the frowns of fortune, I thought I ſhould be able to take a little reſt; but *George* came into my head, and put an end to all this fine reaſoning. I was then in a mind, that I could deſpiſe the opinion of the whole world; but I was not at all indifferent to his thoughts with regard to me; and to imagine that ever he ſhould contemn me, was above my ſtrength to bear. I compared my ſituation with that of the ancient philoſophers, moſt of them old men, who perhaps only ſacrificed the pleaſures and eaſe of life to pride, and to purchaſe the reſpect of others; and I judged the caſe to be very different. My thoughts, and deſires, I found, were not ſuch as philoſophy inſpired. I could not forbear thinking, that I had made the ſame impreſſion upon his heart, which he had on mine. What reaſon could I have to keep off the good fortune whereof I preſumed I had an offer?

offer? I took no wrong method to deceive him as to my circumſtances; he ſaw what they were; if they gave him no diſguſt, was it my buſineſs to oppoſe an inclination, which might at the ſame time procure me the pleaſure of an agreeable match, and the conveniencies of life. This was in ſubſtance all that then occurred to me; for the thought of belonging to him in any but an honourable manner, was of that nature, as I imagined at that time I could never comply with.

George ſurprized me that morning in the midſt of all my reflections. He began with the moſt polite excuſes for taking that liberty. He added, that he had been informed of the extremity to which I was reduced by the hard heart of an uncle; he was rack't with the thoughts of my miſery, and could not bear ſeeing a moſt lovely young lady, and well deſerving of all poſſible reſpect, in ſuch circumſtances. He deſigned, he ſaid, to repair all the wrongs I had ſuffered by adverſity, and in ſhort, aſſured me, that I might diſpoſe as I pleaſed of all that he was worth.

I interrupted him, and let him know, that there was only one thing I could accept in honour; that I could think with pleaſure, that his regard and compaſſion due to a gentleman's daughter, had made him tranſgreſs the common rules of decency, which will not allow a young woman to accept of any relief in this kind, but from a known and tried friend of long ſtanding; that my preſent ſituation could not admit any friendly intercourſe, or receiving any viſits, which in other circumſtances might have contributed to my being very happy; and that I muſt beg leave not to accept his kind offers, and deſire him not to give himſelf the trouble of any farther viſits.

I had

I had no ſooner made this declaration, but he fell on his knees, and with all the art of a ſkilful ſeducer, he attributed the liberty of offering his ſervice in that manner to the paſſion I had inſpired him with; he conjured me with tears not to puniſh him with that rigour; that the greateſt torment he could ſuffer would be, not to ſee me any more, and to deſerve my eſteem by following my advice. A weak heart was ſenſibly affected with theſe artful proceedings; I had, however, courage enough to perſiſt in refuſing farther viſits, and I was ſo earneſt in begging of him to retire, that he obeyed. He ſhewed as he was going, ſo much reſpect, grief, and affection, that I could not for ſome time ſummon reaſon to my aſſiſtance to form a proper judgment of his behaviour. The reſult of my reflections was a very rational doubt, whether his intentions were honourable; they appeared quite the reverſe to me, and I fully determined never to ſee him again. After giving my landlord the ſtricteſt orders to refuſe me, whenever he came, I locked myſelf up in my room. Reaſon applauded this reſolution, but my heart was rent to diſtraction, and followed the dictates of reaſon with reluctance and regret. I hoped at leaſt to find interiorly the recompence of this ſacrifice; that ſatisfaction ſo much cried up by my father, which ſprings from virtue, and which virtue only can give. I ſought it in vain; inſtead of that internal content, which I had promiſed myſelf, I felt new paſſions, new deſires; to ſpeak more properly, the paſſion, to which my heart was become a prey, called in the help of all the others to complete my ruin. Riches, which hitherto had been mean and contemptible, appeared worthy of my eſteem, as they might have conduced to this match. This

made me very unhappy, and yet I was ſurpriſed; for I was not conſcious of any action that I could reproach myſelf with; and on the contrary the deplorable ſituation I was in, was owing to what I took to be the love of virtue.

Notwithſtanding this melancholy experience, I was determined not to leave the road which my father had pointed out to happineſs, and to wait with patience till virtue ſhould reward my endeavours. Oh! I was dreadfully miſtaken. I had not the leaſt idea of theſe violent ſtruggles I was to go through, to put this deſign in execution. *George*, too well acquainted with the foible of our ſex, to be diſheartened with the refuſal he had met with, made daily attempts to come and ſee me; he wrote affectionate letters, which came to hand from perſons I no ways ſuſpected; I opened them without miſtruſting the hand they came from, and which I could not deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of reading; I could not ſtep out but I found him ſtill in my way. How eloquent was he then to demonſtrate the height and exceſs of his love!

All his attempts, though they did not ſtagger my virtue, robbed me of that peace of mind, which was the only reward I expected for all the ſacrifices I made to my duty. When *George* could meet with an opportunity of ſpeaking to me out of my lodgings, I muſtered up all the courage I had, to remonſtrate to him the horror I had of his unworthy addreſſes; and without any attention or regard to the oppoſition I found from my heart, my eyes ſhewed a great deal of paſſion and anger, which in effect was cauſed by the knowledge I had of my own weakneſs; but I was no ſooner alone, and in my ſolitude, but I paid dearly for the ſeeming

victories I had obtained. I deteſted my ſtate, I murmured without reaſon againſt the author of nature, who had made me ſubject to the violence of theſe paſſions, and had not provided me with means to ſatisfy them without departing from my duty. I thought him unjuſt, when I felt any remorſe. Muſt I ſuffer, thought I, unavoidable torments, whether I reſiſt or yield? I compared my condition with my wicked couſin's, whoſe pernicious maxims had given me ſuch horror. He gives full ſcopes to his deſires, I ſaid; his houſe is a rendezvous of pleaſures; ſmiles ſit on his countenance, and cares and troubles have no acceſs to his heart. He ſays, he is happy. What power has virtue to pleaſe? To virtue I have ſacrificed my fortune, my friends, the inclinations that were deareſt to me; will virtue indemnify me? What muſt I expect for the reſt of my life? Poverty, humiliations, ſufferings; my heart muſt be refuſed all it can wiſh; thoſe paſſions, which are the moſt preſſing, muſt be reſiſted, and without a ſufficient ſtrength to obtain a victory. Is this the bleſſing which Heaven beſtows on favourites? Are weak creatures deſigned to be a prey to their grief? This would not become the Divine Being; I cannot believe it, and yet I cannot but think, that the condition of the virtuous is more diſadvantageous than that of the wicked; I find it by my own ſad experience. The time to come affords no better proſpect; were my miſeries to end with life, and a happy eternity to make me amends, I could ſuffer patiently; but 'tis vain to harbour ſuch a thought; the end of all will be a total annihilation.

But what makes me ſay, that the future promiſes no better. Love offers me the diſpoſal of a fair fortune, a rich, lovely and generous ſuitor,

who will prevent me in all that I can desire; he will be a friend, a lover, and my protector. Shall I refuse the advantage offered under so many qualifications that meet in the person I adore; is not the condition and state, which I avoid, far preferable to the circumstances to which I am reduced by virtue? But, after all, what is that virtue to which I have sacrificed hitherto the happiness of my days? Is it not an airy phantom that subsists in imagination? What must be called virtue in a person who reckons but a few years of existence? Surely the making herself happy. I just now complained of the Creator, who formed me with passions, that they might be my torment; but if I can trust my new knowledge, I am the author of my misfortunes. He that placed me in this world for so short a time, intended, undoubtedly, that I should partake of the good things he has bestowed; he has fixed me between pleasure and pain, and has left me at liberty to chuse. Pain is the evil, pleasure is virtue. What I have called virtue, is my evil, as it is the cause of my misery. What need of fearing remorses of conscience? Am I troubled with them, after eating and drinking? No! God, who is the cause of all these desires, cannot be offended if I seek to satisfy them; and to be happy is the chief object of my wishes. I could not be happy in resisting my passions; let me try whether gratifying them will have that effect.

In spite of these specious arguments, a secret voice spoke interiorly to me, and endeavoured to recal me to the honourable principles I was about forsaking. But the Divine Justice was pleased to punish my pride by a most disgraceful fall. I had never loved virtue truly; the inclination I had

to

to moral good was only grounded upon hopes of being happy. I ſought myſelf only, and I was the idol which I adored. This worſhip of an idol deſerved the puniſhment, which I was upon the point of ſuffering. The education I had could be no apology; reaſon taught me, that God being the principal and end of all things, all my actions were to be referred to him. Had I done this faithfully I ſhould not have wanted farther helps.

Lady Lucy. For God's ſake, don't make an end of this ſad ſtory; *Fidelia* will certainly run headlong into vice.

Mrs. Affable. She has juſt now owned her crime; and has told you, ſhe was always guilty. Pride, and ſelf-love bring down thoſe, who appear moſt upon their guard, to a degree below the unhappy wretches who raiſe the public indignation. But, ladies, the ſtory is ſo long, that we cannot think of going through it to-day, and ſo muſt be put off to another.

Lady Louiſa. I am very angry with *Amanda*, the worthleſs friend.

Mrs. Affable. True friends are very ſcarce, ladies, and no wonder at it. The name is given to acquaintances, though there is a wide difference. You can never meet with a real friend, unleſs virtue brings you together. But pleaſe to obſerve, that what ſhe ſaid to *Fidelia* carries very good ſenſe with it, but the offence was in her manner of ſpeaking the truth.

Miſs Zina. For my part, I think *Fidelia*'s uncle was very hard-hearted; the more he was perſuaded that ſhe was in a dangerous way, the greater motives he had for compaſſion; he looked upon her as ſtanding on the edge of a pre-

cipice, and inſtead of uſing means to hinder her falling, he helps to hurl her down to ruin.

Mrs. Affable. Your reflection, my dear, is very judicious; and it was that which confirmed *Fidelia* in her unhappy diſpoſitions. Nothing is a greater prejudice to religion and devotion, than the ill conduct of thoſe who profeſs it. Let me ſuppoſe, for example, that I have never believed a word of the goſpel; in a word, that I am no Chriſtian; you know, ladies, that a Chriſtian is a diſciple of *Jeſus Chriſt*, who believes what he has ſaid, and practiſes what he has commanded. You ſtrive to convert me, and to prove the truth of the goſpel; and whilſt you take great pains to convince me, you don't practiſe it yourſelf. It is but natural to think, that you believe the goſpel no more than I do; for I ſhould reaſon thus in my mind; if you were really perſuaded of the divinity of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and that he has ſpoke the things contained in that book, which you look upon as ſacred, you would certainly practiſe that doctrine which you judge to be true.

It appears by the goſpel, that *Jeſus Chriſt* was exceeding compaſſionate to poor ſinners; he would not condemn the adulterous woman; he ſpoke to the *Samaritan*, he eat and converſed with perſons of irregular lives.

Miſs Frivolous. And you have expreſsly recommended to me to avoid perſons of bad repute.

Mrs. Affable. I was going to make the ſame reflection. All virtues have their place, and they don't interfere with each other. A young lady may be charitable, but muſt be prudent withal. Prudence forbids her all occaſions of corrupting her morals, or blemiſhing her reputation by connections with vicious perſons. How is charity to be obſerved in relation to theſe? How muſt

ſhe

ſhe imitate *Jeſus Chriſt?* She muſt pray for them; never make their bad actions the ſubject-matter of converſation, and take particular care never to ſhew any contempt of them. In a word, my dear, their faults muſt be hated and deteſted, and their perſons treated with the utmoſt charity and compaſſion. Such is the duty of young ladies at your years. But I, for inſtance, and others as old, or older may go farther. Our character and reputation is formed and eſtabliſhed; and beſides, we are not of an age to have any intrigue ourſelves. Hence we may venture to be acquainted with perſons whoſe lives are not very regular, and endeavour to gain their friendſhip and confidence, that we may bring them into a right way. But we muſt not forget, that we cannot meet with ſucceſs without a great deal of mildneſs, much patience and charity, ſuch as may be proof againſt diſappointments.

Lady Lucy. What is meant by charity that is proof againſt diſappointments?

Mrs. Affable. We are often diſappointed where we have the beſt intentions. I ſhall endeavour to reclaim a ſcore of perſons from their evil courſes, and they make me a return of the blackeſt ingratitude for my charitable attempts in their behalf. Another comes in my way of the ſame manner of life. I think to myſelf, the twenty-firſt will be like the reſt; I ſhall loſe my labour; I had beſt leave her to take her own bad way. You ſee that my charity is not proof againſt want of ſucceſs; and it is a very ſure mark, that it was not very warm. Had I ſpent all my days in reclaiming poor ſinners, my pains would be abundantly recompenſed by one only being brought back to a virtuous life; nay, if I had only prevented one ſin being committed. More-

over, if I am truly acted by charity, that is, from a motive of the love of God, I ſhall really grieve; but only for thoſe unhappy perſons who have refuſed my kind offers; for my part, I ſhall reſt contented, that I have done what God required of me; this will make me eaſy.

Lady Lucy. What did you mean, Mrs. *Affable*, by perſons of counterfeit piety? Did you mean hypocrites?

Mrs. Affable. And a great many more. The true hypocrites are thoſe, who know their guilt, and affect to appear virtuous, though they continue in their diſorders; they are monſters, and I ſhall paſs them over in ſilence. I mean ſincere hypocrites, if the expreſſion is allowed, who do not deceive others, till after they have deceived themſelves; and who, becauſe they commit no great crimes, go to church, and give a few charities, think they are ſaints, and have a right to ſay with the Phariſee, *God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are.* I ſhall have a great deal to ſay on this head, and it will be a proper opportunity when we are come to ſpeak of the holy Goſpels. There we ſhall find all the diſtinctive marks of true and falſe piety. Adieu, children! Miſs *Frivolous* may come to our private conference if ſhe deſire it.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Lady LOUISA, *Lady* LUCY, *Miſs* ZINA, *Miſs* FRIVOLOUS, *Mrs.* AFFABLE, *Lady* SINCERE.

Lady LOUISA.

YOU know Mrs. *Affable* was to inform us how ſhe ſpent the day; ſhe was got no farther than her morning prayer.

Mrs. Affable. She will go on, ladies, where ſhe left off.

Lady Lucy. Indeed, Mrs. *Affable,* I cannot account for your requiring this of me; I think it very ſilly to entertain theſe ladies with what only concerns me.

Mrs. Affable. If I was a polite flatterer, I would deſire theſe ladies to obſerve how humble you are, ſince you are ſo unwilling to ſpeak of yourſelf; but that is not my buſineſs, my dear; and to acquit me of the promiſe I made you never to diſguiſe my thoughts, I take this to be ſelf-love with a maſk of humility. You are not ſo much afraid of being, as of appearing ſilly in talking of yourſelf; it is this has made you beforehand with us. To puniſh that little artifice of pride, which has ſtole upon you, I inſiſt upon your ſatisfying the ladies about the matter in queſtion, without one ſingle word of reply.

Lady Lucy. I obey, but firſt give me leave to thank you, Mrs. *Affable.* You do me the greateſt piece of ſervice, by helping me to ſee into my own heart. How many things lie concealed

there, which it is important for me to know, and which, with your aſſiſtance, I ſhall diſcover?

Lady Sincere. Let me interrupt you for a moment. To what purpoſe is this continual examen of ourſelves? You would have us live, as they ſay nuns do in their convents; but, Mrs. *Affable,* we are born to appear in the *grand monde*; why ſhould we rack our brains from morning till night, to diſcover the ſecret motives of our actions? Let us do it honeſtly without all this ado.

Miſs Frivolous. Lady *Sincere* is for me; I had the very ſame thought this moment.

Lady Sincere. Give me leave, my dear, to explain my meaning. When I object to Mrs. *Affable,* it is in obedience to her orders; ſhe will not have us take her word; hence I muſt inſiſt upon a proof; not but that I am really perſuaded that what ſhe ſays is true, and that ſhe can ground it on very ſolid reaſons; and I am always ready to give up my own opinion, as ſoon as ſhe has ſhewn that it is wrong.

Mrs. Affable. This is an admirable diſpoſition; and I am convinced you will fall in with my opinion, that we muſt not allow nuns to be the only perſons that are to make this conſtant and diligent examen of their hearts.

You deſire to be happy; we have found out, that the ſource or ſpring of happineſs is within our hearts; that irregular paſſions are the main obſtacles to happineſs, and particularly miſtaken ſelf-love. As we pluck up ſome roots of ſelf-love, and other paſſions, we pluck up an obſtacle to our being happy. To diſcover and to eradicate theſe obſtacles, requires conſtant attention and watchful care; hence all that would be happy, muſt be very vigilant to diſcover an enemy, which, when

when they know him not, it is not in their power to overcome.

Lady Sincere. I am now fully ſatisfied, that it is neceſſary to ſearch inceſſantly into the inmoſt receſſes of the heart. And I beg Lady *Lucy* to go on with what ſhe had to ſay to us.

Lady Lucy. I ſpend, as I had the honour to tell the ladies, half an hour at my morning prayer, and read ſome book of devotion till breakfaſt, which is brought up about an hour after.

Mrs. Affable. What do you do to make your advantage of this reading?

Lady Lucy. Suppoſe that it is a ſermon againſt vanity. Before I begin, I beg the light of the Holy Ghoſt, that I may be advantaged by this reading; I am perſuaded that God is about to inſtruct me, and this puts me into that reſpectful ſituation of mind, which his words require. If I find that this ſermon takes notice of any faults, which vanity has made me commit; I beg pardon of God, and ſeek out the means by which I may avoid them for the future. I reflect upon other faults, to which vanity would expoſe me, if I ſuffered it to get ground in my heart; and this encourages me to take good reſolutions for my whole life, and particularly for that day; but as I am conſcious of my weakneſs, I beg of God, through the merits of *Jeſus Chriſt*, the ſtrength neceſſary to put my good purpoſes in execution. I conclude with giving God thanks, who has inſpired thoſe thoughts whilſt I was reading. I practiſe the ſame method when I hear a ſermon.

Mrs. Affable. Miſs *Frivolous* has promiſed to correct her failings, and to live like a Chriſtian. This is the way to go about it; you muſt own, my dear, that you had not ſo much as the idea

of a proper diſpoſition to hear the word of God with advantage.

Miſs Frivolous. Now I will give you an account, how I hear a ſermon; as to good books, I am quite a ſtranger to that ſort of reading; to my ſhame be it ſaid. My firſt care is to be dreſſed in the exacteſt and niceſt manner; I look upon the church as a place of public ſhew; and, as I divert the tedious hour with examining and criticiſing the dreſs of others, I ſuppoſe they are employed in the ſame manner about me. When I think that gentlemen of my acquaintance will be there, I make myſelf ſo much finer in dreſs; but it ſeldom happens; it is very rare to ſee thoſe at church; if you except ſome old gentlemen, for whom it is not worth a young lady's while to dreſs.

Mrs. Affable. Formerly, my dear, more young gentlemen appeared at church; not that they were more devout on this account. A deſire to ſee the ladies invited them to church; for the ladies then kept their houſes, and only went out to prayers. At preſent the caſe is vaſtly different; they are to be found in all places, at all meetings; you need only go to *St. James*'s park in a morning, and to all public places, you may obſerve whole crouds of them; and it is no difficult taſk to diſcover, that they do not come ſo much for the benefit of a wholeſome exerciſe, as to ſee and be ſeen. In the evening they ſwarm at the theatres, all public places, and aſſemblies. You may gather eaſily from what has been ſaid, that it is quite idle to look for them at church. Be pleaſed to go on, Miſs *Frivolous.*

Miſs Frivolous. If the preacher is but very indifferent at his trade, I yawn and fall aſleep. If he characterizes vice, I am very ready in applying

the deſcription to Mrs. or Mr. ſuch-a-one; but never did it come into my head to look at home, and to ſee how the diſcourſe fitted me. Between the applications I make of the ſermon, I bow to ſomebody on the right, caſt an eye upon ſome other at the left. I am taken up with the play I ſhall go to next, or the laſt night's aſſembly; in a word, I do all I can to paſs away the time, and to make that ſhort which at church appears ſo long.

Lady Louiſa. I cannot ſay that I do the ſame, but what I do is really tantamount. I hear the preacher with great indifference; and yet now and then I feel ſome impulſe to virtue, but which ſlips away like lightening; and the diſtractions I freely admit coming from church make me forget what I have heard, unleſs I remember it to criticize the preacher.

Mrs. Affable. Hence you may judge, ladies, what benefit may be received from the word of God; however the Scripture teaches us, that his word is never pronounced in vain; it hardens thoſe whom it does not convert. The word of God is like the Sun, which produces very different effects on different objects expoſed to its rays; it bleaches wax, and tans the face; melts ſnow and hardens clay. How do you go on after reading?

Lady Lucy. I go down to breakfaſt; in the way I beg of God, that he will not ſuffer me to forget taking care of my ſoul by too much attention to the nouriſhment of the body. When I ſit down to table, I thank him for providing me with food and appetite to take it with pleaſure.

Miſs Zina. Is it allowed to offer one's pleaſures to God, as well as the pains one ſuffers?

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. All muſt be offered, ladies. Beſides, the innocent pleaſures we find muſt excite our gratitude. You may loath all ſort of food; to eat in that caſe would be a torment; how unhappy were our condition, if that diſguſt continued? Since God has ſaved us this trouble, and has given us a pleaſure in ſatisfying the cravings of nature, the leaſt we can do is to return him thanks. Go on, my dear.

Lady Lucy. After breakfaſt I take an hour of relaxation; that is, I take a walk in the garden, or I ſing at my work, or play upon the harpſichord. From time to time I reflect, that God is preſent; I offer him all my actions; or, I ſay ſome very ſhort prayers to myſelf.

Lady Louiſa. But this ſeems to take off all relaxation. Theſe and ſuch like thoughts are mighty ſerious for a time allotted to diverſion; it is moreover very troubleſome thus to recollect one's attention.

Lady Lucy. Not in the leaſt, madam. To think of the divine preſence is a great comfort. I then look upon myſelf as a favourite child, who takes his diverſion under the eyes of an indulgent and kind father; his tender parent looks upon him with complacency, and is pleaſed to ſee his mirth; and as the prayers are then very ſhort, they are only quick motions or pious breathings of the heart towards God. When I began with this method, I ſtood in need of all my attention to call to mind theſe good thoughts; now they offer themſelves without the leaſt conſtraint on my ſide. At eleven I go up to my chamber, and read ſome hiſtory; I ſtudy geography, and I write down what has ſtruck me, and ſeemed moſt material in my reading. The time is ſpent in this manner till half an hour paſt three, when my woman

woman comes to dreſs me; it goes ſo faſt, that I always fancy ſhe comes an hour too ſoon. When we are in the country I leave off reading an hour ſooner; but I pay dear for it, particularly where the ſubject is important, and engages my attention.

Miſs Frivolous. What makes you lay your book aſide, if it is a more agreeable paſtime than walking out?

Lady Lucy. The deſire of doing the will of God, and to avoid an ill habit of acting merely by fancy.

Miſs Frivolous. Does God concern himſelf whether you read or walk? I take it, that he is very indifferent to either. And then, I don't ſee where the neceſſity lies of putting our fancies under this conſtraint, particularly innocent ones, and not prejudicial to any perſon.

Lady Lucy. God, who gave me a body, intruſted me with the care of its health; and if, through my fault, I either neglected or wronged my truſt, I ſhould fail in a point of that duty which I owe to his divine majeſty. Now, exerciſe is neceſſary for the preſervation of health; and if I confined myſelf at home, I might fall into ſome diſtemper by my own fault. You ſay, that there is no harm in indulging our whims, when they are harmleſs; I don't diſpute it; and it is purely from ſelf-love that I check mine. What I may do hereafter I cannot ſay. Perhaps I ſhall marry, and in ſpite of all precautions, it may eaſily happen I ſhall light upon a huſband whoſe whims will not tally with mine. Were I accuſtomed to humour mine, we might poſſibly quarrel from morning till night, or I muſt endure a great deal from the neceſſity of meeting with perpetual contradictions.

tradictions. Is it not much better to take an early habit, and be uſed to contradict one's ſelf?

Miſs Frivolous. Now I love you for the reſolution you take of making yourſelf uneaſy for a huſband; oh! you will quite ſpoil him, Lady *Lucy*. I don't pretend to ſay I will never yield to a huſband; but, I aſſure you, he ſhall teach me to do it by his own example; he ſhall be upon that footing before I marry him; and I will enter a very ſolemn declaration, that I never will be a ſlave to his maggots.

Mrs. Affable. You will cut yourſelf out a great deal of fine work. A lover will promiſe to fetch down the moon from the ſkies; but theſe gentlemen's promiſes are written upon the leaves of trees; beware of the firſt high wind. You put me in mind of a lady: No, poſitively, ſhe would not marry, unleſs her huſband bought her a coach. Her ſpark promiſed, and put his hand to the promiſe; he kept his word, but the devil a horſe would he buy.

Lady Sincere. Could I imagine I ſhould ever meet with ſuch uſage, I would continue ſingle all the days of my life. I have been under ſubjection ſince my birth, and have obeyed either ill or well; I am ſo tired with it, that I will in my turn be obeyed by others, and ceaſe to obey.

Miſs Zina. My opinion, dear lady, is very different from yours. I am perſuaded, that when I take a huſband, I take a maſter; and I am fully reſolved, that all my endeavours ſhall be uſed to make his will in great or leſs matters the rule of mine; and this I ſhall eſteem to be my duty.

Mrs. Affable. If ſo, ladies, 'tis no hard matter to tell your fortunes. Lady *Sincere* will meet with more contradictions than any woman, and will of courſe be the unhappieſt of her ſex by following her

her principles. Miſs *Zina* will get an abſolute power over her huſband; complaiſance is the only means to engage and to maſter hearts. Within a few years, ladies, you may give me ſome account of theſe predictions.

DIALOGUE XXII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LET us begin with *Lady Mary*'s ſtory. —

Lady Mary. Cyaxares, uncle to *Cyrus*, and who is called *Darius* in the ſcripture, appointed a great many princes or *Satraps*, that is, governors of the ſeveral provinces in his empire; and placed three preſidents, of whom *Daniel* was the firſt, over them, to have an eye on their conduct. *Daniel* was in the higheſt favour with *Darius*, which raiſed great jealouſy among the lords and princes of that court. They longed, and watched for an opportunity to ruin him; but *Daniel* was ſo faithful in the execution of his high employ, that he left no hold for any accuſation. Upon which they reſolved to lay a ſnare for him, in regard to his punctual obſervance of the law of his God. To this end they prevailed upon the king to iſſue a decree, by which it was forbidden, during the ſpace of thirty days, to aſk any petition of any God or man, excepting the king, under pain, for the tranſgreſſor, of being caſt into the den of lions. This decree did not hinder *Daniel* praying three times every day with his face towards *Jeruſalem*. Theſe men informed the king, and repreſented to him,

him, that according to the ſtanding law of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, the royal decrees were irrevocable. *Darius* did all he could to ſave *Daniel*'s life, but in vain; he commanded *Daniel* to be brought and caſt into the den of lions; he ſaid to him with tears in his eyes, *Daniel, the God whom thou ſerveſt continually, he will deliver thee.* As he feared the rage of his enemies, more than the fierceneſs of the lions, he put his own ſeal to the ſtone, which covered the den, that it might not be removed. The king retired to the palace in great grief; ſupper was not brought in, as uſual, he faſted, and ſleep departed from his eyes. The king aroſe early in the morning, and went, in haſte, to the den of lions, where he cried out with a lamentable voice. *Daniel,* he ſaid, has thy God been able to deliver thee from the lions? Yes, *Daniel* anſwered, my God has ſent his angel, and I am free from all hurt amongſt theſe dreadful animals. The king was overjoy'd, he commanded *Daniel* to be brought out of the den, and his accuſers to be caſt in, whom the lions caught, and broke their bones in pieces, before they reached the bottom of the den.

Mrs. Affable. If the wicked, and jealous, and ſlanderers, were puniſhed in this manner, we ſhould not have ſo many among us.

Lady Mary. If I may ſpeak my opinion, *Cyaxares. Darius* was a baſe weak man, to expoſe an innocent perſon to death, and not to puniſh his envious informers.

Mrs. Affable This happens to weak princes. They are tools of the paſſions of all thoſe who come near them. Their foible ſtands them in lieu of all manner of guilt. What this paſſage of the ſacred writings ſuggeſts to us, with regard to princes, is applicable to all mankind. A

weak

weak man is ready for any fault, to which he ſuffers himſelf to be perſuaded. I had rather deal with a wicked perſon, than one of his character; I am ſure I think ſo; for you cannot rely upon ſuch a one, for a quarter of an hour together.

Lady Senſible. You gave me leave to repeat to the ladies, the hiſtorical paſſages that regard *Cyrus*; I am now going to prove, that *Cyaxares* had but a ſmall ſhare of ſenſe, becauſe he was jealous.

Mrs. Affable. Very right, my dear; there is not a more certain mark of a low-rated genius, than jealouſy. But before we enter upon this article concerning *Cyaxares*, we ſhould know who *Cyrus* was. Lady *Witty* ſhall begin, and you will be pleaſed to go on.

Lady Witty. *Aſtyages* king of *Media*, had a daughter called *Mandana*; ſhe was a grown young woman, when his ſon *Cyaxares* was born; her father gave her in marriage to *Cambyſes* the *Perſian* and heir to that crown. The *Perſian* dominions were of no great extent, but yet very conſiderable, as being inhabited by a virtuous people. Their virtue was not owing to their having different inclinations from others; they had not more worth and honour by birth than other nations; but the good education they received, corrected their defects, and made them appear a different nation. They had not this beneficial education from their parents; a father was not allowed to keep his ſon at home; and all the children, whom they deſired to forward in the world, were to be ſent to public ſchools. They had three ſorts of academies. The firſt was for little children; here they eat nothing but bread with creſſes, and only drank water. Their bed, was a carpet laid on the ground,

ground, and however cold the ſeaſon might be, no fire was ever allowed. They were taught in this firſt ſchool, to reſpect, to love, and to practiſe religious duties; they brought them up to a habit of obedience, and after ſeveral years paſſed in this ſchool, they were ſent off to another at fifteen years of age.

Lady Mary. You know I am not greedy, and I am ſatisfied that living hard lengthens our days; and ſtill I cannot approve this method of dieting poor children. What, always creſſes? Would they have been leſs robuſt, if from time to time they had been treated with other food, a coarſe ſort of pudding, and ſome boiled mutton? I am hearty and well, though this is frequently my food.

Mrs. Affable. The *Perſians*, my dear, were ſtill in better health than you. They might indulge the girls with theſe dainties; but their boys were to be brought up ſomething harder; they found the advantage of this diet, when they took the field for warlike operations, and were very happy, if they could meet with bread and water.

Lady Violent. What, to lie on the ground with only a carpet, is not that a great hardſhip?

Mrs. Affable. I aſſure you, Madam, that, as Lady *Senſible* was ſaying t'other day, the body may be accuſtomed to any thing. I lay, when I was very young, on a bed as hard as the floor, and I have found it of very great ſervice to me. I ſleep well every where, and I meet with people, who if they change their beds, cannot get a wink of ſleep; that, you muſt ſay, is extremely inconvenient. Lady *Mary* wiſhes the *Perſians* ſuch meat as ſhe knows and likes; a child born in the mountainous parts of *Ireland*, would wiſh them to have potatoes; and if the *Perſian* academy

demy had been kept up to our time, they would imagine you had poor ſort of diet, for want of creſſes. What relates to the body, does not deſerve the attention of a rational being; it is an animal you may bring up as you pleaſe. Go on, Lady *Witty*, tell us what was done in their ſecond academy.

Lady Witty. They finiſhed, as I may ſay, the education of the body, by painful and laborious exerciſes. In the third academy the youth were taught the ſciences, ſuited to the conditions of life they were to follow. *Mandana* had a ſon called *Cyrus*; he was brought up at theſe public ſchools; but when he was twelve years of age, his mother took him with her to pay a viſit to his grandfather *Aſtyages*. This was a dangerous journey for *Cyrus*. In *Media*, they lived in great ſtate and magnificence; and it was much to be feared, that profuſeneſs and their grand entertainments would bring a youth of twelve years to a diſguſt of the plainneſs and rigour of the *Perſians*. *Cyrus*'s good ſenſe reſcued him from danger; and, when his grandfather aſked him, what he thought of the ſumptuous feaſts of the *Medes*, they, he anſwered, take much pains, and fetch a great way about to ſatisfy the calls of nature; the *Perſians* take an eaſier way, a little bread and water, with ſome creſſes, ſatisfies their appetite.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Violent*, if you remember *Aſtyages*'s feaſt, pray favour us with the account of it.

Lady Violent. *Aſtyages* took it into his head to ſurpriſe *Cyrus*, with the magnificence of his court; to this effect, he invited the great ones to a ſuperb entertainment, and gave them inſtructions to appear as richly apparelled as poſſible.

ſible. Towards the end of the feaſt, I give you, ſaid *Aſtyages* to his grandſon, all that is upon the table. You may diſpoſe of it, and make preſents to thoſe you like beſt. *Cyrus* gave a great diſh to one that ſeemed the moſt willing to obey his grandpapa's orders; he beſtowed another upon the perſon, who waited on *Mandana* his mother; the riding maſter had a preſent alſo; in ſhort, he gave nothing but what he could juſtify beſtowing with very good reaſons. The king's cup-bearer *Sacas*, waited at the door of the preſence-chamber, and had refuſed him admittance, when his grandfather was about buſineſs. *Cyrus* bore him a grudge on this account, and gave him nothing. Since you are for rewarding merit, ſaid *Aſtyages*, you ſhould have made a preſent to *Sacas*, who fills out ſo handſomely to drink. That requires no great ſkill, ſaid *Cyrus*; I am but a child, and I will undertake doing it as well as your cup-bearer. Let us ſee, ſaid *Aſtyages*. Upon this, *Cyrus* took all the proper implements, and acquitted himſelf very handſomely of the cup-bearer's office. As he could ſee, that he had pleaſed his grandfather, he fell a laughing; poor *Sacas*, he cried out, thou art ruined, I ſhall have thy poſt. Hold there, replied *Aſtyages*, you forgot the main point, you did not taſte the wine. I did not forget that, *Cyrus* anſwered, but omitted it on purpoſe; I am not yet mad enough to taſte poiſon. How comes wine to be poiſon in your opinion, ſaid *Aſtyages*? *Cyrus* anſwered, that thoſe, who drank it, loſt their ſenſes. I took notice t'other day, that, with drinking wine, you forgot that you was a king, and the others, that they were your ſubjects. All talked at once, laughed without reaſon; and when you were for a dance, every one reeled. But, *Aſtyages* went on,

on, does not the ſame happen to your father *Cambyſes?* When my father has drunk, his thirſt is quenched, and that is all that happens.

Miſs Bella. I am of opinion, that it would have been as well, if, inſtead of bringing up *Cyrus* to live on graſs like a brute, he had been formed to a habit of curbing his paſſion, and not ſeeking to be revenged. It was not handſome to find fault with the cup-bearer; after all, he had only done his duty. Theſe *Perſian* virtues were not unlike thoſe of the *Lacedemonians.*

Mrs. Affable. I muſt own, Madam, your reflection is very proper. *Cyrus*'s diſpleaſure could not be juſtified, and the revenge he took was very mean. A generous perſon ſcorns to be revenged of one, who cannot defend himſelf. But in the main, it may be, this fault is not to be imputed ſo much to the *Perſian* education, as to *Cyrus* himſelf. Has none among you, ladies, never failed in obſerving ſuch things as I have recommended? We ſhall ſpeak again of *Cyrus*, the latter end of this leſſon, if we can have time; but we have ſome ſtories out of the ſcripture to go through, which muſt take place. Lady *Violent*, it is your turn.

Lady Violent. The Lord ſpoke to a man named *Jonah*, ſaying: Ariſe, go to *Nineveh*, and acquaint the inhabitants, that their city ſhall be deſtroyed forty days after thy prophecy. *Jonah*, inſtead of obeying, went on board a ſhip bound to another place. For he ſaid to himſelf, I know that the Lord is good and merciful; and that he is ready to forgive, and as ſlow to puniſh. If the people of *Nineveh* repent, they will be forgiven, and I ſhall be looked upon as a falſe prophet. Whereupon *Jonah* went on board to flee from the preſence of the Lord, as if there was

was ſome place out of his ſight, and out of his power. But when they were out at ſea, the Lord ſent a great wind; the pilot, the crew, and the paſſengers, each put up their prayers to their God, to be preſerved from this imminent danger. *Jonah* alone was in the hold, where he lay, and was faſt aſleep; and the maſter, finding that he fled from the preſence of God, awaked him, and ſaid, what ſhall we do to thee, that the ſea may be calm? Throw me into the ſea, anſwered *Jonah*, for I know, that for my ſake, this tempeſt is come upon you. They were very loth to come to this extremity; but, as the tempeſt grew more violent, they took *Jonah*, and caſt him into the ſea. Now the Lord had prepared a great fiſh, (a whale no doubt,) and *Jonah* was in the belly of the fiſh, that ſwallowed him, three days and three nights, where he compoſed a canticle, or prayer, to the Lord; and, after this time was expired, the fiſh caſt up *Jonah* upon the ſhore, whence he took the road to *Nineveh*. This was a vaſt city, of three days journey; and *Jonah* went through it, crying out aloud, yet forty days, and *Nineveh* ſhall be overthrown.

The king and the inhabitants hearing this dreadful prophecy, fell proſtrate on the ground, and covered themſelves with ſackcloth and aſhes. The king proclaimed a rigorous faſt to be obſerved, and ſaid, who can tell, if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his anger, that we periſh not? God ſaw their works, that they were humbled before him, and penitent; and he forgave the *Ninevites*, which was a cauſe of great diſpleaſure to *Jonah*, who thereby ſaw himſelf expoſed to be thought a falſe prophet. He left the town, and was exceeding angry, and he beſought the Lord to take his life from him. He lay

that

that night on the ground, and the Lord God prepared a ſhrub to protect him from the heat of the ſun by its ſhade. The growth of the ſhrub was ſome comfort to the prophet; but the next day, God ſent a worm, which ſmote the ſhrub, ſo that it withered away. In the morning, before the ſun roſe, God raiſed a vehement eaſt wind, and the heat was ſo exceſſive, that the prophet, who was now left without a ſhelter, fainted, and wiſhed a ſecond time for death. Then God ſpake unto him; Thou didſt not plant, nor water that ſhrub; and yet the withering of this plant afflicts thee, ſo as to make thee hate thy life; thou couldſt wiſh it had been ſpared. How much more did I wiſh for the repentance of *Nineveh*, that my juſtice might find room to ſpare more than ſix-ſcore thouſand perſons that cannot diſcern between their right hand and their left.

Lady Mary. Oh fie! It was very unbecoming in a prophet, to be angry, becauſe God was pleaſed to forgive the poor *Ninevites*.

Mrs. Affable. We muſt forget the fault of *Jonah*, ſince God wrought miracles to make him ſenſible of his miſtake, and to juſtify his proceeding, with regard to *Nineveh*, that guilty but repentant city. *Jonah*'s excuſe for not obeying, is very ſingular; becauſe the Lord, ſaid he, is ready to forgive, and ſlow to anger. But he will puniſh at laſt, if we perſiſt in the abuſe of his manifold graces. Now is your turn, Lady *Charlotte*.

Lady Charlotte. There was a man in the land of *Uz* whoſe name was *Job*; he feared God, and ſerved him ſo faithfully, that he deſerved to have bleſſings heaped upon him, and his family. He had ſeven ſons and three daughters, was very rich, and one of the greateſt men in the *Eaſt*.

His ſons went and feaſted in their houſes, every one his day, and called for their three ſiſters to eat and drink with them. And when the days of their feaſting were gone round, he aſſembled them all at home, and offered ſacrifices for them to beg pardon of God for the offences they might poſſibly have committed.

One day the ſons of God came to preſent themſelves before the Lord, and *Satan* came alſo among them. The Lord ſaid unto *Satan,* haſt thou not admired the virtue of my faithful ſervant *Job?* *Satan* made anſwer; Thy ſervant doth not fear God for naught; thou haſt given him all good things in plenty; it is very eaſy to love thee and bleſs thy name in proſperity; but put forth thy hand and touch all that he hath, take from him the good things of this world, and he will curſe thee to thy face. Behold, ſaith the Lord to *Satan,* all that he hath is in thy power, only upon himſelf put not forth thine hand. At the ſame time, *Satan* came down upon earth, fully reſolved to do *Job* all the hurt poſſible, and force him to murmur againſt providence. One day that his ſons and daughters did eat and drink wine in their eldeſt brother's houſe, a meſſenger came to *Job,* and informed him, that the enemies had fallen upon his oxen and his aſſes, and had carried them off, and ſlain his ſervants, and that he was the only one eſcaped to come with the news. While he was yet ſpeaking, another came and ſaid, the fire of God is fallen from heaven, and has burnt up the ſheep and the ſervants, and I was the only one that eſcaped. This had no ſooner done, but he heard from a third, that the *Caldeans* had ſeized his camels, and put his ſervants to the ſword, all but himſelf. This laſt had not done ſpeaking, when another brought the

the account, that a furious wind had blown down the houſe where his ſons and daughters were at dinner, and that they and their ſervants were buried under the ruins. Upon hearing theſe melancholy accidents, *Job* rent his robes, to ſhew that he was not inſenſible to all theſe loſſes, but at the ſame time he broke out into theſe memorable expreſſions, which denoted his virtue and his conſtancy: Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked ſhall I return thither; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; bleſſed be the name of the Lord. Theſe were the only words which this prodigious trial drew from the afflicted *Job*, and he never impeached the diſpenſations of Providence with regard to his ſufferings.

After this, *Satan* deſired, that he might be permitted to touch his bone and his fleſh; and having obtained it, he ſmote *Job* with ſore boils from the ſole of his foot unto his crown; and *Job* having now nothing left in the world, took a potſheard to ſcrape off the matter that ran from his ulcers, and ſat upon a dunghill. To complete his miſery, *Satan*, who had taken from him all that he poſſeſſed, left him his wife, becauſe ſhe was a vexatious creature; and no greater puniſhment can befal a man, than a wife of a perverſe temper. This wicked woman endeavoured to caſt him into deſpair; ſhe reproached him with his integrity, which had been of no ſervice to him, and came to that heighth of impiety, that ſhe told him, his reſignation to the will of God was downright extravagancy. *Job* had ſome friends, who came under a pretence of adminiſtering comfort, but in reality, to load him with reproaches; and yet in the midſt of all theſe trials the holy man's patience continued the ſame and unaltered. It pleaſ-

ed God at laſt to reward his ſubmiſſion to the appointments of Providence. His health was reſtored; he had more beautiful children than thoſe he loſt, he was bleſſed with more wealth and worldly ſubſtance than before; he poſſeſſed it during a long time, and died very old and full of days.

Mrs. Affable. This part of the holy writ gives us room to make many reflections. Let us have thoſe that have occurred to you, Lady *Senſible.*

Lady Senſible. It excites me to a great confidence in God. It ſeems to ſome, that accidents which are looked upon as diſaſtrous, are the work of chance. Here I ſee, that God directs thoſe events, proportions them to his deſigns; and likewiſe enables us to proportion our patience to theſe trials. Nothing in my opinion can be matter of greater comfort.

Mrs. Affable. Very true, my dear. All the hair of our heads is counted; not one falls without the permiſſion of our heavenly father. All the powers of hell may combine againſt us; nothing is in their power without the eſpecial conſent of God, who, if he grants it, only grants it for our benefit, that is, either to puniſh our faults, and to induce us to return to him, as we find by the hiſtory of *Manaſſeh,* or to give us an occaſion of practiſing the greateſt virtues, as it is proved by the hiſtory of *Job.*

Many other points may be learned out of the ſcripture; what you know is ſufficient for your education; what remains, requires ſome more years to paſs over your heads. As to the books of the prophets, for inſtance, thoſe you will read yourſelves, and I will explain what you don't underſtand in the beſt manner I can.

Miſs

Miſs Molly. I have, Mrs. *Affable,* among my books a tragedy called *Eſther,* and ſaid to be taken from holy writ, by the author Monſieur *Racine,* and you have never mentioned her.

Lady Violent. And papa has a fine picture of *Tobit,* you have never named him neither.

Mrs. Affable. To tell you the truth, ladies, I have not mentioned them, that I might avoid diſputes. There are different opinions concerning thoſe hiſtorical books and others*. In *England,* and ſeveral other proteſtant countries, they are not received, as written by the inſpiration of the Holy Ghoſt, and conſequently not allowed as canonical ſcripture; for which reaſon they are placed among the *Apocrypha* in the proteſtant verſions, and have no greater credit given them than other hiſtories written by men ſubject to miſtakes. In *France, Spain, Italy,* and other countries, they maintain, that thoſe books were wrote under the influence of the Holy Ghoſt; and becauſe it is impoſſible, under that influence, that any falſhood can be penned, thoſe books, and parts of books, muſt in courſe be believed. But as you are not in the way to judge of the arguments on both ſides, and of the merits of the cauſe, I thought it was better not to enter upon any diſpute.

Miſs Bella. There is a way to wave all controverſy. Give us the paſſages contained in theſe books. You need not mention what your opinion is. Our opinion will be

* In the *Geneva* Bible, and the *Engliſh Proteſtant* Verſion, the ten Chapters of the Book of *Eſther,* are not diſputed, but allowed to be Canonical Scripture, and contain the whole Matter of *Monſieur Racine's* celebrated Tragedy of that Name.

left to ourſelves, and no one can take any offence.

Mrs. Affable. You judge right, my dear; I will follow your advice the firſt opportunity that offers. But Lady *Mary* yawns. Yawning is an effect, and a ſymptom of wearineſs. Our converſation, I fear, has proved tedious.

Lady Mary. What is the meaning, that yawning ſhould be a ſymptom of wearineſs?

Mrs. Affable. This requires an ample explanation, my dear, and will make our leſſon very long.

Lady Violent. Well, we ſhall only break up ſo much later; it rains, you ſee; and we cannot go to any place; give us leave to ſpend with you the time intended for our viſits.

Mrs. Affable. I am very willing it ſhould be ſo, my dear; but upon condition, that thoſe who are tired ſhall be at liberty to go when they pleaſe. But firſt, you muſt know, that there can be no effect without a cauſe.

Lady Mary. I don't underſtand that neither, Mrs. *Affable*; let us have an example; with that I am able to underſtand what at firſt ſight ſeemed very difficult.

Mrs. Affable. It is really ſo. Now it is night with us, becauſe the part of the earth which we inhabit is not turned to the ſun; or, to make uſe of geometrical terms, becauſe the ſun is no more upon our *Horizon.* To-morrow, at ten, we ſhall have day-light, for then our *Horizon* will be turned to the ſun. We obſerve two things in this return of light; the ſun, who cauſes this light, and the light cauſed by the ſun. Now, Lady *Mary,* tell me, what is the cauſe of this light?

Lady

Lady Mary. The ſun is the cauſe of the day.

Mrs. Affable. And what is the effect produced by the ſun?

Lady Mary. The effect produced by the ſun is day-light. Now, Mrs. *Affable,* I underſtand it, and will repeat it. The ſun is the *cauſe,* and light the *effect.*

Mrs. Affable. Nobody can anſwer better, my dear. Are you not all ſatisfied, ladies, that no *effect* can be without a *cauſe.*

Lady Violent. I am quite convinced. It would be very ridiculous to ſay, for example, that *nothing* is the cauſe of light. A mere *nothing* can be the cauſe of nothing, for then it would give what it has not, which is impoſſible.

Mrs. Affable. I will give you an inſtance, that will explain what you ſay, Lady *Violent.* I find that you are out of order, I feel your pulſe, and perceive that you have a ſtrong fever. You tell me, that your ſtomach is not right, you have an inclination to vomit, and that this morning you was perfectly well, and that your appetite was ſo extraordinary that you eat double the quantity of what is your uſual ſtint. I gather from this, that you ſuffer under an indigeſtion; this is an effect, and therefore, this indigeſtion muſt have a cauſe, and this cauſe I know, for Lady *Violent* has certainly eat ſomething that has diſagreed with her.

On the other ſide, Lady *Mary* has the ſame diſtemper, and I put the queſtion to her, what is the cauſe of your indigeſtion, my dear? She anſwers and ſays, nothing, Mrs. *Affable,* for I have not eat any thing for ſeveral days. You ſee plainly, that I have reaſon to believe you tell an untruth.

Lady Senſible. Certainly; for what is an indigeſtion? 'Tis a diſorder of the ſtomach, which not having a ſufficient heat to concoct the food that is taken in, that food continues too long in the ſame condition that it was firſt received. Whenever an indigeſtion happens, the aliment is indigeſted; the *term* imports it. And therefore the aliment not well digeſted, is the cauſe of the diſorder called an indigeſtion. The diſorder we feel is the effect of that meat not being digeſted. One goes with the other. To be too long without eating, would produce another effect called *hunger.*

Lady Lucy. By what you have ſaid, I underſtand not only, that no effect can be without a cauſe, but that we can moreover arrive at the knowledge of a cauſe by effects.

Mrs. Affable. We certainly may, when we have as certain a knowledge of the effects. I am not at all afraid of multiplying examples, ladies; they conduce very much to illuſtrate things, and make a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind. Let us ſuppoſe, that I have never heard any mention made of God. I open my eyes and contemplate the univerſe. I obſerve, that the motion of the ſun, as I apprehend it, is not by fits and ſtarts, but extremely regular, that his place is neither too high, nor too low. I perceive, that the ſeaſons duly ſucceed each other; that the autumn rains burſt the corn, the winter's cold makes it ſtrike the root deeper into the ground, the gentle warmth of the ſpring brings it out, and the greater heat of the ſummer carries it to maturity. From time to time, I perceive, that great winds riſe to purify the earth. Then I take a view of the ſea, and I am ſurpriſed, that it does not overflow this earth, as the only fence it has conſiſts in a few grains

grains of ſand ; I am charmed with the beauty of the moon, the ſtars, and an infinity of other objects ſurpaſſing each other in their reſpective excellencies. If I am not more ſtupid than a brute beaſt, what thoughts muſt ariſe in my mind from this contemplation ?

Lady Senſible. You will certainly ſay, as it is impoſſible that all this ſhould be formed by nothing, I muſt infer, that they proceed from a cauſe of which they are the effect ; and that, as all theſe things are diſpoſed in a moſt perfect order, I muſt conclude, that the cauſe which has produced them, acts with the greateſt wiſdom ; for we muſt judge of the workman by his work.

Miſs Sophy. Here is a very nice ring, and of excellent workmanſhip. I may call the ring an effect, and by the workmanſhip, I judge that the maker, whom I look upon as a cauſe, is an artiſt.

Mrs. Affable. Very well, lady ; you ſeem to underſtand it very well. Now to reſume our example. The light is an effect cauſed by the ſun. I may conclude with certainty, that the ſun is a luminous body ; were it not luminous, it could not give us the light which, in the laſt ſuppoſition, it has not.

Lady Louiſa. We may alſo ſay, that heat is cauſed by the ſun, and conſequently the ſun muſt be a body of fire,

Mrs. Affable. Obſerve, ladies, that I ſaid that the cauſe could be known by the effect, when we had a perfect knowledge of the effect ; but if I can prove, that heat is not always produced by the ſun, or that there are places where the ſun ſhines without cauſing any heat, you cannot then think that the ſun is a body of fire ; for, was it ſo, heat muſt be a neceſſary effect of his preſence.

Lady Lucy. You will bring in the *Cordillera* mountains in *America,* where the air is very cold, though they are under the *Torrid Zone.*

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis what I intended. A fire that gives no heat is an imaginary being; that is, which has no real exiſtence. I know that fire muſt give a heat, this is an eſſential quality; and ſo it muſt be ridiculous to aſſert, that what gives no heat is fire, ſince an eſſential quality cannot be taken away without deſtroying the being from which we remove an eſſential * quality.

Lady Louiſa. Excuſe my dulneſs, Mrs. *Affable*; I do not take the meaning of what you call an *eſſential quality.*

Mrs. Affable. I thought I had explained it before, to the ladies, but I will not be ſure of it; however, whether I have or not, I will explain it. Theſe particulars are ſo neceſſary, to ſpeak with any exactneſs, that there is no harm in repeating them frequently.

The ladies muſt know, that there is no being without good or bad qualities; but ſome of theſe qualities are ſo inherent to ſuch beings, that they cannot be ſeparated without deſtroying it; and on the other hand there are qualities that may be taken away without the deſtruction of the ſubject from which they are removed. An example is very neceſſary to clear up this point.

It is an eſſential quality of matter, that is, of whatever conſiſts of many parts, to be, when in a natural way, of ſome figure, ſquare, round,

* The author makes uſe of the terms *eſſential quality* to ſignify the eſſence, or the very being and nature of a thing; becauſe *eſſence* is a philoſophical term, and the idea is eaſier conveyed to the young ladies by *eſſential quality*, or *qualities*, which appears in the explication given a little farther on by Miſs *Bella.*

ſharp, large, crooked, no matter what the figure is. Where there is no figure naturally there is no matter. It is eſſential to a mountain to be raiſed above the valley. It is eſſential to cloth to require breadth in a natural ſtate: a thread which has length without breadth is no cloth. You would laugh at me, and not without reaſon, if I pretended to ſay the contrary.

But a green, red, or white colour is accidental to this cloth. To-day it is white, to-morrow I ſhall dye it of a roſe colour, and it will continue a cloth though the colour be changed. A mountain, though ſmooth, and without flints, or rough and rugged with them, will not be leſs a mountain, if I ſhould carry off the flint ſtones that make it ſo uneven and difficult of aſcent. Do you take me, ladies?

Miſs Bella. I am a rational being compoſed of body and ſoul, and of the human ſpecies. If body or ſoul be taken away, I ſhould be no more a compound of that ſpecies, as the body or ſoul are both eſſential to mankind. But my being good or wicked will alter nothing in that reſpect. I am ſtill of the ſame kind to-day, that I am virtuous, as I was yeſterday, that I was wicked. 'Tis only a change of qualities not eſſential. How muſt thoſe qualities be named that are not eſſential, and which may be altered without deſtroying the very being of the ſubject.

Mrs. Affable. They are called *accidental*, and are carefully to be diſtinguiſhed from the other qualities. When you deſire to know any particular object, the qualities muſt be examined with attention; the eſſential qualities muſt be ſeparated from the accidental. Tell me what is an eſſential quality of fire.

Miſs Bella. To burn, or to warm, at a greater or leſs diſtance.

Mrs. Affable. You ſee that picture; there is a ſhip that appears to be all in flames. If I ſaid it was not a picture, but real fire, what would you anſwer?

Miſs Bella. I would hold my hand near it, and ſay, my dear, here is no fire, it does not heat my hand; and you aſſure me, that *heat* is a quality eſſential to fire.

Mrs. Affable. And if we were on the *Cordillera* mountains, much nearer the ſun than we are here, and found it very cold, what would you think?

Miſs Bella. Think? That the ſun was not a body of fire; if it was, it would warm; it would even burn me in a place ſo much nearer to the ſun than the ſea-ſhore, where it is ſmothering hot.

Lady Louiſa. This perplexes me extremely. If the ſun is not fire, how comes it to warm me? Nothing but fire can warm.

Lady Violent. Pardon me, Madam; Mama will never let me come near the fire, and I find I am very warm without any. When I find it cold, I ſkip about, dance, and run, and I grow ſo warm as to break out into a ſweat.

Mrs. Affable. Can you tell me what is the cauſe of that warmth?

Lady Violent. The motion of the whole body; if I rub my hand hard and for a long time together, though it was very cold before, it will grow very warm.

Mrs. Affable. Here you ſee the effect of motion. Undoubtedly it cauſes heat, that is very plain; but I don't know, ladies, whether you are diſpoſed as I was at your age; I could never reſt till I knew the cauſe of a cauſe. If I had been told that motion cauſed heat, I would never have given over teizing thoſe about me till I had been informed how, and why motion produced this effect.

Miſs Rural. I will anſwer for the ladies and myſelf, that we have the ſame curioſity now, as you had then.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhall do it the more willingly, as it will anſwer the objection ſtarted by Lady *Louiſa*.

Do you remember, ladies, that I told you our bodies were made up with many fibres, &c. The fibres that form our fleſh are not very cloſely joined together, for you ſee the fleſh is ſoft and flexible. The fleſh is covered with a ſkin, and the texture of this is ſomething cloſer, but with an infinity of little apertures called *pores*.

Miſs Sophy. Look at my hand, Mrs. *Affable*; here is no opening at all; on the contrary, it is quite ſmooth and even.

Mrs. Affable. Look at thoſe little points as they ſeem to be, and are very near imperceptible, they are *pores*; and when you are very warm, a moiſture comes from theſe pores which they call ſweat. You are ſatisfied, ladies, that the air is compoſed of many parts, we proved it ſome years ago. Now this air inſinuates itſelf continually into the pores, and ſets the fibres in motion, and thereby cauſes a motion in all the humours, and keeps them from a chilly ſtagnation. When it is intenſely cold, ſtill water freezes, and all the parts join cloſely together; if the water had been kept in a conſtant and violent motion, thoſe parts would never have ſtuck together. But if the air that moves the fibres is very ſubtle and thin, that is, if the parts are too ſmall, it makes its way through the pores and the fibres without affecting them, the paſſages being wide enough to allow them free ingreſs and egreſs without any reſiſtance. If, on the other ſide, the parts that compoſe the air be groſs,

they

they come with violence upon the fibres to force their way; they cauſe a motion of the fibres, and heat in conſequence of that motion.

In proportion to the coarſeneſs or ſmallneſs of the parts of the air which penetrate the pores, the motion of the fibres is greater or leſs; cold, or heat, depends on the qualities of the air we breathe. The learned author, from whom I have taken this remark, diſcourſes in this manner.

The ſun, ſays he, puts the air in motion; but moves it as it finds it. On the ſea-ſhore, in *Peru*, the air is extremely thick; here the ſun impreſſes a very ſtrong motion, and ſo ſtrong is the preſſure upon the fibres to force a paſſage, that the motion ſets all the humours afloat. At the bottom of the mountains the air is neither too thick nor too thin; the motion is moderate, neither too great nor too little; hence there is neither heat nor cold. Upon the top of thoſe high mountains the air is ſo thin and penetrating, that it paſſes almoſt imperceptibly through the fibres and the pores without affecting them, or cauſing any agitation, whereby the humours are at reſt; their parts cleave to each other, grow cold by this ſtate of inaction, and as our life depends upon motion, it ends where that fails.

This is difficult, ladies, is it not? Do you underſtand it?

Lady Lucy. I think I do very well, if it be certain that motion is the cauſe of heat. But, to be ſure, it is ſo. Whenever I am in motion, I find warmth; when at reſt, I am leſs warm. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, is the air thinner and more ſubtile in winter, than in ſummer?

Mrs. Affable. I ſhould fancy it is, but as I have never examined this point particularly, I cannot bring any ſtrong arguments to prove it, ſo I can ſay nothing

nothing to the matter; much leſs can I be poſitive on this head. But granting that the air is as thick in winter, as in ſummer, the rays of the ſun not coming perpendicularly but obliquely upon it, muſt have leſs effect.

Lady Mary. I muſt make uſe of your arguments in my own vindication, for you have really accuſed me falſly. You thought and declared, that I was not pleaſed with our converſation, why? Becauſe I yawned. Now, Mrs. *Affable,* without any whys or wherefores, anſwer me directly, is yawning eſſential to a diſlike of the diſcourſe, or company, or can it proceed from any other cauſe?

Mrs. Affable. It may, my dear, be owing to a want of ſleep.

Lady Mary. That was really the cauſe of my yawning. I did not cloſe my eyes all night. I was juſt loſt for want of ſleep.

Mrs. Affable. Then I muſt ſend you home quickly, poor child.

Lady Mary. Oh no, you have quite awaked me with the pretty things you have ſaid; I will ſtay till the ladies come; you know you promiſed not to ſend us home till eight o'clock.

Mrs. Affable. Well! in the mean while, Lady *Witty* will give us ſomething about *Cyrus.*

Lady Witty. Mandana ſoon quitted the court of *Aſtyages* to return into *Perſia,* but *Cyrus* begged her conſent for a longer ſtay in *Media*; but not with any deſign to ſit at a plentiful table, or for more diverſion; this was the leaſt of his care. The true reaſon was as follows.

Perſia was a mountainous country, where the cavalry is under great difficulties in an engagement. The *Perſian* armies conſiſted of infantry, and they did not concern themſelves with the other part

of

of the military ſcience which related to the horſe. *Cyrus* aſked leave to ſtay in *Media* for an opportunity of learning this ſcience. Here he began his apprenticeſhip of war; the war did not continue long; the king of *Armenia*, who was *Aſtyages*'s enemy, being defeated, promiſed to pay a tribute, and obtained peace on that condition.

Cyrus having learned to ride, came back to *Perſia*, and paſſed on to the ſecond ſchool. His ſchool-fellows imagined, he would find very great hardſhip in living with them under poverty and ſubjection, after living ſo many years in pomp and independance; they were diſappointed; and *Cyrus* was always before-hand, where the example of any virtue was required.

In the mean time *Aſtyages* died, and left his kingdom to his ſon *Cyaxares*, *Cyrus*'s uncle, tho' not much older than his nephew. The kings of *Babylon* and *Lydia* looked upon this conjuncture as very favourable for the conqueſt of *Media*, and declared war with *Cyaxares*. The young king ſent for ſuccours to his brother-in-law *Cambyſes*, who ſent him an army, whereof he gave the command to *Cyrus*, notwithſtanding his youth.

Before *Cyrus* ſet out on this expedition, *Cambyſes* his father aſked him what meaſures he would take to be reſpected and obeyed by the officers and the ſoldiers. *Cyrus* anſwered, I will, ſaid he, reward thoſe that do their duty, and puniſh thoſe that neglect it. That is a very proper means to be uſed, but there is another much leſs ſubject to difficulties. All that are under your command will obey you readily, and reſpect you very much, if you can perſuade them that you have more knowledge than they. But, Sir, *Cyrus* replied, how ſhall I bring this about? Nothing eaſier,

eaſier, *Cambyſes* replied ; make yourſelf ſo. You will effect it by a conſtant application to the duties of a general ; by aſſiduous converſation with old officers, hearing their advice, and receiving it with pleaſure, and if you will not neglect the counſel even of a common ſoldier.

Cyrus followed very punctually the inſtructions of his father ; he endeavoured to gain the hearts of the ſoldiery, and to give them example ; this behaviour met with the deſired ſucceſs.

Miſs Molly. The very ſame I have in my *Univerſal Hiſtory*. *Cyrus* loved his ſoldiers wholly upon that account. They reſpected him, becauſe he was a ſkilful commander, and he was obeyed becauſe he commanded nothing but what they had his example for doing the ſame.

Mrs. Affable. *Cambyſes*'s anſwer teaches an aſſured method not only to be a great general, but a good maſter, a good miſtreſs of a family, and even a good and great king. If an officer wiſhes to be loved by the troops under his command, a king to be adored by his ſubjects, a head of a family to win the hearts of his children and his ſervants, they muſt love and will be loved again ; the recipe is infallible. If you deſire to be reſpected, improve your mind, be more virtuous than others ; reſpect will come of courſe. If you would have the perſons under you meek, righteous, juſt, and endued with the fear of God and a cloſe attention to their reſpective duties, require nothing of them, but what they ſee you practiſe. Adieu, my dear ladies ; at our next meeting you ſhall have the concluſion of *Fidelia*'s hiſtory.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LADIES, I am about to give you—no, *Fidelia* herſelf ſhall give you the end of her adventures.

My mind was taken up with the wretched arguments I have mentioned, which however were not quite abſurd, with regard to the principles I had received with my education, when *George*, who had bribed a ſervant-maid of the houſe, came into the room, and was upon his knees before me, almoſt before I perceived him. I will not repeat the vain diſcourſes he held to complete my ruin, which yet he could not bring about, without many more attempts; but he prevailed, at laſt, to make me as mean and as deſpicable as he wiſhed, though he feared my repentance, and the remorſes of conſcience, which he ſuſpected would ſucceed this misfortune; and for that reaſon, engaged me to take an apartment in his own houſe, ſo apprehenſive he was that I ſhould make my eſcape from him. Here my deplorable ſituation put me to the rack; I felt torments, and puniſhments, to which I had before been a ſtranger. The unhappy ſeducer, ſtrove in vain to reconcile me to ſhame, and infamy, with his careſſes, flatteries and profuſion. His wealth was ſpent in procuring taſteleſs pleaſures for me; and every thing that was magnificent but aggravated my ſhame, by making it public; nothing could calm my diſtracted ſoul. It was to no purpoſe

poſe to recal to mind the arguments which had given a ſanction to my baſe condeſcenſion; they made indeed ſome impreſſion on a mind, whoſe light was darkened; but the *ſenſe* of my conſcience, if I may uſe the term, that inward feeling, was not loſt. Pride, and a ſort of delicacy, were moſt exquiſite torments, in this ſtate of affliction. To talk of delicacy in a woman delivered up to guilt, as I was, is an abuſe of terms; however there was enough left, not, indeed, to reſcue me from ſhame, but to feel all the horrors of the fault. What I ſuffered, and what I expreſs very weakly, was terrible, but ſtill ſomething more ſenſible was to come over my head.

His paſſion for me continued about eight months, and was ſome alleviation of my diſtreſs. As there was no object to divert my attention, no relation or friend, who took up any ſhare of my affection, the ſentiments of a heart naturally tender did center in him. By degrees, his flame, and love of me, went out, and this abatement of his paſſion, grew at laſt ſo ſenſible, that I could not flatter myſelf, with the thought of being miſtaken. Now I became a prey to jealouſy, vexation and deſpair. The fear however of loſing him entirely, gave me courage enough to ſmother my grief in his preſence, for ſome months; but having had an account that he was to marry very ſoon a lady of prodigious fortune, I reſolved to leave him; but could not, in the cruel circumſtances I ſaw about me, could not, I ſay, forego the ſatisfaction of reproaching him, as he deſerved, which raiſed his paſſion to a degree, that he forgot the regard due to a woman; not content to treat me with all the opprobrious language, ſhort indeed of my deſerts, he ſtruck with barbarity the unfortunate woman,

man, whoſe ruin he had completed before. I was not uſed to this treatment, which from any other perſon would have been intolerable. How much more did it affect me, from a perſon to whom I had ſacrificed all, and whom I thought I had fixed unalterably! Senſeleſs creature that I was! Never to reflect, that love can never continue, where one has loſt her right to be eſteemed; and that the diſguſt of a lover, follows cloſely on the heels of the weakneſs, which a frail creature betrays for him.

I fell into a downright rage with the blows, *George* laid on ſo inhumanly upon me, and after throwing in his face the wages of iniquity, that is, all the preſents he had made, I left his houſe quite enraged. I returned to my former lodgings; but found it impoſſible to calm the tumult and hurry of my ſoul; the late ſcene I had gone through, called to my mind all the circumſtances of my guilt, with the mortifying conſequences it had, and would ſtill have, with regard to me; I was ſo aſhamed, I could not look at the perſons, who had known me innocent. On a ſudden, I conceived ſome hopes of a little reſt, in withdrawing to a great diſtance, from the perſons, who were conſcious of my diſaſter; I got into a poſt-chaiſe, at two o'clock in the morning, and ordered the poſtillion to drive till night, and whither he pleaſed.

This whole day was ſpent in a ſtate of inſenſibility, without any thought on what was paſſed, or to come. In the evening, the poſtillion would have ſtopt in a town, and was going into a great inn; I begged he would go to a village not far off; and I alighted there, at a ſorry alehouſe, without any reaſon I could give for ſo doing. I locked myſelf up in a room, where I

ſat

ſat all night in my cloaths, and went from my lodgings, and the village, at break of day.

Chance led me to the ſide of a river ſhaded with willows, which I followed ſome time, without reflecting what I was about. At laſt the cool air reſtored my ſenſes, and with them my reaſon and memory, and put me upon thinking of my ſituation and deſpair. The circumſtances of my paſt life crowded into my imagination, and appeared under the moſt dreadful colours. But what a cruel fright was I in, when in the midſt of horror and deſpair, I diſcovered that love ſtill kept poſſeſſion of my heart! My perfidious lover had it all to himſelf; and what I looked upon as an abhorrence of my offence, I found to be only the deſpair of repeating the crime. This diſpoſition made my diſtreſs complete; it could not be carried farther, and I thought it paſt all remedy.

Sinking under the weight of affliction, I fell on the ground, and had not ſtrength to riſe again. By a kind of mechaniſm, I lifted up my eyes and hands to heaven; alas! without any thought of relief from God, on the contrary, to accuſe him, to murmur againſt his providence, and to utter blaſphemies. I ſay to *utter*, for I ſpoke and articulated my thoughts, and what I ſaid, though unconnected, ſhewed an exceſs of deſpair. Immediately, I caſt my eyes towards the river; what hinders me, ſaid I, putting an end to all trouble? Life is become an inſupportable burthen; I muſt ſhake it off. The moment of death, being that of my utter annihilation, will be the beginning of my reſt.

This thought gave me ſome relief, and ſtrength enough to riſe and haſte to the river, which was at no great diſtance; I was almoſt come to it, when I heard a loud cry very near me, which made

made me look back; and at that inſtant I found that I was held faſt by a clergyman, who had heard my complaints, and diſcovered my deſign.

The ſhame of being ſeen in this condition was the firſt thing that came into my thoughts; but gratitude ſoon took place of the former. He ſpoke with that ſweetneſs, pity, compaſſion; benevolence appeared ſo expreſſed in his countenance, that my heart in the height of diſtreſs could hold out no longer, and admitted a moment of eaſe and reſpite. Alas! ſince I came from my uncle's, this was the only perſon I had found, who took a real intereſt in my welfare.

Ah! madam, ſaid he, what thanks are due from me to the Almighty, who has guided my ſteps hither? I have watched you ſome time, I heard your complaints; you accuſe God on account of your ſufferings; a certain ſign, that he has not forſaken you, is, that he has permitted me to be here ſo opportunely, to prevent the loſs of your ſoul. Dear madam, compoſe your mind, and call reaſon to your aſſiſtance, that you may return to a due ſenſe of yourſelf. However wretched and miſerable your ſituation may be, be not diſcouraged, it may change, and mend; and if my advice, friendſhip, and the little relief I am able to afford, can contribute to this happy end, be aſſured they ſhall not be wanting.

How enſnaring is charity! Excuſe the expreſſion. The ſincere offers he made pierced my heart. I could not reject the hopes I grounded upon the good offices he promiſed; a great change was wrought in me, which ſoon broke out, and appeared in a deluge of tears. They hindered me from making due acknowledgments to my deliverer; but he underſtood their meaning.

Dear

Dear madam, ſaid he, uncommon, and probably the greateſt of misfortunes have brought you to the deplorable ſituation I found you in; but if you will be pleaſed to come with me, you ſhall be ſatisfied, that ſufferings and happineſs are not incompatible. With this, he took me by the hand, and I accompanied him without reluctance. We entered into a poor houſe, where he introduced me to his ſpouſe, who was a-bed. She was a middle-aged woman, pale, and emaciated; and appeared to be much out of order. She did not look as if ſhe had an acute diſtemper, but more in a languiſhing, than a ſuffering ſtate. Serenity, peace, and even joy were ſeen in her countenance, and ſpoke the tranquillity of her mind. My ſituation was very viſible, deſpair ſhewed itſelf in my eyes, and tears run down in ſtreams. This gentlewoman kindly mingled hers with mine; this manner of comforting an afflicted poor creature was readier, and had a greater effect, than what is uſually practiſed on ſuch occaſions. After this, ſhe intreated me to be pacified, but with that ſoftneſs in her voice, that tenderneſs and affection, that I could not ſtand out any longer. I have often heard of civility and good breeding; 'tis an art, they ſay, to be learned by application; who had ſeen my comforter, would have altered his opinion. As ſhe had been brought up far enough from the *grand monde*, and a ſtranger to its cuſtoms, her politeneſs was the effect of charity, which poſſeſſed her heart; in reality, ſhe might have paſſed for an example in this kind. Deſpair could not reſiſt theſe comforters; I began to breathe, and after taking ſome refreſhment, I even had courage enough to relate my adventures.

My

My dear, ſaid ſhe, your faults are a neceſſary conſequence of your education; and God has been pleaſed to ſhew you more mercy on this account, and to provide you a cure from the exceſſes, to which you had given yourſelf up. No motive of leſs force, than the diſtreſs you have gone through, could have diſcovered to you the inconſiſtency and falſhood of your father's principles. He was not in the wrong, when he advanced, that virtue was ſufficient to happineſs; and that poverty, ſuffering, and being deſpiſed by the world, could not diſcompoſe a virtuous mind. The virtue of a ſtoic is not equal to theſe wonderful effects; but that virtue only, which flows from the knowledge and the practice of Chriſtian truths; that virtue, which, conſcious of its own weakneſs, has a continual recourſe to God, to obtain the helps, which he never refuſes, and which raiſes the weakeſt above all the difficulties that occur in life. Give me leave to inſtance in my own ſelf; it will ſtrike you the more, as I have no pretence to much virtue.

'Tis now ten days ſince I loſt my only ſon; he is the eighth, God has been pleaſed to take from me, in three years. This laſt has ſuffered ſuch pains, as would rend the heart of a tender mother; what aggravated my trouble was, that I often was in no condition to procure him any relief, ſuitable to his ſituation, and the torment he ſuffered, though I was quite ſpent with hard work to maintain him; for my huſband, though a gentleman well born, has no fortune. Hard labour and toil, with a tender conſtitution, and the want of neceſſaries, at laſt corrupted my blood. I have a cancer that eats me up alive, attended with pains beyond expreſſion. Nothing can ſave my life; I might indeed alleviate and make

make the torment ſome little eaſier, had I the means, which poverty keeps out of my reach. With this ſhe ſhewed me her breaſt, a ſight which went through my heart, and chilled me with horror. How can you bear being puniſhed thus, ſaid I? Why don't you ſeek relief from death? How is it poſſible, that under this inſupportable rack, the tranquility and peace ſhould continue, which appears ſo evidently in your countenance and diſcourſe?

This tranquility and eaſe ſprings from faith and religion, ſaid this woman; faith is the ground of that hope, which produces a pure and unaltered chearfulneſs, baniſhes all dread, vexation and deſpair. I would not have you imagine, that theſe diſpoſitions are natural to me; no, I was by nature weak, impatient, and touchy. Take this book, ſaid ſhe, and read it. She put the Holy Bible into my hands. That, ſhe went on, has been the great maſter, and has taught me to be happy. There I found, that everlaſting glory is the end of all ſufferings, which are gone through with reſignation; I was informed what power I was to apply myſelf to, for obtaining reſignation and ſtrength. I was convinced by the peruſal of that book, that the hand which ſtrikes me, is the hand of a parent, who knows what is beſt for me, and loves me too much to refuſe that favour. Yes, indeed, madam, want, infirmities, the loſs of my children, even death, are favours, bleſſings, I ſhould ſay, of the moſt high, who of his gracious goodneſs rewards this ſubmiſſion to the appointments of his providence from his creatures, the work of his divine hands, and recompenſes us with that gladneſs and ſatisfaction, which we feel, but cannot expreſs.

Whilſt ſhe ſpoke, her eyes ſparkled with a divine fire; the ſatisfaction ſhe was mentioning, appeared ſpread over an extenuated face, and amazed me. I determined then to examine a religion which had power to work ſuch miracles; miracles I ſay, and don't think the expreſſion over-ſtretched. Raiſing the dead to life is not more above the ſtrength of nature, than this ſatisfaction and content in ſuch a deplorable ſtate. The good couple applauded my reſolution, and intreated me ſo kindly to ſtay with them till I could be fixed, that I accepted their offers, and with the help of the clergyman, I applied myſelf to the ſtudy of the ſcriptures. But firſt I repeated the Deiſt's objections, which had formerly taken up too much of my attention; and he anſwered them with ſuch ſtrength and ſolidity, that I was entirely ſatisfied, and well diſpoſed to read with awe and reſpect, books that came from divine authority, as I was perſuaded by the enquiry I made into the grounds for believing their divinity. Before we entered upon our lectures, we always put up a fervent prayer to God, that he would vouchſafe, through the merits of *Jeſus Chriſt*, to give us the good Spirit which he has promiſed to thoſe that aſk him. The reſult of meditating the ſcriptures was a diſcovery of former errors, and a firm purpoſe not to omit any thing that could poſſibly repair the paſt, by a new life.

During the ſtay I made at their houſe, I was preſent at the death of the worthy gentlewoman, who had ſhewed her hoſpitality to me in this charitable manner. Let no one hereafter boaſt the firmneſs of philoſophers at this deciſive moment; 'tis only a ſtupid tranquillity that proceeds from an ignorance of the conſequences of death.

Here

Here I saw her in the greatest pleasure; 'twas all rapture and extasy. One could not grieve for, but rather envy this happy person in her agony, and wish to be in her place; I could not forbear crying out, *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?*

Immediately after I took leave of my generous benefactor, who had procured me a place in a neighbouring family. Living in service was at first very mortifying, but became much easier by the abatement of my pride, to which only my present condition was insupportable. Christian religion soon overcame an enemy that had been proof against all the strength of philosophy and mere reason. As a penitent, it was my duty to submit to every inconvenience of my present situation; but as a christian, I found that nothing ought to humble me, and give me trouble, but the remembrance of past offences. This indeed broke in upon me, and was the only object that disturbed my quiet and ease; but the express command which we have received to hope for pardon, from a merciful God, restored a calm and tranquility to my soul. I have been many years in this happy situation, always satisfied, poor, and contented, and ever ready to depart this life, when it shall please God to call me to a continuance and increase of hapiness.

Lady Louisa. How affecting is this history of *Fidelia?* I could not forbear tears whilst it was repeating.

Mrs. Affable. Please to remember, ladies, what was the motive to introduce this account. We were to prove, that without Christian religion, there was no real permanent virtue. You may defy the world to produce a Deist more affected to moral virtue, than poor *Fidelia*. Yet that af-

ſection and attachment could not hold out againſt the fatal circumſtances to which ſhe was reduced, nor the violence of paſſion. If all that think like her on the article of religion were to give a ſincere account of their lives, we ſhould diſcover very plainly that their virtues are counterfeit. Lay this up carefully, ladies. You enter, or are ſoon to enter into the world, where you will meet with too many perſons in this road of thinking; you will hear a great deal of fulſome raillery beſtowed on the religious and valuable ſimplicity of perſons who ſubmit with all humility to the Word of God; libertines will batter your ears with ſtupid nonſenſe, which thoſe faſhionable gentlemen call argument, and will entice your curioſity to the peruſal of books only diſtinguiſhable by profaneneſs and impiety. Look upon ſuch as affect this language, or offer to lend books, as perſons that endeavour to give you poiſon, and are public peſts. You may ſafely look upon them as perſons void of honour, and could you know their hearts, your judgment of them would not appear at all ungrounded,

Lady Lucy. Fidelia ſaid, that her reaſon convinced her of the ſcriptures being divinely inſpired: Can that poſſibly be? I always thought, that faith only could command our ſubmiſſion to things ſeemingly contrary to reaſon.

Mrs. Affable. You don't reflect, my dear; have you forgot, that God is the chief and ſovereign reaſon, and that all his works are performed with infinite wiſdom and reaſon?

Lady Lucy. I am convinced of it, Mrs. *Affable*; but ſtill there are many things in the ſcriptures that ſeem contrary to reaſon. For example, I cannot conceive that the incarnation ſhould be neceſſary; could not God be reconciled to man,

without ſending his ſon on earth? Faith makes us believe theſe articles; I repeat them, but that is all.

Mrs. Affable. I could anſwer your queſtion directly with regard to the incarnation; but this is not a proper time, and it will be in our way hereafter. I ſpeak now in general of all truths contained in the holy writings. You maintain, they are contrary to reaſon, and this is wrong in you; but at the ſame time it is true that there are many things which human reaſon cannot comprehend. Tell me, my dear, can any thing at firſt ſight be more abſurd than to imagine, that on the oppoſite ſide of this earth, diametrically oppoſite to where you ſtand, there are people whoſe feet ſhould meet yours, could you paſs from both ſides to the center of the earth?

Lady Lucy. Before it was explained I thought this very odd, but ſince that it looks to me as quite a natural thing.

Mrs. Affable. But before you had this explained to you, could you have thought there was ſuch a country as *America*, or, as the common expreſſion is, any *Antipodes?*

Lady Lucy. I believed it without farther enquiry; for I could not be perſuaded that ſo many travellers would enter into a combination to impoſe upon me.

Mrs. Affable. So, you had good reaſon to believe, that there were ſuch people as are *Antipodes* with regard to us. Pray tell me if you met with one that had never ſet his foot out of *England*, and that ſhould obſtinately contend with you, that this iſland was the whole world; that all beyond it is ſea, and that ſuch as pretend to return from foreign voyages, are a ſet of impoſtors, who put off nothing but mere fictions to

the public? What would you ſay of ſuch a perſon?

Lady Lucy. Say? That he was mad, and that if he would believe nothing but what he had ſeen, it would be a ready way to believe little or nothing.

Mrs. Affable. Was I to tell you that there are many worms, and even ſerpents in a cup of vinegar, though very clear in all appearance—

Lady Lucy. With your leave, Mrs. *Affable,* I would examine it very narrowly, and if I diſcovered nothing, I ſhould make ſome doubt of what you ſaid.

Mrs. Affable. The experiment is eaſily made, I have white wine vinegar in the cloſet. I will put ſome out into a coffee-diſh. . . . Now look at it well.

Lady Lucy. I may look long enough; there is nothing but a little dirt, and that almoſt imperceptible. There are ſome grains of duſt, which are ſo little, as not to be eaſily diſcerned. One cannot ſuppoſe that worms or ſerpents are leſs than that ſmall duſt; were there any, I could not but ſee them; I ſee none; therefore there are none.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Senſible* ſeems to ſmile at this inference, your *therefore*; but let her tell you what makes her ſmile.

Lady Senſible. Excuſe me, dear Lady *Lucy*; I have not vanity enough to pretend to a greater ſhare of underſtanding; but I have been ſo long a time under Mrs. *Affable*'s inſtruction, that it can be no matter of ſurpriſe, if I ſhould ſuſpect you was miſtaken. Your *inference* reſts upon, or rather is the conſequence of a falſe principle. You may make hundreds of inferences in that nature, without proving any thing ſolidly. But I hope you will not take it amiſs.

Lady

Lady Lucy. But I really do, that you ſhould think I am offended. I am not quite ſo weak; I deſire to be informed; this you may do without ceremony, particularly when you undertake it ſo genteelly, and with that agreeable circumſpection. I beg you will ſhew the falſity of my principle.

Lady Senſible. You ſuppoſed, Madam, that no animal could be leſs than thoſe grains of duſt.

If Mrs. *Affable* will favour us with her microſcope, you will ſee little animals, in compariſon to which the grain of duſt you have obſerved, will appear like a huge mountain; and I have heard the learned ſay, that there are much leſs animals, which the moſt perfect microſcopes cannot help us to ſee.

Mrs. Affable. Here is the microſcope, ladies, now look into the diſh.

Lady Lucy. Bleſs us! Here is a ſwarm of all ſorts of ſhapes. I yield; Mrs. *Affable*, the fault was in my eyes, that could not diſcern thoſe objects. I am not ſharp ſighted enough.

Mrs. Affable. And ſo it fares with your reaſon, when it cannot comprehend what ſeems unintelligible in the holy ſcripture; it is too weak to reach thoſe hidden myſteries.

Lady Louiſa. I am as deſirous of being inſtructed as Lady *Lucy*, and this makes me propoſe a queſtion, which may be thought much out of the way. If God require of me to believe the myſteteries contained in the ſacred writings, why did not he beſtow as much reaſon and underſtanding, as was ſufficient for that effect. The underſtanding he has given me becomes uſeleſs, and of no ſervice, in things of extreme conſequence to my well being, and at beſt, is ſo very weak as to reach

merely ſome few trifles, wherein I have little or no intereſt.

Mrs. Affable. Reaſon is a great help to believe what you don't underſtand. I muſt beg you will give me all your attention, ladies; it is a point of the greateſt importance.

God cannot contradict himſelf in his works. He has given us an underſtanding; and that is an undoubted proof that he intended it to direct us in what regards our faith and our morals. There are two ways of being Chriſtians and believing the ſcriptures. The firſt by ſubmitting our underſtanding, becauſe our anceſtors have done ſo, without examining whether they had juſt motives for it; this is a common method, and which multiplies many bad, or very weak chriſtians, who thereby are never acquainted with their belief or their duty.

Lady Witty. I have often heard men of wit ſay, that they are Chriſtians becauſe they were bred up Chriſtians; that if they had been brought up Mahometans, they would continue ſo, for, ſay they, a man of principles ſhould never change his religion.

Mrs. *Affable.* Thoſe that talk ſo are not Chriſtians in London, nor would they be true *Muſulmen* at Conſtantinople. Such a belief diſhonours God, and theſe gentlemen are really of no religion at all. I repeat it; God gave us reaſon only to make a proper uſe of it. Lady *Lucy,* why did I recommend ſo particularly to you never to take my word only, or any other perſon's?

Lady Lucy. Becauſe you made us obſerve, that all men are fallible themſelves, or may endeavour to deceive us, whence it is very reaſonable to examine narrowly what they ſay.

Mrs. Affable. Well! But if you was aſſured that I neither could deceive nor be deceived myſelf,

ſelf, would it be neceſſary to make any ſuch examen ?

Lady Lucy. No certainly ; I ſhould believe you at the firſt word, and think myſelf very unreaſonable if I did not.

Mrs. Affable. Now, ladies, to know whether reaſon allows us to be Chriſtians ; if you are implicitly to believe the Word of God, one thing only needs to be enquired into, and it is this. Have I ſufficient grounds from reaſon to convince me, that theſe books are the Word of God. If reaſon furniſh me with a convincing proof that they are, the ſame reaſon will put a ſtop to all farther enquiries, as I am well aſſured that God, who commands me to believe his Word, cannot deceive or be deceived. This is the other way of being a Chriſtian by conviction, and by this *Fidelia* became one. Her faith was blind and implicit with reſpect to the myſteries which are incomprehenſible ; but the motives of her belief were rational and ſatisfactory, ſince by conſidering and examining them ſtrictly ſhe was convinced of the divine truth of the Word of God revealed to man.

Lady Louiſa. What a pleaſure would it be to me, were I in a condition to make that ſame enquiry !

Mrs. Affable. We will go upon it; when we repeat the Hiſtory of the New Teſtament ; that is, the Life of Jeſus Chriſt. Nothing has a greater efficacy to make us ſincere Chriſtians. A Chriſtian, who is without any rational motives for his profeſſing Chriſtianity, is in great danger of being only a nominal Chriſtian. On the contrary, nothing is eaſier than to make the trial I recommend ; the Word of God need only be conſidered and weighed with ſome attention. Now let

us return to *Fidelia*, and to the reflections her hiſtory has occaſioned among you, ladies.

Miſs Frivolous. For my part, I am ſo angry at *George*, that I would make an end of him, were it in my power. What a baſe creature, to ſtrike a poor young woman!

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis very ſhameful indeed; but, Madam, men think themſelves at liberty to deal as they pleaſe with a woman that has loſt her credit, particularly ſuch as are of *George*'s character.

Lady Witty. I was ſadly deceived in him; I was quite ſure there could not be an honeſter gentleman.

Mrs. Affable. Could you think ſo, my dear? Every man that attempts to ſeduce a woman from her duty is a deceitful villain, and no more to be truſted, than a highway-robber. Tell me, my dear, what is moſt valuable to us, our fortunes, our lives, or the grace of God and a clear reputation?

Lady Witty. The two laſt, without doubt; and I am fully perſuaded, that whoever would attempt to deprive me of innocence and credit, muſt be wickeder than one that robs me of money, or even life.

Miſs Zina. I muſt own I was greatly affected with the conſtancy and charity of the poor gentlewoman with the cancer. How many neceſſitous creatures have fallen into deſpair and ruin for want of ſuch friendly comforters!

Mrs. Affable. Very well judged, my dear; but I muſt repeat what I have ſaid before; ſuch acts of charity are not to be undertaken by perſons of your age; they would be dangerous. The time will come that you may follow the impulſe of your zeal in this reſpect; mean while, if you

ſhould be in a condition to diſpoſe of ſome money, the greateſt charity will be to prevent poor young women falling under this extreme misfortune. Many brought up to no buſineſs, and deſtitute of a livelihood, are expoſed to the ſame danger with *Fidelia*. Alas! a very ſmall diſburſement would enable them to get a ſubſiſtance, by learning to work. How great is the pleaſure to be conſcious, that you have put a livelihood into the hands of a deſerving young woman, and perhaps preſerved her virtue, by this ſmall, but ſeaſonable relief! I am acquainted with a merchant, who about half a year ſince, was concerned in a charity of this nature; the young woman's friends, whom he had reſcued from ruin, ſent a letter of thanks laſt week, and at the ſame time acquainted him, that ſhe behaved very modeſtly, and decently. The good man burſt into tears of joy, whilſt he read the letter, far from regretting the few guineas he had laid out on that account. We muſt part, ladies, for the preſent; we ſhall meet again by and by.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

MISS *Molly*, give us the beginning of the hiſtory of *Eſther*.

Miſs Molly. There was a king of *Aſſyria*; his name was *Ahaſuerus*, and his queen was called *Vaſthi*. At a time, that the king gave a magnificent entertainment to the grandees of the court, he ſent his chamberlains to deſire the queen would come to the banqueting-hall. The queen refuſed it, as being contrary to the cuſtom of the country. The king was extremely incenſed; upon which his great princes addreſſed the king: Sire, ſaid they, if the queen is ſuffered to go unpuniſhed, our wives will follow the pernicious example, and refuſe the obedience they owe to their huſbands. The king diſmiſſed his conſort; but, as he found that he could not ſo eaſily forget her, the moſt beautiful among the young women were ſought out in all parts, to be preſented to the king, for his choice of another queen.

The *Jews* at that time were in captivity among the *Aſſyrians*; and among them was a *Jew*, by name *Mordecai*, who feared God, and faithfully obſerved his holy law. He had a niece, who was called *Eſther*; ſhe was extremely beautiful, and put into the number of the young women who were to appear before *Ahaſuerus*. The king was charmed with the ſtriking beauty of *Eſther*; he ſcarce caſt an eye on the others, but immediately declared his choice of her, to ſucceed

ſucceed the diſgraced *Vaſthi*. Now we have *Eſther* on the throne; but ſhe was not dazzled with her exalted ſtate; in the midſt of grandeur ſhe ſighed and grieved, that the temple of *Jeruſalem* lay yet in ruins; for you remember, that the orders, which *Cyrus* gave for rebuilding the temple, were not put in execution.

Ahaſuerus had a favourite miniſter, a moſt malicious man, who was known by the name of *Haman*. All the diſpoſitions to miſchief centered in this unhappy man, but pride was his predominant paſſion. *Ahaſuerus*, who was to a degree of blindneſs prejudiced in his favour, had iſſued a decree, by which all his ſubjects were ordered to fall proſtrate on the ground in *Haman*'s preſence. All complied with the new decree, except *Mordecai*, who would only pay that honour to God. He was daily at the palace-gate, covered with ſack-cloth and aſhes, and neither bowed nor reverenced *Haman*, when he came to, or went from court. The favourite miniſter, who was not appriſed of *Mordecai*'s being the queen's uncle, was highly provoked and much dejected; his wife and his creatures inquired, and aſked him the cauſe of his trouble; he anſwered, that *Mordecai*'s obſtinacy in refuſing to conform to the orders, in the reſpect which the king had commanded his ſubjects to ſhew him, was the occaſion of his inquietude. You are much in the wrong, his friends replied, to be under any concern for this act of contempt from a ſingle perſon, when all *Aſſyria* joins in paying you the honours commanded by the king's decree. I would have you to know, *Haman* replied, that I am leſs pleaſed with the honours paid me by all the *Aſſyrians*, than I am provoked by the ſcorn of this one man, and that I

ſhall

ſhall never be eaſy, till I have been the ruin of him.

Mrs. Affable. We have here a lively repreſentation of an ambitions mind, and of all, who are under the ſlavery of a violent paſſion. The leaſt trifle palls their pleaſure, and the ſame trifle is always in their way. I told you not long ſince, ladies, that with the grace of God we may moderate our deſires, but that in this world we cannot arrive at full contentment and ſatisfaction. Go on, lady *Charlotte.*

Lady Charlotte. Mordecai was not to be forgiven by *Haman,* who was reſolved to bring him to the gallows. To this end, *Haman* roſe early in the morning, and waited upon the king, to obtain his leave for hanging this *Jew*; but as no one could then be admitted to the preſence, he was obliged to wait in the antichamber.

A conſpiracy had been formed ſome time before againſt the life of the king; *Mordecai* had diſcovered the plot; but as good actions are eaſily forgot at court, particularly ſuch as are done by perſons, who have no friends or protectors there, *Mordecai*'s important ſervice had hitherto been unrewarded. By a ſpecial providence of God, *Ahaſuerus* could take no reſt the night that *Haman* reſolved to deſtroy *Mordecai.* The night proving very tedious, *Ahaſuerus* ordered one of the officers in waiting to read the journal, where the moſt memorable events were written, as they happened. When the reader came to the conſpiracy, the king interrupted him, and aſked what recompenſe had been given to the diſcoverer. None, O king, the officer anſwered; and he appears every day at the palace-gate in a moſt deſpicable condition. This is very unjuſt, the king replied; is any body in the

the anti-chamber? The officer informed him, that *Haman* waited there; the king ordered him to be brought in.

Friend, ſaid the king to *Haman*, what becomes me to do for a perſon, to whom I would give a particular inſtance of my favour? The proud *Haman* could think of no one but himſelf, that could deſerve this mark of diſtinction, and anſwering the king,

Sire, ſaid he, he ſhould be cloathed with your royal purple, and put on your diadem, and in this apparel he ſhould be mounted on a horſe richly capariſoned; then the ſecond perſon next to you in the kingdom ſhall lead the horſe by the bridle, and cry out along the ſtreets, Thus ſhall it be done unto the man, whom the king delighteth to honour. I approve your thought mightily. Do this to *Mordecai* the *Jew*; let him be deck'd out in the manner you mentioned, and you ſhall go with him through the town, leading his horſe by the bridle. The proud *Haman* was almoſt ſtruck dead with his maſter's orders; but his word was out; and by reſiſting he would have fallen into diſgrace. He left the king quite wild with fury and diſtraction, and thus contributed to the triumph of the perſon, whom he had vowed to deſtroy.

Miſs Bella. At that bout, *Haman* was fairly caught in his own trap; I own, Mrs. *Affable*, I am glad on't: oh! 'tis a pleaſure to ſee the proud humbled.

Mrs. Affable. This is a leſſon, ladies, which I repeat daily to you. Should this have happened to a perſon of worth, you would have been greatly concerned. Let it be your ſtudy to engage all the world with a mild and courteous behaviour. Lady *Mary*, it is your turn.

Lady

Lady Mary. Haman, in a rage with this laſt adventure, took a reſolution to deſtroy all the *Jews*, that *Mordecai* might not eſcape in the common ruin. To bring this about, he prevented the king with a thouſand calumnies, which he ſuggeſted againſt that nation; and the king, who only ſaw with *Haman*'s eyes, believed all, and determined, that all the *Jews* in his dominions ſhoule be maſſacred upon one and the ſame day. *Mordecai*, having got notice of this ſanguinary decree, ſent to *Eſther*, and commanded her to make uſe of her intereſt with the king for repealing this order.

Eſther returned him this anſwer, that ſhe was under extreme concern for the incapacity ſhe was under of complying with his deſire; for that thoſe who came into the king's apartments without his command, being liable to capital puniſhment, unleſs he held out his ſcepter to them, ſhe could not run that hazard. *Mordecai* let her know, with ſome ſeverity in his anſwer, that ſhe muſt venture her life to ſave the *Jewiſh* nation; that God had placed her in her eminent ſtation for that purpoſe; that it was in the power of the Lord to ſave them without her; and that ſhe muſt not flatter herſelf with hopes of eſcaping with life, in a general maſſacre. *Eſther*, after ſhe had promiſed obedience to her uncle's orders, retired to her apartment to prepare herſelf by faſting and prayer, before ſhe appeared before *Ahaſuerus*. In this retreat ſhe addreſſed theſe memorable words to her God: *Thou knoweſt, O Lord! that I have looked with horror upon the ſtate and magnificence, to which I am raiſed.*

When ſhe came into the royal apartment, *Ahaſuerus*'s eyes were ſeen ſparkling with anger. *Eſther* in the fright fainted away, and fell into the

the arms of her maids. The king, alarmed with the danger, came in haſte from the throne and held out the golden ſceptre in his hand; *Eſther* drew near and touched the top of the ſceptre with reverence. The queen recovered of the ſwoon, and begged of *Ahaſuerus* to come to a banquet ſhe had prepared for him that day, and to bring *Haman* with him, if it was agreeable to him. The invitation was repeated to the king to honour the banquet with his preſence the day following, and if he approved of it, with the company of *Haman* a ſecond time. At this ſecond feaſt, when the king and his miniſter came in to the queen's apartment, *Eſther* fell at *Ahaſuerus*'s feet and begged her life, and that of all the *Jews* in his dominions. The king did not underſtand the meaning; he knew not that *Eſther* was a *Jew*. The king was ſtruck with the information; he ſtept into the palace garden, where he walked and took ſeveral turns very penſive. In the mean time *Haman*, terrified with the imminent danger he was in, begged the queen's intereſt in his behalf, and fell upon the couch, where the queen lay. The king returned, and was afraid that an inſult had been offered to *Eſther*; he broke out into a moſt violent fit of paſſion, and ordered *Haman* to be carried off, and diſpatched immediately; but one of *Ahaſuerus*'s chamberlans informing the king, that he had prepared a gallows fifty cubits high, to hang up the faithful *Mordecai*; *Hang him thereon*, ſaid the king, which was punctually executed.

Lady Witty. It is paſt my underſtanding, that *Haman* ſhould have the daring inſolence to think of deſtroying *Mordecai*, after what had paſt: He muſt be ſure, that the king would be highly exaſperated, whenever the account came to him.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. That is very good indeed! Do you think, my dear, that all kings have eyes? No; many never ſee any thing beſides what favourites will ſhew them. They are often waited upon only by pitiful ſlaves; no one dares to be under the laſh of thoſe petty tyrants, who neither ſerve their ſovereigns, nor are concerned for the advantage of the ſubject.

Lady Charlotte. And he that put the king in mind of the gallows got ready by *Hanan*, was he his enemy?

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis ten to one that he had proſtrated before *Hanan* an hour before, and made him a tender of all the ſervice in his power. You don't know, ladies, what kind of a country the court is; there many kiſs the hands they wiſh to ſee cut off: If a man be in favour, he receives incenſe and praiſe from all hands; but let the favourite fall into diſgrace, he is avoided like an infected perſon, and his profeſſed friends, if they offer no indignity to the departed favourite, think they act a generous and honourable part.

Miſs Rural. A ſtrange country indeed! were I obliged to live there, I could never be brought to act or ſpeak againſt my own thoughts.

Mrs. Affable. At leaſt, I hope you would not; but you would find greater difficulties than you imagine. The air breathed at court is contagious; and it is very hard to eſcape being infected; 'tis, however, poſſible. Sometimes there are perſons of unblemiſhed worth in courts, but they are a ſort of *Phænomenon*; they have not the honour of pleaſing much, but they are ſure to be more eſteemed.

Lady Mary. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, what is a *Phænomenon?*

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. A *Phænomenon* is an appearance, though not ſo common, yet natural, and ſubject to the enquiries of philoſophers; a comet, an eclipſe, the electricity, or any thing that cannot be ſo eaſily reconciled with the laws of nature.

Lady Mary. I am juſt as wiſe as I was before. I am no ſtranger to eclipſes, but as to comets and electricity, they have never come in my way before.

Mrs. Affable. In truth, my dear, I cannot be ſure that I can give you an exact definition of theſe particulars. I know what a comet is, but not ſufficiently to give you a clear account of it; truſt me till to-morrow for farther ſatisfaction on this point; and you ſhall know what I have learned in that regard.

Lady Witty. There is one thing that pleaſes me greatly, and I hope to be the better for it. When I have the ſlighteſt idea of any thing, I talk as confidently on that ſubject, as if I had a great extent of knowledge, particularly when I am in company with perſons whom I ſuſpect to be more ignorant than I am; I am very unwilling to own my ignorance when queſtions are put to me about different matters. And you that know infinitely more than I do, are pleaſed to ſay very candidly, this I don't know, or I have but an imperfect knowledge of it. How have you contrived to be free from vanity? I am ſure of this, that vanity and pride puts me upon talking well or ill upon all ſubjects.

Mrs. Affable. To the contrary, this ſhews more pride on my ſide than yours. Nothing can mortify ſelf-love more, than to hear it ſaid, that ſuch a perſon has very little judgment; ſhe talks of all matters, and moſt of her diſcourſe is upon ſubjects ſhe does not at all underſtand.

They

They will not ſay ſo before me, I know very well, but they will not think the leſs ſo, and it is much the ſame. This ſhews, that your prattle and my ſilence are from the ſame cauſe, from pride and ſelf-love; and, all things conſidered, the pride on my ſide will be greater and more circumſpect than yours. Moreover, there are two ſorts of knowledge, and conſequently, to anſwer theſe, two ſorts of ignorance. The firſt ſcience or knowledge takes in all that is neceſſary or ſuitable to our condition. In theſe particulars 'tis very ſhameful to be ignorant. The other is what I may call ornamental knowledge; it is very agreeable, but at the ſame time it is no ſhame to be without this accompliſhment. If it was in my power, I would poſſeſs all langunges, the whole compaſs of mathematics; and yet I am not aſhamed of not underſtanding Hebrew, aſtronomy, and an infinity of other fine things, to which I ſhall always continue a ſtranger; whereas ſhould I not know to read and write, I ſhould die for mere ſhame; as it would be naturally ſuppoſed, that I had maſters to teach me what was ſuitable to my condition; and the ignorance of theſe things would only ſhew that I muſt needs have been a ſlothful, lazy girl, that would not apply myſelf when I was young.

Not very long ago an officer, no youth, aſked in company, whether the way to England by land was not through Holland. Old ignorance did not know that Great Britain was an iſland. The company laughed at him, and not without reaſon; for geography is a ſcience abſolutely neceſſary for officers, and without which they are not in a capacity to acquit themſelves of the duties required of them by their employs.

Lady

Lady Sincere. Will you tell me, Mrs. *Affable,* what is neceſſary to be known by a young lady of birth?

Mrs. Affable. You have put a very proper and ſenſible queſtion, Lady *Sincere,* and I anſwer it. Firſt, ſhe muſt read extremely well; ſhe muſt write clearly, without blots, and correctly, that is, her hand muſt be legible, and the writing true and well ſpelt. Nothing is ſo mean and low bred, as failing in theſe two articles of writing and reading. There came to a town, where I was, a lady who put herſelf off for a perſon of great quality; ſhe was believed to be ſo by all but myſelf. After ſome time it appeared, that I was not miſtaken. Can you gueſs how I diſcovered that ſhe was meanly born? She read moſt wretchedly, and wrote ſo ill, that ſhe could hardly write her name. On the other hand it has frequently happened where I was not known, that people would of neceſſity have it, that I was a perſon of diſtinction. I often told them, but to no purpoſe, that they were miſtaken; they could not believe me; I was, they thought, too well brought up for a perſon of low rank.

Miſs Bella. Why! are you not a gentlewoman, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. Not I indeed, my dear; I am by birth a commoner; my father was what we call in France a merchant, not one of your wealthy London merchants, who go in their coaches with as much ſtate as Lords, but an honeſt ſhop-keeper; he lived comfortably, and had wherewith to provide me a handſome education.

Lady Lucy. This is the firſt time that I have heard a foreigner diſclaim being deſcended from a great family. I have had ſeveral governeſſes; they all had a pedigree ready to prove their noble extrac-

extraction; and, if I could form a judgment from their ignorance, they were mean low-bred creatures.

Mrs. Affable. I muſt repeat here what we have had frequently before. Nobility is an advantage, for it is ſuppoſed to have been the recompenſe of worthy actions. What nobility is of another origin is of no value; but though I reſpect much the former, yet I only do ſo where the ſentiments and virtues of worthy anceſtors have paſſed with their titles to their deſcendants. And, whatever reſpect is due to ancient families, I am ſtill of opinion, that it is far more glorious to be the firſt noble perſon and the founder of nobility in a family, and if we cannot riſe to it, to deſerve at leaſt to be made noble. Let us now go on, and ſee what other accompliſhments it becomes a gentlewoman to acquire.

A young gentlewoman ſhould know her mother-tongue groundedly and by rule, that ſhe may ſpeak well. She muſt learn to come handſomely into a room, and as ſhe comes in, to pay her reſpects in a proper manner to the company; ſhe muſt have a dancing maſter ſome time for this purpoſe. She ought to underſtand geography, and have at leaſt a general idea of hiſtory, and know how to indite a letter. I cannot excuſe any young lady's ignorance of theſe articles. I muſt add the French language, which is abſolutely neceſſary, being now the language of all the Courts. I am daily in company with ladies of a certain age, who are extremely mortified with their want of French, as they are often obliged to ſee foreigners of ſeveral nations, who all talk French.

Beſides theſe there are other ſciences I would recommend to young ladies, as muſic, deſign, or the

the art of drawing, as alſo what relates to ladies ſmall work of hand. No precautions can be too great againſt diſguſt, uneaſineſs of mind, and ſloth, which occaſion the greateſt misfortunes of our ſex.

Pleaſe to obſerve, ladies, that theſe are only agreeable and convenient accompliſhments. There are others more eſſential. As a chriſtian, you muſt ſtudy religion, and know it groundedly; as you are deſigned to be mothers and heads of families, you are to learn œconomy, the manner of governing your houſe and educating your children.

Lady Louiſa, ſmiling. One eſſential thing you have left out abſolutely neceſſary to ladies, and which takes up a great deal of their time. This is the noble ſcience of playing at cards, for want of which they frequently loſe their money.

Mrs. Affable. It is certainly an important article; but I would not adviſe young ladies, that I have a great value for, to ſpend much time in this ſort of ſtudy.

Miſs Frivolous. I muſt own, Mrs. *Affable*, I love cards extravagantly; and it would be the greateſt trouble to me to forbear a diverſion that is grown ſo general. No, I muſt abſolutely learn to underſtand gaming, or, as Lady *Louiſa* obſerves very well, I am ſure to loſe all my money.

Mrs. Affable. Now, ladies, I confeſs my weakneſs, I love gaming, and I have been the better for it when I have fallen into company who underſtood little of the matter. I have played every day of my life ſome hours; I have not indeed had any very particular application to the nicety of play; and yet I could venture a wager, that I have never loſt two guineas ſince I knew what a card was.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. You always win, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. Affable. Were that the caſe, I would never play. Oh! it would tire me to death.

Lady Louiſa. That is beyond my comprehenſion. I am ever pleaſed when I win; if the cards have a great run againſt me, I cannot forbear ſome emotions of diſpleaſure.

Mrs. Affable, In this particular all the world is like you, dear lady. If pins only were at ſtake, to loſe conſtantly is provoking. Now, I aſk you; put the caſe, you and I played together, and I always won, would that put you out of temper?

Lady Louiſa. Undoubtedly; but you that won muſt be greatly delighted.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt ſuppoſe then, my dear, that I have a very ſmall ſhare of humanity; why? can you think that I can take pleaſure in what gives ſo much concern to others? that would be barbarous indeed. Though we played only for pins, I muſt not wiſh to be pleaſed at ſo cruel a rate.

Lady Louiſa. The reflection you make is very juſt, and hitherto has eſcaped me. Barbarity attends gameſters, makes them hard-hearted; and as they are only pleaſed in proportion as others are diſpleaſed, that article only is ſufficient for me to be diſguſted with all gaming. But, Mrs. *Affable,* how came you, who had made this reflection, to go on playing?

Mrs. Affable. Before I anſwer the queſtion, permit me to make ſome farther remarks. We ſuppoſed pins to be the ſtake; in this ſuppoſition pride puts us out of temper; but if, which is very common, we play for conſiderable ſums, or ſums, at leaſt, which it would be very inconvenient for us to loſe; if we loſt conſtantly, there would, you will allow, be ſome grounds for being out of humour. Would not there?

Lady

Lady Louiſa. When we cannot bear the loſs without fretting, the only way is not to play at all; that would not be ſuch a great hardſhip. If I have ill luck, when I am grown a woman, I vow I never more will play with cards; in that caſe, play, inſtead of being a paſtime, would, at leaſt with me, cauſe a great deal of bad blood.

Miſs Sophy. But, Madam, no-body plays without hopes of winning.

Mrs. Affable. Give me your attention, ladies. It is certain that ladies, who play for conſiderable ſums, commit very great faults, which I will now particularize. It is a thing of the laſt importance, as the paſſion of gaming is become univerſal. You ſit down to a card-table, either in hopes of gaining, or out of complaiſance to the company. If the firſt motive makes you play, it is barbarous; your intention is to divert yourſelf with the trouble and uneaſineſs of others, and not only that, with their unhappy circumſtances. The lady you have ſtript of her money with ſo much pleaſure, might want that ſum to ſatisfy the demands of unfortunate tradeſmen, who have long waited to receive their juſt debts for the ſubſiſtence of their families. You deprive her farther of a thouſand ſmall conveniences ſhe will be very ſorry to want. You take from her a ſum, which, could ſhe ſpare it, ſhe ought to have given to the poor. You will be the occaſion of her venturing the next day farther ſums to recover her loſſes, when perhaps ſhe may loſe a great deal more, and be forced to run the riſk of her huſband's diſpleaſure by pawning or ſelling her jewels, or, which is greatly worſe, ſhe may be diſpoſed to liſten to a liberal lover, who will

her money to redeem her jewels, and to conceal her debts from her huſband.

Lady Louiſa. That is not my fault; I don't concern myſelf about her money; I play purely to oblige the company. Would not this be a ſufficient anſwer, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; it is cruel to take an advantage of her foible to leave her bare of money; it is quite low and unworthy, but her money you don't mind; you only play out of complaiſance; for naturally ſpeaking, you grow uneaſy with playing. And if this weak perſon ſhould borrow your penknife to cut her own throat, would you be under any obligation to lend it? You play out of complaiſance; gaming is no paſtime, does not amuſe you; you muſt be a ſlave to your complaiſance, which brings you to do evil without pleaſure, and with repugnance. For you expoſe yourſelf to all theſe inconveniences if you loſe. Don't pretend you may do it, becauſe you are rich; that overplus, if I may call it, is not yours; it is the ſubſtance of the poor. You rob them of that money, and you muſt give a very rigorous account of that money, ſo ill beſtowed.

Lady Louiſa. Did not you aſſure us, that we were allowed genteel diverſions, nay, that it was a duty to take ſome diverſion? Cannot I, in conſcience, ſpend part of that money, which is my own, for this uſe?

Mrs. Affable. Pray mind, ladies; I am not for ſo ſevere morals; undoubtedly you may, with a ſafe conſcience, ſpend ſome money in proper diverſions; but if you game very high, we have

ſhewn

ſhewn it to be no proper diverſion; if you diſlike play, it is no diverſion.

Lady Lucy. I am entirely of your mind, Mrs. *Affable*, but, for all that, I act quite contrary; when I am engaged with ladies who play high, and I am invited to make up a party, muſt I diſappoint them for want of complaiſance?

Mrs. Affable. You certainly muſt. Complaiſance may be carried too far. But begin upon this bottom, they will ſoon be accuſtomed to your way. Fix a trifle to play for; thoſe, who are only for a paſtime, will be charmed to be of the ſame party with you; and let me tell you, that ſeveral ladies only wait an example being given to follow it willingly. I know thoſe who make a ſhameful trade of play will not be pleaſed. They will ridicule you, and tell you, that you are good for nothing in ſociety. But what ſignifies all theſe empty ſpeeches? One muſt be as ſilly as they that make they, to mind their outcry.

Lady Louiſa. But allowing all this, I come back to the old queſtion, How can Mrs. *Affable* play every day?

Mrs. Affable. This is my anſwer. I look upon play as a relaxation; and therefore I make it no ſtudy, I am not for ſitting at cards without daring to look off them. That is not play, but hard work. That I may be diverted with play, I chuſe to be at the liberty of talking and laughing. You muſt think I play for very little; no one cares to laugh when they loſe a great deal; neither is it handſome to laugh where others loſe great ſums. Hence I never play any games of hazard, and only venture a bagatelle at games of ſkill. And I have kept to this method very conſtantly;

all endeavours to the contrary, though very preſſing and many, have proved ineffectual; my anſwer has always been, when I have been teized upon this account. You are fine players; you would loſe your ears ſooner than your temper; I am a very poor gameſter, and will avoid all occaſions of looking ſour for loſing much money. Jeſting in this manner, and putting the jeſt upon myſelf, I have given no offence to any perſon, and found a way to keep the purpoſe I made.

Lady Lucy. Well, I make a very firm one of following your example. If the great players will have me make up a party, they muſt be ſo kind as to come down to me; for I am abſolutely determined never to riſe to their high gaming.

Lady Senſible. You ſaid, that pride and ſelf-love were the cauſe of our diſpleaſure, when we loſt at a ſmall game. If you pleaſe to explain it, I ſhall be obliged to Mrs. *Affable.* I always thought intereſt was the cauſe of our uneaſineſs, at a high or low game.

Mrs. Affable. Any lady or gentlewoman muſt be very pitiful and covetous to be vexed with the loſs of a few ſhillings, and yet the moſt generous find ſome motion of reſentment at the loſs of thoſe ſhillings, though little valued; ſelf-love will always be uppermoſt. If a walk is propoſed, every one pretends to be the beſt walker, when they ride out, all muſt be the beſt at leaping over a ditch. If the converſation turns upon dreſs, every one's taſte is the beſt and niceſt; a piece of ſilk is brought in; the lady that has purchaſed it, would be taken by ſtanders-by for the maker, ſo fond ſhe is of having the deſign and the ſhades admired. If game comes np, one underſtands it much better than another, and the heart, will

will privately accuſe chance of favouring another to our prejudice. To win is a ſmall ſuperiority of fortune and luck; and we deſire to outdo our neighbour in every thing, and every where, in great and little matters.

Lady Lucy. The heart, it muſt be owned, is a labyrinth, a maze full of turnings and windings, where ſelf-love lies ſo artfully concealed, that it is not to be diſcovered without extreme difficulty.

Lady Louiſa. You bear a prodigious grudge, Madam, to poor ſelf-love. Mrs. *Affable* and you ſeem to have made an agreement to perſecute it together. Mrs. *Affable* has no ſooner fallen foul upon it, but you take up the cudgels and will have another blow at it. I am ſomething more complaiſant, and for coming to a little compoſition in this matter.

Mrs. Affable. You don't know ſelf-love thoroughly; were you to be intimately acquainted with the paſſion, ſuch as it is in its nature, you would be ſtruck with horror.

Lady Louiſa. But what is there ſo frightful in ſelf-love?

Mrs. Affable. Self-love is inclined to evil, cruel and barbarous, it feeds on the adverſities, the troubles and ſufferings of others.

Lady Louiſa. I think I have a good ſhare of ſelf-love; and I can aſſure you it has no reſemblance to the portrait you have drawn

Mrs. Affable. We have hit the mark. You don't know it; ſelf-love appears to you under an agreeable diſguiſe. Shall I prove that it makes you barbarous and cruel?

Lady Louiſa. With all my heart; but I am perſuaded you never can bring that about.

Mrs. Affable. You have a great number of diamonds; you wear them with pleaſure. Examine your heart cloſely; try to find out the cauſe of this pleaſure; does a cap of diamonds ſit better to your face, than a ſet of flowers? You muſt own, that the former is attended with great inconveniences, is is heavy to the head; the danger of loſing ſome ſtones requires ſome ſort of care, and always cauſes ſome uneaſineſs.

Lady Louiſa. I will anſwer with the utmoſt ſincerity. No queſtion is to be made, but a flower, feather, or ſome ſuch trifle anſwers, and looks better than a diamond. Beſides, diamonds are very heavy, and cannot be fixed properly without great difficulty. But many ſmall-roll citizens daughters can afford a flower, an *aigrette*, a feather, that cannot go to the expence of diamonds. A ſet of diamonds diſtinguiſhes me from them; and that is what I like. I own this is ſelf-love, but, where the miſchief and cruelty lies I don't underſtand.

Mrs. Affable. You don't imagine, that thoſe girls are more void of ſelf-love than you are, and that they are free from all deſire of ſuch means as may diſtinguiſh them from others. Were diamonds as common as flowers, would you ever wear any?

Lady Louiſa. I own I ſhould not, for there would be an end of all diſtinction.

Mrs. Affable. What do you mean by diſtinction, dear lady, but to be raiſed above others, to appear, I may ſay, over their heads and to place them at your feet? The pleaſure you have in being decked out with diamonds, ariſes from the diſpleaſure and uneaſineſs of thoſe, who cannot purchaſe ſuch ornaments. You delight in making a parade with them to mortify others, to ſhew that

that they come not near you in wealth; in ſhort, that, in compariſon with you, they are poor. Is this humane and generous?

Lady Louiſa. This is very odd; I had miſchief in my heart, which I did not in the leaſt ſuſpect. I beg, Mrs. *Affable*, that you will ſet me entirely at variance with ſelf-love by tearing off the vizard that conceals its deformity.

Mrs. Affable. I will not ſlip any occaſion of doing this good office. But, ladies, we omitted an important reflection, which offered itſelf in the hiſtory of *Eſther*. She preſerves her integrity and virtue in the midſt of a heatheniſh court. This muſt be a ſenſible comfort to you, ladies, who are deſtined to live in the grand world. What ſecret means did the holy queen employ to this end? Hear what ſhe ſays herſelf: Lord, (ſhe calls him to witneſs, and has the pious confidence to ſay,) I have ever looked upon this pomp and ſtate about me with the utmoſt horror: as if ſhe had ſaid, Lord, thy providence in placing me on a throne, has made me ſubject to the troubleſome taſk of dreſſing, appearing at feaſts, and entertainments; thou knoweſt that my heart has no inclination to theſe vanities, but, on the contrary, that I deteſt them; that if I were left to my free choice, I ſhould prefer a plain ſimplicity of dreſs and life, and a homely retreat, to the magnificence and the pleaſures, to which I only ſubmit, that I may fulfill thy holy will, and acquit myſelf of the duties of my rank. When you can ſay as much, ladies, I ſhall eſteem you as ſaints, and you will be really ſuch. Lady *Senſible*, pleaſe to continue the information you have begun on the different parts of *America*.

Lady Senſible. The air is mild and healthy in new *Mexico*; and though the country is very mountainous, the ſoil is very fruitful. Here are mines of ſilver, and other metals, turquoiſes, emeralds and cryſtals, great quantities of game, and fiſh. The country is inhabited by many nations, who are very tractable and civilized; they are governed by chiefs, whom they call *Caciques*, and whom they chuſe from among the ſtrongeſt and ſtouteſt men. The *Spaniards* have ſeveral conſiderable ſettlements in this country; their capital is *Santa Fé*.

The ſecond part of *North America* is new *France*, and divided into two parts, *Louiſiana* and *Canada*. *Louiſiana* is bounded on the north by *Canada*; on the eaſt by *Maryland*, *Virginia*, and *Florida*; to the ſouth by the gulf of *Mexico*; and has a great many boundaries weſtward.

The air is pure and temperate; they have two crops a year. The river *Miſſiſſippi* croſſes the country.

The natives are very mild, they are born white, but in proceſs of time they grow olive-coloured by the quantity of greaſe they are rubbed with, to fence againſt the cold. They are very warlike, and go quite naked. The *French* have many ſettlements here; the chief is new *Orleans*, on the eaſt ſhore of the *Miſſiſſippi*; but the inhabitants ſtill continue in poſſeſſion of the interior parts of the country. They have no kings, but chuſe captains in every townſhip or village, for ſo they call their places of habitation.

Mrs. Affable. I muſt inform you, ladies, that from time to time, very great changes happen in this country, and that there is now a hot diſpute about the boundaries, which I will not offer to determine. Lady *Senſible* only repeats what ſhe learn

learned many years ſince; and before the date of theſe diſputes. I don't think any of the ladies will pretend to decide the point in queſtion, but remain ſatisfied with knowing the ſituation of the places.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Lady LOUISA, *Lady* LUCY, *Miſs* ZINA, *Mrs.* AFFABLE.

Lady LUCY.

MISS *Frivolous* deſired me to make her apology for coming ſomething later to-day to our meeting; ſhe is gone a ſhopping with a lady of her acquaintance,

Mrs. Affable. Why, truly, this is a matter of conſequence; we muſt begin without her. But tell me, ladies; I am informed, that ſhe is not near ſo giddy as formerly, and that ſhe applies herſelf very commendably.

Lady Lucy. 'Tis really true, Mrs. *Affable.* She has no harm in her: and indeed the public is to blame for the ſeverity of their cenſures about her behaviour.

Mrs. Affable. You do her juſtice when you ſay that ſhe has no harm in her; I pretend to know her better than any body, and I know her to be perfectly modeſt; ſhe has a great ſweetneſs of temper and don't want wit; but all this will not

ſecure a good reputation. Young ladies, who have loſt their mothers, muſt be infinitely more careful, than others, to eſtabliſh and fix a good name. This care and precaution has eſcaped the thoughts of our poor friend. I really pity her, as ſhe wants ſo much to be helped; it is very unfortunate that ſhe is linked with a parcel of young girls, that furniſh all the world with diſcourſe about their miſtakes and unguarded flights. Dear ladies, it will be the greateſt of charities in you to give her all poſſible demonſtrations of the tendereſt friendſhip, that ſhe may be reſcued from that dangerous company. If we can ſucceed, ſhe will turn out a moſt valuable perſon. It is ſaid ſhe will be married ſoon; I heartily wiſh her a ſenſible perſon for her huſband; if he knows how to manage her, he may bring her to be as good a wife as he can wiſh.

Miſs Zina. I am ſure, Mrs. *Affable*, I know a young lady, who has the good luck of having fixed her mind on a perſon of great worth; they are to be married in a ſhort time; and he has already found means to make a total change in her behaviour.

Mrs. Affable. The greateſt happineſs one can meet with in this ſtate, is to fix upon a perſon whoſe character deſerves eſteem. As ſoon as one finds, that his diſpoſition engages him in the intereſt of virtue, a deſire to pleaſe a man of this character puts us upon our beſt endeavours to correct our failings and to be virtuous. I hope, my dear, you are quite ſatisfied with Lord ———'s character.

Miſs Zina. I am indeed, Mrs. *Affable.* He has a great idea and eſteem of true virtue; and if any thing is an obſtacle from his ſide to the

practice

practice of it, it can only be his age; for he is very young.

Mrs. Affable. If Miſs *Frivolous* were in the way, I ſhould think it a defect; ſhe wants a huſband of a fixt and ſettled character, and qualified to guide her with prudence, and without creating any ſuſpicion. Heaven has favoured you with a right underſtanding, and deſigned you to form the character of your huſband.

Miſs Zina. How is that poſſible; am not I on the contrary to conform mine to his, and will not obedience be my chief and firſt duty?

Mrs. Affable. I would not for the world ſay the contrary; obedience and complaiſance are to gain his heart. This point once gained, you will lead him to all the virtue you can wiſh, without his being aware of any deſign on your ſide. When you are got ſo far, we ſhall talk the matter over more particularly. Go on, Lady *Lucy*, with your diſtribution of time, and the performance of your daily actions.

Lady Lucy. After dinner, I go up to dreſs, and whilſt this goes on, I endeavour to take up my time with ſome good thought. If I am to make or receive any viſits, I ſpend half a quarter of an hour in prayer, that God will vouchſafe to preſerve me, by his holy grace, from offending him in the company I ſhall meet that day. If it be my misfortune to fall in among people, who allow themſelves too much liberty of ſpeech, I endeavour to baniſh ſuch thoughts as I would do diſtractions, and God is pleaſed to bleſs me with ſucceſs. It is true, that this looks as if I did not mind the converſation that is going on; and this ſome will have to be pride, and others dulneſs; but in the main

is what I am not greatly concerned about. If they are upon ſome childiſh talk, I offer up to God the conſtraint I am under to talk like the reſt. When charity is broken by the diſcourſe of perſons about my age, I take the liberty, with all the reſpect imaginable, to beg they will call another cauſe and a new ſubject of converſation.

Lady Louiſa. How dare you do ſo? Are not you afraid of offending the ladies?

Lady Lucy. That happened only once. A lady, to whom I repreſented how tender we muſt be in regard to our neighbour, ſaid, I was a methodiſt; and that was all. At other times I have been amongſt ladies, who had a good turn of mind; they returned me thanks for the great care I had taken, not to give them any offence. And ſometimes they have thanked me for the occaſion I offered them of reflecting on what they ſaid, becauſe it was mere inadvertency that threw them upon that topic.

Miſs Zina. I come into that number. Our neighbour is ſo frequently the ſubject of converſation, that we detract often before we think of it; I am particularly obliged to Lady *Lucy*, who has been of great ſervice and help towards my correcting that defect.

Mrs. Affable. Theſe are the particular advantages of true and real friendſhip. Friends put us in mind of the faults we are ſubject to, but then it is done with kindneſs, true affection, and with the beſt good manners. Continue, dear ladies, and cultivate thoſe ſentiments, which form the friendſhip and value you have for one another. Your mutual friendſhip will prove a ſingular pleaſure of life. But when perſons

above your own rank detract from their neighbour, do you find fault with them alſo, Lady *Lucy?*

Miſs Zina. I can inform you, Mrs. *Affable*, how Lady *Lucy* behaves then; I have been in the occaſion frequently; ſhe puts on ſuch a cold and ſerious look, that the company diſcovers very plainly Lady *Lucy*'s diſpleaſure, and how diſagreeable the ſubject of the converſation is; and if her opinion is aſked about the ſufferer, ſhe never fails to ſay all the good ſhe can to his or her advantage.

We were t'other day at a lady's, where a young perſon very well known was, as we call it, taken to pieces. She was repreſented to be covetous, miſchievous, quarrelſome, and a thouſand other things were laid on; they did not charge her with want of virtue, to be ſure; for, ſaid they, ſhe is too ugly to miſs it in that way, and, indeed, ſhe has never been in the occaſion. You know how backward Lady *Lucy* is; ſhe was far from it that day, I aſſure you. Every ſtory that was brought in to confirm the bad character of this young perſon, was refuted by another, which Lady *Lucy* had ready to juſtify her. At laſt Lady *Lucy* took her leave; and the miſtreſs of the houſe ſaid, this Lady *Lucy* is a very warm friend; did not you obſerve, how zealouſly ſhe took Miſs *D*———'s part; ſurely they are two intimates. I aſſure you, Madam, I anſwered, that Lady *Lucy* has never ſeen her. Friendſhip has no ſhare in the zeal, that prompted her to defend Miſs *D*———'s character; it is mere charity; ſhe cannot bear any thing that is ſaid to the diſadvantage of another; and always has twenty ſtories or more to offer in behalf of the abſent.

That

That muſt be owned, ſaid the lady of the houſe, to be a moſt valuable part of a character. I always took Lady *Lucy* to be a very amiable young perſon, and now I take her to be a lady deſerving of the higheſt eſteem. However ſhe has given us all our own; but in the main can we find fault? did not we ſpeak ill of every body?

Lady Lucy. But Miſs does not inform you, that I am too often ſubject to that fault and many others; I muſt not go on, but take care of humility with a hook. Sometimes I play and loſe, I muſt own, with regret, for I have not half the money I want for more eſſential concerns. I retire at ten, and before I go to bed, I examine my conſcience; I accuſe myſelf of my faults in the preſence of his Divine Majeſty, I beg pardon for all offences, and to obtain it, I offer up the merits of Jeſus Chriſt. Then I make ſome reſolutions and good purpoſes for the next day, and ſo to bed.

Mrs. Affable. What takes up your thoughts, my dear, whilſt you are undreſſing?

Lady Lucy. Sometimes one thing, ſometimes another; but generally, I think the day will come, when I ſhall undreſs for the laſt time, and only leave my bed to be carried to the grave.

Lady Louiſa. Don't this thought hinder your ſleep?

Lady Lucy. Not at all, my dear, but gives room to many more good thoughts, which take me up till I ſleep. I have performed the taſk you impoſed, Mrs. *Affable,* and, I think, ſpoke enough of myſelf.

Lady Louiſa. Give yourſelf no uneaſineſs about it, my dear; what you have ſaid, will not be unprofitable; I have already begun to imitate you in

in ſome things, and I hope God will give me the grace to follow your example in all the reſt; but here is Lady *Frivolous*.

Miſs Frivolous. I beg pardon, Mrs. *Affable*, for coming ſo late; a lady, a friend of mine, deſired me to accompany her to her mercer's. Lord! what rich things I have ſeen!

Mrs. Affable. Might not you go on, and ſay, Lord! how many have I wiſhed for? How miſerable have I been, with the thoughts of being ſlinted by my father, and not having money ſufficient to ſatisfy my fancy in that reſpect!

Miſs Frivolous. You might have gueſſed worſe, Mrs. *Affable*; but I aſſure you, I begin to find ſome benefit by your leſſons. I had all the thoughts you mention; but then the deſire was not by half ſo violent, as it would have been laſt year; the paſſion for dreſs will wear out at laſt. But, Mrs. *Affable*, I have a particular favour to beg of you. My father dines here to day; pray don't tell him, that I came very late, he will be very angry with me, if you do.

Mrs. Affable. Why ſhould he, my dear? What great matter in going to ſee ſome ſhops? Is this all? there will be, I fear, a great deal more to excuſe.

Miſs Frivolous. That is not all, Mrs. *Affable*; he does not like I ſhould be in company with that lady, who is however very prudent and diſcreet. I love her much, and to tell you the truth, I am frequently with her, when I pretend to viſit in other places.

Mrs. Affable. That is very wrong, my dear. You are very undutiful in not obeying your father. Though he gives no reaſons, why he diſlikes your frequenting that lady, he may have very

very good ones. But ſuppoſe it is only his fancy, you certainly ought to comply; he muſt, if ever he ſhould diſcover this, be troubled that you have ſo little regard for him, and a thouſand circumſtances may concur to this diſcovery; your woman, the ſervants that attend you, and many other accidents.

Miſs Frivolous. I am ſure of the ſervants; they will never betray me, whatever happens; and when I have once told them what they are to ſay to my father, they ſtand in it to the laſt.

Mrs. Affable. That's my thoughtleſs girl! excuſe the harſh expreſſion. Have you ever conſidered the conſequences of this way of behaving?

Miſs Frivolous. Pray, what harm is there in it, my dear? It is no matter of importance, they are mere trifles which yourſelf would allow, and I never imagined to be dangerous in the leaſt. If there be a fault, truth indeed ſuffers a little, but they are untruths to no one's prejudice.

Mrs. Affable. Though there was nothing elſe, that is bad enough. An untruth is an offence to God; that ſuffices to make it odious; but ſetting that aſide, it is attended with moſt pernicious conſequences; if this come to your father's knowledge, he will never truſt you; and this may be of extreme prejudice to you. Moreover you get a habit of deceiving thoſe you are acquainted with, which may have very fatal effects in the courſe of life. Put me in mind of telling you a ſtory, which I have taken from the *Adventurer*; I intend it for the benefit of my young ladies, at our firſt general meeting; and when you and I have an opportunity, I will be more particular on the inconveniences of that manner of behaving.

Miſs

Miſs Frivolous. Pray be ſo now, Mrs. *Affable*; though it is ſomething late, ſurely you may allow me a ſmall quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Affable. I am very willing to do it, but upon condition, that, without any reply, you ſhall comply with what I require of you.

Miſs Frivolous. That may be very difficult, but, notwithſtanding, I give you my word I will; I find that I ſtand in great need of your advice, and I am reſolved to follow your directions.

Mrs. Affable. Nothing is more dangerous, than being at liberty and in power to do miſchief. You tell me, all the ſervants are in your intereſt, and that you can depend upon their fidelity. I know, that you try them only in matters of no conſequence; but you may perhaps, ſome day, deſire to take a trial in matters of more weight and moment. We cannot have too many checks to keep us from evil, and, inſtead of removing them out of the way, we ſhould rather increaſe the number of thoſe obſtacles to our being ruined. The dread of ſervants coming to reveal actions, that we wiſh to be kept ſecret, is a very proper curb; but to prevent ſervants and the like having it in their power to hurt us, we are under a neceſſity of behaving ourſelves commendably, at leaſt blameleſly. You have broke thro' this reſtraint, and it will be ſo much the eaſier for you to commit a fault, if you ſhould be ſo inclined. But there is ſtill ſomething more; the ſervants, upon whoſe ſecrecy you depend ſo particularly, will think all ſuch obligations to be at an end, as ſoon as they quit their ſervice; one of them, you cannot have forgot it, betray'd you laſt year, and, inſtead of repreſenting matters as they really were, made them worſe. They are

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ſure to break in upon the reſpect due to you, as ſoon as they perceive you are ſhort of that due to your father; they will look upon you as a liar, an untractable, deceitful young woman. The maid, whoſe indiſcretion gives you ſuch concern, will grow ſaucy and impertinent. She will ſerve you only as ſhe pleaſes, without any dread of a reprimand, or loſing her place. There would be no end, if I was to go through all the dangers you ſtand expoſed to; but what I have ſaid is enough to make you paſs over, and ſet aſide all conſiderations whatever, that you may put your conduct upon a better footing.

Miſs Frivolous. I muſt own, I have nothing to object with regard to what you ſay. I have already had a ſample of my maid's pertneſs. She talked to me yeſterday at ſuch a bold rate, that I could not forbear threatening her with being turned off.

Mrs. Affable. You have promiſed to follow my advice. I will put you now to the proof. I abſolutely inſiſt upon your declaring this very day to your father all the faults you have committed in this kind.

Miſs Frivolous. Surely, you don't think on what you ſay; my father's ſeverity is ſuch, that he will never forgive me.

Mrs. Affable. I know him better than you do, my dear; on the contrary, you will engage his heart, and all his affection in your favour. This muſt gain any man of worth; and that, I know, your father is.

Miſs Frivolous. I'll do it, Mrs. *Affable*; but if my father is exceeding angry, I will come directly hither, I tell you beforehand.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I tell you once more, my dear, I take it upon myſelf. I ſhould not adviſe this ſtep, if I was not well aſſured, that it cannot any way turn to your prejudice. God will bleſs you following this advice; offer your compliance to God in ſatisfaction for all the untruths you have been betrayed into by your paſt conduct.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Miſs FRIVOLOUS's Father, *Mrs.* AFFABLE.

The FATHER.

I Was informed, Madam, that you wanted to ſee me; and I am glad of the opportunity to thank you for all the pains you take with my daughter. What you have done to her I don't know, but ſhe would willingly be with you from morning till night. She is a good child, and does not want wit. Am I miſtaken, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. No, indeed, Sir. She has, beſides the advantages of a charming perſon, an extreme ſweet temper; and I have reaſon to hope, that you will always be very happy in your daughter.

The Father. I am very deſirous of ſettling her; a handſome young woman, as ſhe is of her perſon, leaves a parent expoſed to great hazards, whilſt

whilſt ſhe remains unſettled; it is a heavy load lies upon me, ſix children who want their mother. My four ſons are not ſo great a concern; but the poor girls give me great uneaſineſs; for, in reality, a man is very indifferently qualified to bring up young women.

Mrs. Affable. Why ſo, Sir? A father may be a very proper guide to his daughters, if he act the part of a friend, and more of a friend than a parent, and gain their confidence by that means.

The Father. Very good, indeed! a father is the very laſt perſon, his daughter would chuſe for her confident. It is in vain to be kind; the ſilly girls will make an ill uſe of the favours they receive from a parent, and that is all you get, and no way to arrive at their confidence.

Mrs. Affable. It is not always the daughter's fault.

The Father. So, ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; you have a mind to give me a lecture.

Mrs. Affable. I would receive one from you, Sir, on any other article. The experience of many years, it is true, has given me lights on this head, which are not eaſily obtained by ſpeculation; and the affection I have for your charming daughter, induces me to communicate what I have learned to her father; you ſeem to think and look upon a young lady's making her father her confident as a thing quite unheard of; if you will give me your word of honour, to try only once the method I ſhall propoſe, I will inſure for you all Miſs *Frivolous*'s confidence.

The Father. If that be all, I give you my word of honour; and you may depend upon me.

Mrs. Affable. See however that you do it; it is of the laſt importance to the young lady; ſhe has a very bad perſon about her, her maid; ſhe comes

comes into, and gratifies all Miſs's fancies; theſe indeed, have hitherto been very innocent; but, as theſe childiſh whims may make room for others of a more dangerous nature, that temptation ſhould be removed by putting the maid away.

The Father. I am very willing, but don't think that a very proper meaſure to gain my daughter's confidence. You muſt know, ſhe dotes on this woman; and many tears would it coſt, did I offer to diſcharge her maid.

Mrs. Affable. I don't intend you ſhall be the perſon do do it; Miſs *Frivolous* ſhall perſuade you to it. I muſt tell you a ſecret, which, if you pleaſe, I beg may be kept very religiouſly; all would be over, if Miſs came to ſuſpect our correſpondence. You have forbid her ſeeing Miſs ——, and for very good reaſons; ſhe is a giddy-headed creature, and only fit to ſpoil your daughter. You thought ſhe obſerved your orders, and you have been deceived every day. Her maid, the coachman and footman, are in a league to impoſe upon you. I have made Miſs quite ſenſible of the conſequences, which may be expected from ſuch behaviour; and have prevailed upon her to make a candid declaration to you of the faults ſhe has committed in this particular. Now, Miſs's future good carriage to her father will depend upon your manner and way of receiving this confidence.

The Father. Faith, Mrs. *Affable*, you are ſharper than I am; I gueſs whereabouts you are; go on; you will find me a very tractable ſcholar.

Mrs. Affable. You are welcome, Sir, to laugh at me; but keep your word. When Miſs makes this confeſſion, you muſt, I beg it of you, not ſhew any reſentment. On the contrary, you ſhall embrace

embrace her, and commend her ſincerity. Then lay before her the motives you had to forbid her ſeeing that acquaintance of hers; and aſſure her, that you will not require any thing more of her, before you have ſatisfied her, that it is both reaſonable and neceſſary. Deſire her to look upon you as the beſt friend ſhe has, and who wiſhes her beſt. Intreat her to let you know with confidence what ſhe likes or diſlikes, her inclinations and averſions, and that you do not deſign to rule with a high hand or whim. Acquaint her with the trouble and anxiety you find in houſe-keeping; and that you only ſubmit to the difficulty for her ſake, and your other children's; and that your tenderneſs and affection has been the ſole cauſe of your not entering upon a ſecond marriage. Tell her, that ſhe muſt take up her mother's place, and that you propoſe to yourſelf the ſatisfaction and pleaſure of finding in her an aſſiſtant, a comforter, and a faithful adviſer in things that relate to domeſtic affairs. In fine,——ſhall I ſay all, Sir; have not I exceeded already?

The Father. Not in the leaſt, Madam; nothing can be more prudent than the advice you have given me. I beg you will go on.

Mrs. Affable. I will, ſince you are ſo good as to allow it. You have a very great love for your younger daughter, who I dare ſay deſerves it; but the preference you give her above her elder ſiſter is ſomething too glaring.

The Father. I underſtand you, and I honeſtly own my fault in that reſpect. And yet I really think, if the elder would behave ſo as to pleaſe me, I ſhould love her as much as I do the younger. She is very good-humoured, but for all that ſhe is not the more tractable; and has given me many a melancholy hour. I hope ſhe will make

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me amends; at leaſt nothing ſhall be wanting on my ſide, and I ſhall owe the happy change to Mrs. *Affable*. God be with you, Madam; I muſt never forget this important piece of ſervice.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

Miſs FRIVOLOUS, *embracing Mrs.* AFFABLE.

AH! dear Mrs. *Affable*, how greatly I am obliged to you! But for you, I was entirely ruined in my father's favour. But let me give an account of this happy turn to the ladies; it will be a beneficial leſſon to them.

Mrs. Affable. You are at liberty, my dear, to do as you ſhall think proper.

Miſs Frivolous. To begin, ladies, I muſt firſt charge myſelf with very great faults. I had a friend, whom my father laid me under an injunction never to ſee. I am now convinced he had great reaſon for what he did; but before, I thought it very unjuſt; and ſo did not obey his orders. I continued viſiting this lady unknown to my father, and at the expence of a thouſand lies, over and above thoſe which came to the account of the ſervants, who only told him what I pleaſed. My maid encouraged my undutifulneſs, and urged, that a young perſon of eighteen was not to be governed like a child. I was ſilly enough to believe ſhe loved me, ſince ſhe flattered my inclination; and indeed ſhe had all my confidence. But ſhe abuſed this intimacy to ſuch a degree, that I could not bear her inſolence any

longer; but I durſt not ſpeak to her as ſhe deſerved, for fear of a thouſand little things coming to my father's ears, which I was very deſirous to keep from him. Mrs. *Affable* being informed of this, convinced me that I was highly to blame, and inſiſted upon my laying the whole of my conduct before my father. This caſt me into ſuch frights and terrors, as a moſt dreadful thing to me, ſo that the night before laſt I never ſlept a wink. However, taking a firm reſolution, I yeſterday morning went up to my father's chamber; I threw myſelf at his feet, and declared all particulars. I made no doubt of his breaking out into an exceſs of paſſion; no, not at all: he raiſed me from the ground; he embraced me in the moſt affectionate manner, ſpoke with all poſſible kindneſs, and uſed me more like a friend than his daughter. I wept for fear when I came in, and now the tears flowed in abundance for having diſobeyed ſo good a parent; and I promiſed, that for the future I ſhould think it an offence to conceal any thought from him; and I am fully reſolved to keep my promiſe.

I was pleaſed beyond thought after this, and went out with an aunt of mine till dinner time. Whilſt I was abſent, my unhappy maid, to be revenged on me, for chiding her t'other day, went to my father, and not only declared all I had done, but ſwelled the account with an infinity of lies. Had I not prevented her, you ſee, that I muſt have loſt my father's favour and good will for ever. He ſaid nothing to her, but ſent for her after dinner. He then took the occaſion of reproaching her with her malice; told her I had acquainted him with thoſe particulars, and had begged of him to turn her off, that ſhe might be puniſhed for the bad advice ſhe had given me,

me. After this he ordered her to go immediately, for that ſhe ſhould not ſtay a night in the houſe. This was not all; my father, to ſhew that all reſentment was at an end, took me to his mercer, and made me a preſent of a very handſome ſuit of cloaths. I am ſo affected with his kindneſs, that I would lay down my life rather than offend him, or keep any thing ſecret from him hereafter.

Mrs. Affable. It is to me the greateſt ſatisfaction to ſee, that experience has ſhewn you the great advantages of ſincerity. Truth has reſcued you from danger, my dear; your father, 'tis certain, would never have placed any confidence in you, if he had received the information from your maid. Lady *Senſible* has read a ſtory in the *Adventurer*, which is very well adapted to ſhew the fatal effects of lies and imprudence; ſhe is going to tell it, ladies.

Lady Senſible. *Charlotte* and *Mary*, two young ladies, were brought up at the ſame ſchool. Their perſonal qualities were near alike, and their rank equal; but *Charlotte* being an only daughter, their fortunes were not to be compared. When they were taken from ſchool, they continued their friendſhip, and a day ſeldom paſſed that they did not ſee one another. *Charlotte* had not been long returned, when Captain *Freeman* came to make his addreſſes. He had inherited a moderate eſtate from his father, which with his commiſſion made it a pretty handſome match; but the great wealth, which *Charlotte*'s father could give in marriage with his daughter, ſtood in the way of the Captain's addreſſes; the father deſired him to forbear farther viſits, and declared to his daughter, that ſhe muſt think no more of the Captain. She begged and prayed, ſhe wept, but all to no pur-

poſe; and ſhe was convinced that ſhe muſt obey. She determined to do ſo, and the deep melancholy and trouble that was obſerved in *Charlotte* perſuaded the father it would be convenient to ſend her, for a time, to ſome place at a diſtance. He took her to an aunt, about an hundred miles off *London*, who lived with her daughter, in a very ſolitary retreat.

Charlotte had ſtaid half a year at her aunt's, and was quite weary of her confinement; and as her fancy for *Freeman* was more an effect of youth, than a real inclination, ſhe ſoon forgot him, and was diſpleaſed with herſelf for betraying an attachment that had brought her to this diſagreeable ſolitude. Her father came about that time to ſee *Charlotte*, and brought with him an amiable young gentleman, whom he deſigned for his ſon-in-law. His name was *James*; his deceaſed father was a *Baronet*, to whoſe title and large eſtate he had juſt ſucceeded. As he was a very handſome perſon, of an agreeable behaviour, and one who deſired to pleaſe, he met with no obſtacle to his pretenſions, and the more as *Charlotte*'s heart was free from all other impreſſions; beſides, ſhe was very deſirous to return again to town, and ſhe loved her father, who ſolicited her earneſtly to accept the young *Baronet*. Vanity had a ſhare in the merit of her compliance. She was flattered with the title of *Lady*; and all theſe conſiderations engaged her to marry Sir *James*, for whom ſhe had conceived much eſteem and a certain liking, which, though it could not be called love, yet ſufficed to ground her hopes of being very happy with him; in effect, he carried it ſo handſomely to her, that he gained her heart; and well pleaſed ſhe was, that ſhe had come into the match propoſed by her father.

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Freeman having heard that *Charlotte* was married, found by the eaſe of his mind not affected with the news, that he was cured of the ſort of paſſion, which he once thought ſhe had inſpired to him; and as he was reſolved on being ſettled, he caſt his eyes towards *Mary*, whom he had often ſeen at *Charlotte*'s. His addreſſes were well received, their marriage was ſoon concluded; and *Mary*, being quite amiable, he loved her only and entirely, without any farther thought of *Charlotte*.

Our new *Lady* came to town, and Mrs. *Freeman*, as ſoon as ſhe heard of her return, made haſte to pay her a viſit. They renewed their former friendſhip; the huſbands came acquainted by this means, and were ſuch friends, that the four were inſeparable companions. This good underſtanding kept up for half a year, when the evil ſpirit of jealouſy ſtept in to interrupt their friendſhip. Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman*, without communicating their thoughts to each other, had the ſame ſuſpicion. Both looked upon the occaſion as very dangerous to their dear partners; and they imagined there was room to fear, that the former love between my lady and the captain would revive, by the daily opportunities of ſeeing each other. Each was rack'd with theſe tormenting ſuſpicions; the more ſo, becauſe they knew them to be very unjuſt. My lady's and *Freeman*'s behaviour was ſtrictly irreproachable, and ſufficient to remove all uneaſineſs, if jealouſy was a diſorder that could admit any cure from reaſon. All the uſe Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman* made of thought, on this head, was to conceal their ſentiments, wherein they were certainly wrong. The married ſtate requires confidence, which had they

not wanted, they would have eſcaped the great misfortunes, which they ſuffered afterwards.

Sir *James* was obliged to go twelve miles out of town, and told my lady he ſhould not come home till the next day. My lady went to her friend's to ſpend the evening with Mrs. *Freeman*, who was alone, becauſe her huſband ſupped in town; and they fell to play at piquet. The time paſſed inſenſibly without their taking any notice, till Mr. *Freeman* came home, when they were in the greateſt ſurpriſe, that they had play'd ſo long. My lady begged of her friend to ſend for a chair; but the other told her, that as ſhe was alone, ſhe might as well ſtay and take a bit with her; day breaks very early, ſhe ſaid; we may chat the remainder of the night, and your ladyſhip will get home early in the morning. The lady conſented; at five o'clock in the morning a footman was ſent out for a chair; none could be found, and the ſervant returned with a hackney-coach. *Freeman* thought it would not be handſome to let my lady go alone in a *hack* at that unſeaſonable hour, and offered to wait upon her home. She made ſome difficulty; but Mrs. *Freeman*, who was not at all pleaſed with the propoſal, was reſolved to get the better of her jealouſy, and told Mr. *Freeman* that he was in the right; but as my lady was ſtill loath to leave her alone, Mrs. *Freeman* aſſured her, that ſhe longed impatiently to ſleep, and would go to bed directly.

It was as fine a morning as poſſibly could be ſeen; my lady tells Mr. *Freeman*, it was a ſin to go to ſleep in ſuch fine weather, and that it would be extremely pleaſant to walk in the park, which he might very well do, without giving Mrs. *Freeman* any uneaſineſs, who very likely was then faſt aſleep. He conſented; but as it was not ſo

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proper ſhe ſhould go alone with him to the park, ſhe deſired to be taken to a relation of hers; and ſhe would beg the favour of her company to take a turn about the park. *Freeman* ſtayed in the coach, my lady went up to her couſin, who excuſed herſelf, becauſe her brother was out of order, and deſired her to breakfaſt with her. She accepted the invitation, and told *Freeman* ſhe would breakfaſt with her couſin.

Freeman left her, and determined to take a walk by himſelf, ſince his lady was gone to ſleep. My lady, who thought him gone home, after ſhe had got her breakfaſt, was again for a walk, and went to the park, where, to her great ſurprize, ſhe found *Freeman*. They walked about for an hour; after this, *Freeman* waited upon her to the door of a celebrated coffee-houſe, where was a great number of chairs, and, after he had ſeen her in one, he retired.

Mean while, Sir *James* did not ſtay the night in the country, as he propoſed, and at his return, wondered much, when he found my lady was not at home. The ſervants told him ſhe was at Mrs. *Freeman*'s; but he could not forbear ſome motion of jealouſy. He recovered, however, with the thoughts, that Mrs. *Freeman* was as much intereſted as he was, in this matter, and went to bed. All endeavours to ſleep were ineffectual; it was four before he could cloſe his eyes. He waked about eight, and hurried away to Mrs. *Freeman*'s, who was as uneaſy as Sir *James*; and his ſuſpicions were aggravated, when he was informed by her, that her huſband, and my lady, went out at five in the morning. He ſtayed ſome time, and knew not what to think, and during the interval in comes a phyſician, that had juſt been viſiting a couſin of Mrs. *Freeman*'s, his pati-

tient. You are not very ill off, he ſaid, very merrily, with being a widow; you are in very agreeable company, and ſo has your huſband; I ſaw him juſt now, with a charming lady, at the door of . . . . coffee-houſe, where he handed her to a chair.

Every word, ſpoke by this indiſcreet Doctor, ſtruck Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman* to the heart; and when he obſerved the impreſſion he had made upon her, to mend the matter, he added very gravely, that the lady to be ſure was no common woman, that ſhe looked like a very modeſt perſon, and a lady of birth. To perſuade the more, he deſcribed her, ſo that it was impoſſible to miſtake the lady.

When the Doctor was gone, Sir *James* and Mrs. *Freeman* looked at each other, without ſpeaking a word; perhaps they would have laid open their uneaſineſs and trouble of mind; but the Captain came in, and acquainted Sir *James*, that he had left my lady at her couſin's, where ſhe got her breakfaſt. Sir *James* went out to be ſatisfied about the truth, and Mrs. *Freeman* acquainted the Captain with the account given by the Doctor. The Captain, aware of the conſequences, confeſſed to his ſpouſe, all that had happened; and as truth has certain marks, which cannot be counterfeited, ſhe was convinced of his innocence, and my lady's; ſhe wrote in all haſte to the laſt, informing her of the whole matter, but the letter came too late to hand. Sir *James* found by his couſin, that my lady left her in very good time, and now he made no doubt of her going to ſome place of ill repute; he returns home in a fury, but he compoſed himſelf, and aſked his lady very calmly what ſhe had done, from the time he left her. My lady was in great trouble for not being

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at home when he returned. Though every thing was innocent in her behaviour, ſhe plainly ſaw, that ſhe had been imprudent, and that her conduct was ſubject to a much worſe conſtruction. Upon this, ſhe reſolved to conceal the truth in part, and told Sir *James*, that the Captain had waited upon her to her conſin's, and that ſhe came home from her houſe. My lady was not uſed to tell an untruth, and her face, with bluſhing, was all in a blaze, which confirmed Sir *James*'s ſuſpicions. He left her abruptly, and went to a famed tavern, where he wrote to *Freeman*, that he wanted to ſpeak to him. Very unluckily for *Freeman*, the note came to hand, and he went immediately to the place appointed. Sir *James* ſeeing him, So, ſaid he, very calmly, you did not ſee my wife, after you left her, at her couſin's? What need of this queſtion? I thought my firſt anſwer very ſufficient to be believed. No, perfidious wretch, ſaid Sir *James*, drawing his ſword, ſtand upon your guard. *Freeman* wanted to tell him the whole truth, but Sir *James* was in that exceſs of rage, that he would hear nothing, and the other found it neceſſary to put himſelf upon his defence, which he did without ſucceſs; and a mortal wound laid *Freeman* upon the floor.

The buſtle and noiſe in the room, alarmed the people of the tavern; they cried out for help. A conſtable came in the crowd, ordered the door to be forced open, and ſecured Sir *James*. *Freeman*, who found his end was very near, deſired to ſay ſomething in private to his friend. Upon this, all went out, and the conſtable ſtayed at the door, on the outſide, to prevent the priſoner's eſcape. Here *Freeman* declared all that had happened, and aſſured him under the ſtrongeſt proteſtations, that my lady was innocent. The

words of a dying man meet always with full credit, and his evidence is never called in queſtion. Sir *James* under the conviction he had of his friend's and his lady's innocence, was in a dreadful agony; and *Freeman* ſeeing that Sir *James* relented, and was ſoftened to pity and grief, for the ſituation he had brought him to, reached out his hand to him, and in an expiring weak tone of voice, I forgive you, ſaid he, taking my life; it is the conſequence of an untruth I have told. Live, Sir, to protect my wife, and my poor lad. You have only one way to ſave your own life; make your eſcape out of the window.

Sir James took his advice, and got out; he did not ſo much as call at home; but went off that inſtant, for a port, whence he could paſs into Holland. Before he went on board, he wrote to my lady, and reproached her with diſſembling, and the ſad extremity to which ſhe had reduced her huſband. My lady, in deſpair, was getting every thing ready to follow him; but ſhe had not time, being informed ſhortly after, that the ſhip he went in was wrecked, and Sir *James* loſt.

Miſs Frivolous. Well might you ſay, that it was a dreadful ſtory. What misfortunes may not an untruth occaſion?

Miſs Molly. I think, I am cured of telling any as long as I ſhall live. Yes, indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, I had rather venture being chid a thouſand times, than ever fib again.

Mrs. Affable. One can ſcarce have the heart to chide a perſon, who ſincerely owns his fault; but you judge very right, that it is better running the hazard of being chid, than to tell an untruth. *Bella* is now to begin the ſtory of *Tobit*.

Miſs

Miſs Bella. At that time, when the Jews were captives in *Nineveh*, there was a holy man amongſt them called *Tobit*, who employed himſelf and all he was worth to relieve his brethren and fellow ſufferers in captivity. He took care of the ſick, he fed the poor, and buried the dead. It happened one day, that being quite wearied out with toiling at theſe good works, he ſat down to reſt a little, and fell aſleep. Whilſt he ſlept, ſomething from a bird's neſt, fell into his eyes, and took away his ſight. Very near, at the ſame time, he loſt all his ſubſtance, and became ſo poor, that his wife was forced to take in work for their ſubſiſtence.

Once they gave her a kid over and above the wages of her work. *Tobit*, hearing the kid cry, ſuſpected it had been ſtolen, and aſked ſo many queſtions about the kid, that he put his wife out of all patience, who gave him ſeveral hard words, and reproached him on account of his good works, as if they had been the cauſe of their misfortunes, which *Tobit* bore very patiently.

He had an only ſon, whom he brought up in the fear of the Lord; he wiſhed to be in ſuch circumſtances as could enable him to ſettle his ſon in the world; and having this thought much in his mind, he ſpoke to his wife; When I was rich, ſaid he, I lent a conſiderable ſum to a very honeſt man, who lives at a very great diſtance. I have his note, and I am perſuaded he will pay the money upon the ſpot. The wife, hearing all this, broke out into pitiable outcries; what, ſaid ſhe, I have only this ſon to be my comfort, after the loſs of all my ſubſtance, and yet you would take him from me, and put him upon a dangerous journey, perhaps never to return. Fear nothing, ſaid *Tobias*, (that was the ſon's name) the

angel of the Lord will guide me thither, and back again.

The journey being now reſolved upon, *Tobit* bid his ſon go and find out ſome young man, that was proper to be his guide. *Tobias* went out in obedience to his father, and met with a young man habited like a traveller, and with a ſtaff in his hand ready to ſet off. *Tobias* was quite charmed with the countenance of this beautiful young man; and really well he might, for this was the Angel *Raphael*, whom God had ſent in the figure and reſemblance of a man to conduct *Tobias*. He goes up to him; and after he had told him his deſign, *Raphael* conſented to go with him to his father's. The old father acquainted him with his intention; they made an agreement what he was to have at his return; and after the father and mother had deſired the guide to be moſt particularly careful of their ſon, they wiſhed all bleſſings to attend them, and ſo diſmiſſed them, to take their journey.

They were near the river *Tigris* in the evening; *Tobias* was fatigued; and the weather being very hot he went down to waſh himſelf, when a large fiſh leaped out of the river, and made towards him, as if he would have devoured him. *Tobias* in the fright called to his guide, who bid him take the fiſh by the gills, and drag him to land. The fiſh, after ſtruggling and toſſing about vehemently, died ſoon after, and then the angel ſpoke to *Tobias*; open the fiſh, ſaid he, take out the heart and the liver, and the gall, and put them up carefully. The gall is a cure for the blind, and reſtores loſt ſight; and by burning the heart and the liver, the ſmoak will drive away the evil ſpirit.

Miſs Sophy. *Tobit*'s wife was not unlike *Job*'s. But, Mrs. *Affable*, do tell me, why women are more impatient, and leſs courageous than men?

Lady Witty. That is an old calumny, men have always ready to throw out againſt women. I am perſuaded women are as good as they in all reſpects. Is it not ſo?

Mrs. Affable. Here is a cauſe for me to try. I could wiſh to give it in favour of lady *Witty*; but alas! truth obliges me to join in opinion with Miſs *Sophy*. I am ſorry for it, my dear; but it is, however, too true.

Lady Witty. But why, Mrs. *Affable?* Are their ſouls more perfect than women's.

Mrs. Affable. I dont't think they are. On the contrary, I am perſuaded, that all our ſouls, being formed to the image and likeneſs of God, are abſolutely like.

Lady Louiſa. That is hard to conceive; for how will you account for the prodigious difference that is obſerved in the characters and tempers, a difference much greater than is ſeen in ſo many faces, though the laſt is alſo very great.

Mrs. Affable. I don't pretend to any particular knowledge of this matter, but will tell you what I think. Yet you are not to believe me any farther than what I ſay ſeems to ſtand with reaſon, and till more knowing perſons ſhall ſatisfy you that I am in the wrong.

Do you remember, ladies, that not long ſince we maintained, that there were ſuch things as eſſential qualities. We concluded, as I thought, that an eſſential quality of matter is to require a figure, or form, whatever it is, to be in a natural ſtate.

Lady Louiſa. I remember it perfectly well, but in my opinion, ſomething of an explanation will not be amiſs.

Mrs. Affable. This table is ſquare, that other is round; this pen is different in figure, from the table; in one word, ladies, I defy you to ſhew any one thing, that has not ſome figure or other.

Lady Witty. I offer a wager that I do. I have now a thought come into my head, and I defy any one to tell me, whether it is ſquare, or round, or crooked; I am ſure, I cannot tell myſelf.

Miſs Bella. That is pleaſant enough; is a thought nothing, becauſe it has no figure, and every thing has ſome or other? But I talk at random, for it is impoſſible for me to know what is not, and yet I very well know my own thought. Help us out, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. We are very certain, that there is nothing of matter naturally, without ſome form. We are ſure that our thoughts, which have a real being, have no figure or form; we are conſequently certain, that our thoughts are not material or made of any matter.

Lady Mary. What can it be then, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. Something quite oppoſite to matter, ſince it has contrary qualities.

Miſs Sophy. This is beyond my comprehenſion, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. Nothing is without its contrary. Heat is contrary to cold; what is big to that which is little. Contraries have quite oppoſite qualities, and can never meet in the ſame ſubject. Therefore, matter has its contrary, and that is found in ſpiritual ſubſtances.

Lady Lucy. What do you call ſpiritual ſubſtances; how can we know them?

Mrs. Affable. They are ſuch as have qualities oppoſite to matter, and without any figure or form, as for example, the ſoul.

Lady

Lady Lucy. I take it. Whatever has figure or form, I ſhall rank with matter; what has not, ſhall be a ſpiritual ſubſtance.

Mrs. Affable. Very right, lady. But obſerve, withal, that every thing which has a figure or form, is compoſed of many parts from which you may take off, or to which you may add. I can take off a part of this table; what I have taken off, is a part which I have ſeparated from the table. On the other ſide, I can make the table larger, by adding a piece to the table; the ſame I can do with that chair or that bed. Nature does it daily; our bodies increaſe every day, exteriorily, or interiorly, in proportion to the acceſſion of new parts. Trees grow in the ſame manner. A ſtone is a collection of ſmall parts, or atoms, cloſely joined, and put together. Thus matter, which has a figure, naturally requires a greater or ſmaller extenſion, and this extenſion and parts are qualities naturally inherent to matter. Do you underſtand it, ladies? I deſire Lady *Senſible* to repeat it.

Lady Senſible. Here is one of the dice to play at tables. It is ſquare every way, and compoſed of ſeveral parts; I could with a hammer, break it into a thouſand pieces. The parts ſeparated in this manner, will not be ſo much extended as the dice is, but ſtill they will have ſome extenſion.

Mrs. Affable. Very right. But if you find any thing, which, to be in its natural ſtate, does not require extenſion, figure and parts, this will be contrary to matter, and muſt be a ſpiritual ſubſtance. We find that the ſoul has neither length, nor breadth, nor figure; and conſequently muſt be a ſpiritual ſubſtance. Tell me what is the cauſe of your thoughts; is it the hand, or the foot?

Lady

Lady Witty. That is impoſſible. The hand and the foot are parts of a body, and material; and, as matter is of a contrary nature to that of a ſpiritual ſubſtance, it cannot produce any thing that is ſpiritual, for then matter would give what it has not.

Miſs Bella. I always imagined, that the head produced our thoughts; but I find I was miſtaken; the head is a body, as well as the hand or foot.

Lady Lucy. Does not the ſoul cauſe all our thoughts; and may not we conclude that the ſoul is ſpiritual, becauſe we find that our thoughts, which are, as it were, the offspring of our ſoul, are ſpiritual? The ſoul and the thought ſhew and prove each others ſpirituality. The thought, as a ſpiritual effect, demonſtrates the ſpirituality of the cauſe which produces it; for if the ſoul had not been a ſpiritual ſubſtance, a ſpiritual effect could not have been produced by ſuch a principle.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Lucy*'s concluſion is very juſt; as you know, that a ſpiritual ſubſtance has no parts, and conſequently nothing can be added to or taken from it. Why can't I then be aſſured, that the ſoul of a child newly born, is the ſame that it will be at twenty years of age, ſince it cannot receive any addition, or ſuffer any diminution?

Lady Louiſa. This appears not to admit of any diſpute. But daily experience contradicts this truth; and there is reaſon for ſaying, that the ſouls of children grow with their bodies.

Mrs. Affable. I explained this, I think, ſome years ago, to our young ladies; but you was not here, madam; and beſides, things of this nature ſhould be repeated more than once; no doubt, ladies,

ladies, you are all appriſed, that *memory*, conſidered as to that part, which retains the ideas cauſed by a former application of the mind to the *phantaſm* or *image* of corporeal things, is in ſome ſort a corporeal faculty, and depends upon corporeal beings; the impreſſion whereof on the brain is very ingeniouſly accounted for by philoſophers.

Lady Louiſa. I never heard this before; and I beg it may be farther explained.

Mrs. Affable. The two eſſential faculties of the ſoul, as a ſpiritual ſubſtance, are the underſtanding and the will; that is, the ſoul has power and capacity to underſtand and determine itſelf by its will. It is provided with a ſort of paper, where it writes down all the different thoughts, judgments, and deciſions; this paper is the brain lodged within the ſkull. You have undoubtedly ſeen the brains of ſeveral animals; none of you but have ſome time or other eat of a calf's head. The brain is a white and ſoft ſubſtance; ours is alſo white and ſoft. The ſoul is not only provided with this paper, but alſo with pens to write; theſe are the fibres, that is, a prodigious quantity of ſmall filaments, adapted to touch the brain, and to write, or make an impreſſion thereon.

But this is not yet enough. Something more is neceſſary to ſet the fibres in action and motion; which is done by the more ſubtile parts of the blood, called the *animal ſpirits*, which, by their continual aſcent to the brain, put the fibres in play. Do you take it, Lady *Violent?*

Lady Violent. I do, Mrs. *Affable.* The brain is the paper, the fibres are the pens, the animal ſpirits a ſort of fingers to guide the pens.

Mrs. Affable. Tell me, my dear, could you write upon blotting paper?

Lady

Lady Violent. I have done it ſometimes, but what I wrote was not legible; the letters were quite ſpread out, as large as my finger, without any ſhape or figure of a letter.

Mrs. Affable. Do you know the reaſon?

Miſs Bella. The paper was too thin.

Mrs. Affable. Beſides that, there is not ſize enough to give it ſtrength. I muſt aſk another queſtion. Could you write with a hair?

Miſs Sophy. No, that is too weak.

Mrs. Affable. Well, ladies! a child's brain is extremely ſoft, and, by conſequence, very like blotting paper; it cannot bear any legible character; what is written, is no more than a blot. You may as ſoon write upon water. And moreover, the fibres are ſo weak that you may as well pretend to write with a hair. The ſoul, in the infancy of the body, unprovided with means to ſet down the ideas, ſo as they may be retained, cannot read them in the memory; and as many ideas muſt be compared to form rational judgments and deſires, we may conclude that the ſoul cannot form any judgment. As the brain grows harder, thoughts are written down; they are read, compared, the ſoul proceeds to a reſolution, and acts conſequently to it, and continues in the ſame way, till old age has quite hardened the brain; and the fibres are grown ſo ſtiff, that they cannot be of farther uſe, by which one is reduced to another infancy.

Lady Lucy. I now perceive how it may happen, that men, whoſe ſouls are alike, have quite different geniuſſes. That depends on a ſoft or hard brain; the flexibility of the fibres, and the quantity of animal ſpirits, which the blood ſends to the brain.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear, from thence comes alſo the difference between men and women; but we muſt leave this for our next leſſon, with ſeveral important matters relative to this ſubject, to ſay ſomething of *Cyrus*. That concerns you, Lady *Witty*.

Lady Witty. *Cyrus* being come into *Media*, at the head of the forces, which he brought to his uncle's aſſiſtance, found *Cyaxares* in a very perplexed ſituation. The king his father and predeceſſor had obliged the king of *Armenia* to be his tributary; and it looked, as if the *Armenian* propoſed to take advantage of the war, that was coming upon the *Medes*, as a favourable occaſion to ſhake off the burthen. *Cyrus*, after taking all proper meaſures to be informed of the ſtate of affairs in *Armenia*, found his uncle's ſuſpicions were too well grounded, and promiſed to extricate him in theſe critical circumſtances.

The kingdom of *Armenia* was contiguous to *Media*; *Cyrus* hunted frequently upon the borders, and the chace very often brought him into that neighbouring kingdom. The *Armenians* grew accuſtomed to ſee him upon their frontiers, without any ſuſpicion.

But one day he took a conſiderable body of troops with him inſtead of hunters, and was very near the king of *Armenia*, when that prince had notice, that he had no time to loſe, if he meant to ſave himſelf by flight. Immediately he ſent off his queen, his daughters, with all the treaſures, and ordered them to retire into the narrow paſſes of the mountains, where a ſmall number ſufficed to make head againſt a greater. *Cyrus*, who thought of all things, and foreſaw, that the king of *Armenia* would take this ſtep, had ſent off troops to poſſeſs themſelves of the paſſes where they

they took all the family, and the treaſures of this unhappy prince.

This ſad accident had not yet come to his knowledge; and having got together all the forces he could, he placed them upon an eminence, to attempt ſomething of a defence; but ſeeing he was inveſted on all ſides, he was neceſſitated to ſubmit to the victor's diſcretion; and thus *Cyrus*, by his prudence, began and ended the war, the ſame day.

The prince of the *Perſians* aſſembled together the principal officers of both armies, and the carriages, where the princeſſes rode, were alſo brought very near the place. In the preſence of this numerous aſſembly, *Cyrus* ſpoke to the king, his priſoner: I have, ſaid he, ſome queſtions to aſk you, and I hope you will anſwer me with truth; for if an untruth is odious in a man, it is ſtill more infamous in a great perſonage, and in a king, and muſt diſhonour him for ever. Now tell me, why you would not pay the tribute impoſed upon you by *Aſtyages?*

The king of *Armenia* made this anſwer: Becauſe, ſaid he, I deſired to leave my kingdom free to my ſon, as I received it from my father. The thought, ſaid *Cyrus*, is noble, and worthy of a prince who has made no promiſe; and it became you to think ſo, before you was overcome by my grandfather. You know, that he conquered your kingdom, and only reſtored it to you, on condition of paying the tribute he required. Had you given a province to any perſon, on certain conditions agreed to mutually, what would you do to him, if he did not perform the articles?

I know, ſaid he, that I ſhall pronounce ſentence againſt myſelf; but I have promiſed not to depart from truth, and whatever it coſt me, I will ſpeak

it

it out; I would put that man to death. The princeſſes, who were there in their coaches, hearing the king, broke out into as loud cries, as if they had ſeen the king that moment brought to the ſcaffold. He had a ſon, named *Tigranes*, whom *Cyrus* had known in his youth. He came up to *Cyrus*, and, being allowed to ſpeak, delivered himſelf in the following terms:

Lord! I will not pretend to excuſe my father; I know he deſerves to die; but I hope you will conſider, that it is much more glorious to pardon, than to oppreſs an enemy you have overcome. What is more, your own intereſt will be a motive to uſe him with mercy; ſince you gain by this means an ally, whoſe attachment to you will be a greater advantage, than it has formerly been. I don't at all underſtand that, ſaid *Cyrus*. How will you perſuade me, that your father's friendſhip will be more beneficial after, than before his revolt? I will ſhew it, ſaid *Tigranes*. What is a king that has never met with adverſity? Generally ſpeaking, a man without wiſdom, or prudence, and tyrannized by his paſſions. Adverſity is the ſchool of princes; here they learn, that they are no more than men, as the meaneſt of their ſubjects are. My father has had a full leſſon from that wiſe miſtreſs; and your ally is become both wiſe and prudent. I would know, what ally can be more valuable? And more than that, what may not be expected in return, from a grateful and generous heart, from one that will owe you every thing, you leave in his poſſeſſion?

I yield, ſaid *Cyrus*, I grant you life, and leave you your kingdom. But what ranſom is my uncle to have for your family?

Ah!

Ah! cried out the king in an extaſy of gratitude, what can I give him? All I have is his and yours. I am content, ſaid *Cyrus*, with this declaration. You confeſs, that you owe my uncle more than you can ever pay; and therefore you will be the moſt ungrateful of men, if ever you ceaſe to be in his intereſt. In his name, I reſtore your family to you; and the only penalty I impoſe, ſhall be an increaſe of the tribute formerly paid; the only article, that ſhall remind you of your fault. Now that we look upon each other as friends, pleaſe to conſider with yourſelf, what you can do for us in the war, that we are ſhortly to have upon our hands.

The king of *Armenia* promiſed auxiliary forces to *Cyrus*, and, for the preſent, offered large ſums of money, which the young prince accepted, only by way of loan, and which afterwards he actually repaid.

The princeſs, wife to prince *Tigranes*, was among the priſoners. They had not been long married, and he loved her intirely. *Cyrus* ſmiling, aſked *Tigranes*, what he would give to redeem the princeſs? A thouſand lives, if I had them, *Tigranes* anſwered with great ſprightlineſs. The purchaſe would coſt me too much, *Cyrus* replied; I ſhould loſe a friend, upon which I chuſe to let you have her again for nothing.

Then *Cyrus* ordered the large tables, which were prepared by his orders, to be covered; he gave a grand entertainment to the royal family and the officers, after which he re-conducted them; upon the road he ſpoke to *Tigranes*; what is become, ſaid he, of your governor? I knew him in my firſt journey; and I took him for a man of great worth. Alas! *Tigranes* ſighed and anſwered, flatterers found means to miſrepreſent

ſent him to my father; innocent actions were conſtrued into crimes; he was condemned and put to death. A few hours before the execution, he recommended to me moſt earneſtly, never to depart from the duty, I was bound to pay to my father. Excellent man! *Cyrus* cried out, remember his worthy leſſons; particularly, never forget the laſt.

Cyrus took leave of the king of *Armenia*, and left him charmed with his prudence, and other ſhining qualities, ſo that the *Perſian* prince was the common ſubject of converſation at the *Armenian* court. The princeſs, *Tigranes*'s ſpouſe, was the only perſon that made no mention of the generous conqueror. The prince took notice of her ſilence in this reſpect, and aſked the reaſon. What would you have me ſay of him? I never looked at the prince. How can that be? *Tigranes* replied, you ſpent ſeveral hours in his company. What took up your thoughts? He, ſhe readily anſwered, that ſaid he would freely lay down a thouſand lives, for me, if he had them.

Mrs. Affable. A rare example, but ſeldom followed by the fine modern young ladies! You are ſure to be informed very exactly of the perſons of all young gentlemen; and though they may have ſeen them but once in their lives, the deſcription will be ſo accurate, that not a feature ſhall be miſſed. This is not a little contrary to that modeſty, which ought to be the fineſt ornament of the fair ſex.

Miſs Rural. I admire the artful turn, uſed by *Tigranes*, to diſpoſe *Cyrus*, and engage him to ſpare his father. He does not plead the king his father's innocence; he does not offer even to extenuate the fault; this might have provoked the young conqueror; he owns the guilt, for he is perſuaded

ſuaded that a reaſonable perſon is much ſooner appeaſed, when the offender ſays, I am in the wrong.

Mrs. Affable. Miſs *Rural*'s reflection is admirable. If a perſon is diſpleaſed with you, as being perſuaded, that you have done amiſs, guilty or not guilty, you muſt take care of contradicting; this would only heighten the diſpleaſure into downright fury. Laſt year, I was with a lady, who had been ſerved ſo many ill turns, that ſhe loſt all patience, and vowed ſhe would be revenged. A ſenſible man, but who had forgot to bring common ſenſe abroad with him that time, undertook to demonſtrate, that the lady was in the wrong to put herſelf in a paſſion, and, that the reſolution, ſhe had taken to be revenged, was not to be maintained. This unſeaſonable remonſtrance threw her into an extravagant rage. She ſwore, that ſhe would ſooner burn the houſe, and ſtab her enemy to the heart; ſhe was almoſt choaked with paſſion, and going into convulſions. That inſtant, comes in another perſon, and inquires into the quarrel, and very calmly pronounces, that there was no bearing ſuch an injury; in a word, he eſpouſes all the reſentment of the provoked lady. As he took her part, the paſſion began to ſubſide, ſhe grew calmer, and at laſt was perfectly ſo. What, ſays the gentleman, you are quite appeaſed; have you forgot, that we have a houſe to burn down to the ground, and the lady, your enemy, to be run through the heart? I would not bate an inch of either. The lady, lately ſo furious, ſmiled; and my gentleman, with his ill-timed reaſoning, was taught, that a torrent is not to be oppoſed, but a way made for it to paſs, unleſs one deſire to raiſe the ſwell higher, which at laſt will overflow, with the

moſt

moſt dreadful conſequences. Lady *Senſible*, pleaſe to go on with *America*.

Lady Senſible. Though *Canada* is but a ſmall province, yet under that name is comprehended all that country, which is bounded to the ſouth, by *New England*, and *Louiſiana*; but they ſay, that there is a very great contention between the *Engliſh*, and the *French*, both nations pretending to a property in that part of the country; God ſend them to agree. Mrs. *Affable* tells us, we are not qualified to judge of the merits of the cauſe; ſo, as an *Engliſh* woman, I content myſelf with wiſhing *England* well. The principal towns are *Quebec* *, *Montreal* and *Trois rivieres*. There are, beſides, a great many forts.

The capital river, St. *Lawrence*, is an hundred and fifty miles over, where it opens into the ſea, and in ſeveral places is above three miles in breadth. The navigation is very dangerous, on account of ſo many rocks that are found there. There are great falls in the river, which the *French* call *Saults*, to expreſs the fall of the river, from a rock. The two greateſt falls, or *Saults*, are thoſe of *Niagara* and St. *Louis*. Imagine, ladies, a rock two miles in length, that of *Niagara* is ſuch. Well! the whole river falls from the top of this prodigious high rock, and in the fall forms a ſheet of water, that makes a frightful noiſe, and is heard many miles off.

Lady Louiſa. How can they go up this river? There is no likelihood of any ſhips coming up.

Mrs. Affable. Large ſhips go no farther than *Quebec*; to come up to *Montreal*, they have veſſels of a different fabric. They only uſe canoes to get up higher.

* Taken in the year 1759 by the *Engliſh*.

Lady

Lady Mary. I don't know what a canoe is.

Mrs. Affable. Some *canoes* are made of the bark of trees, ſtitched together very dextrouſly with a ſort of thread, made of the ſame bark. The largeſt will hold eight men. The ſavages are very expert and adroit, in conducting their canoes among the rocks; and when they come to difficult paſſes, they put the canoe upon their heads, and carry it by land, till they can find an eaſier water-paſſage. Theſe places, are called carrying places. Pray, Lady *Senſible,* give us the names of the chief ſavage nations, that inhabit the country.

Lady Senſible. They are the *Hurons, Algonquins, Iroqueſe, Illinois,* the *Outaouais, Aſſinipoils, Sioux,* and many more.

Lady Violent. Does corn and other things grow in the country?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, ſince *Europeans* have ſettled there; before that, the ſavages never took any pains to till the ground.

Miſs Bella. What did they live on, if they had neither corn nor pulſe?

Mrs. Affable. They lived on what they got by hunting and fiſhing. The country is full of mountains, and lakes, which provided them abundantly with victuals. The ſavages in thoſe parts, are great gluttons, and very temperate, according as they find their proviſions, great or little. People, that paſs moſt of their time in hunting, muſt be uſed to faſt.

Miſs Molly. Papa hunts very often; he either comes home to dinner, or eatables are carried out for him. Why can't the ſavages do the ſame?

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Their hunting and ours is very different. Pleaſe to conſider, my dear, that the whole country is almoſt, one may ſay, an immenſe and continued foreſt. In ſome places you meet with woods, nine hundred, twelve hundred miles in length. The ſavages meet here, in bands or companies, to plan and concert their ſchemes for hunting, about the beginning of October. Formerly they had only bows and arrows, now they have fuſees or light guns. All their proviſions are powder and ſhot, and every one carries on his back a bag of Indian wheat flower. This is all, for a hunt of three months at leaſt.

Miſs Sophy. But how can they ſubſiſt ſo long with that ſmall quantity of flower? Where do they lie in thoſe vaſt foreſts? Have they no change of clothes, when they happen to be in the rain, at leaſt a few ſhirts?

Mrs. Affable. I will anſwer your queſtions in order. They ſhoot ſeveral beaſts in the foreſt, they flea them to carry off the furr, and they eat the fleſh. Sometimes, ten men will eat as much in a day, as would ſerve fifty here. The flower is kept to have recourſe to, when they have had no luck, and killed nothing. On theſe occaſions, they take a handful of flower, which they temper with a little water; and that is their whole and only meal for the day. At night, as they have wood in plenty, they make a large fire, and lie about it. Others ſoon make up a hut with boughs of trees. Laſtly, others make deep holes in the ſnow, and ſleep there. It is ſaid, that it keeps them very warm. When their clothes are wet, they dry them by the large fire they have kindled. Their ſhirts they change very ſeldom, and commonly wear them, till they drop off

piece-meal. If you give them a clean ſhirt, they put it over the foul one; and ſome have four or five on, in this manner.

Lady Louiſa. Naſty people! they are not very neat, I think. At leaſt, one cannot ſay, that they have any vanity in their dreſs.

Mrs. Affable. I muſt beg your pardon, my dear, though they may not be vain in dreſs, they have a great ſhare of vanity; and, to ſet themſelves off, they colour and paint their bodies and faces. A conſiderable ornament, they delight in, is to have the figure of a large ſerpent drawn on their faces; this they think, makes them terrible to their enemies. Some paint with red lead, others employ other colours; but thoſe who deſire the paint to laſt, uſe this method.

They make ſcratches with the point of a pin, and draw the deſign, by tearing the ſkin; then they put gun-powder into the lines drawn by the pin, ſet the powder on fire; and the figure remains for life.

Lady Charlotte. Surely they muſt be poſſeſſed with an evil ſpirit to put themſelves knowingly to this torture.

Mrs. Affable. You may e'en put to the number, the fine ladies that pinch themſelves up ſo prodigiouſly in their ſtays for a fine ſhape, and thoſe who raiſe plenty of corns by forcing on a little ſhoe, to be thought miſtreſſes of a nice, pretty, little foot; thoſe that have their head of hair plucked for three whole hours, by a *friſeur*, that are in danger all that time of having their ears burnt, and cannot take their natural reſt for the papers, to which their curls are confined. Pray, wherein are our ladies leſs extravagant than the ſavages?

Lady Louiſa. This is very ſingular. I was ſtruck with the extravagancy of theſe nations without ever obſerving, that mine is greater; for, in fine, they, the laſt at leaſt, paint once for life; and the trouble I ſubmit to, comes every day. Do the ſavage women paint or dawb themſelves?

Mrs. Affable. No, but they have a ſort of ornamental dreſs. I have ſeen a petticoat, ſuch as they wear on their great ſolemnities or feſtivals. It had the appearance of a leather ſack, without any plait, and adorned with a fringe at the bottom, made up of ſeveral little caſes not unlike the ſhape of a bell. This is the *rattle* which is found in the ſerpent's train, who takes from it the name of the *Rattle-Snake.*

Lady Louiſa. I dare venture a wager, that the poor wretches are as proud of that garb, as I am of gold-ſtuffs and diamonds.

Mrs. Affable. To be ſure, Madam, dreſs is altogether fancy.

Lady Mary. I underſtand very well, that the ſavages were forced to undergo the trouble of thoſe terrible hunts, before the Europeans taught them tillage; but what need of ſuch pains now? Would it not be eaſier for them to live like our farmers?

Mrs. Affable. To be ſure, my dear, the Europeans would not let them have the neceſſary implements and other things to that purpoſe for nothing; to come at them, they ſell the ſkins of wild beaſts they have killed. This obliges them to continue hunting. But the Canadians are moreover very lazy; they take prodigious pains, for a quarter of a year, to idle away the reſt. They would live independant, and are happy,

when under no obligation to any perſon whatever.

Lady Louiſa. Here they are quite in the right. I think that perſon, who wants no one's aſſiſtance, is perfectly happy.

Mrs. Affable. That muſt be diſcuſſed ſome other time; to-day it is too late.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Lady LOUISA.

AT our laſt meeting, you was pleaſed to ſay, Mrs. *Affable,* that you would examine into the propoſition I advanced. I have often thought on it ſince. Liberty of all good things is the moſt precious, and the perſon who wants none of thoſe things that are about him, has in my mind the moſt liberty.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, but in ſome meaſure, like the Lacedemonians. Their commonwealth was all the world to them. There they found all they wanted; to the reſt of the world they were extremely indifferent; and the ruin of it would have given them very little concern, as they took no intereſt in its preſervation and ſafety.

Lady Louiſa. Did their ſpirit of independance make them void of all fellow-feeling and humanity?

Mrs. Affable. I think ſo, at leaſt; and I am intirely perſuaded, that the continual want we are in of each other, gives birth to a thouſand virtues, and among others, to humanity.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. But we are real ſlaves to thoſe we hope for any thing from. But as I have ſaid before, I eſteem liberty as the beſt of good things. In this caſe, we exchange our liberty, a valuable treaſure, for conveniences and fancies, which, tho' ſmall advantages, are trifles in the main. Is it not as clear as the day, that the exchange is to great diſadvantage?

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Louiſa* grows a formidable adverſary; ſhe lays down principles, and deduces conſequences. But ſome endeavours muſt be uſed to contradict her argument. In my way of thinking, dear lady, we ſhould have begun with a true definition of liberty, otherwiſe you may mean one thing, and I another. When a diſpute is entered upon, we muſt firſt agree about terms, and underſtand each other.

Miſs Bella. What makes you think, Lady *Louiſa* has a mind to diſpute? Indeed I take her to be too well bred to do ſo.

Mrs. Affable. That is juſt what I was ſaying, my dear; it is of the greateſt conſequence to underſtand the meaning of terms. For example, to diſpute and to quarrel are very different. To diſpute, is to maintain a different opinion from the perſons we ſpeak to, there's no harm in it; you know very well, that we are to take no one's word, that we muſt examine his reaſons, and we have right to give ours. This we call diſputing, and when it is done with temper, modeſty, and good manners, it is ſo far from any harm, that it is a diverſion and a paſtime. But if, inſtead of alledging reaſons, they grow hot, and break out into hard words, this is called quarrelling, and never done or allowed by well bred perſons. I will put ſome queſtions to you, Lady *Louiſa*, which you will be pleaſed to anſwer.

Does liberty conſiſt in doing all the evil actions that may come into one's head?

Lady Louiſa. Some may think ſo, but that is not the liberty I mean, and which I look upon to be ſo precious. The other would be no loſs; I think, on the contrary, it would be happy to be without it.

Mrs. Affable. May it conſiſt in going to reſt, or riſing ſooner or later, putting on a green or blue ſilk, or in a thouſand ſuch things?

Lady Louiſa. There is ſomething agreeable in that, and it pleaſes, to be at diſcretion, to chuſe according to fancy and humour. But it is too much of a trifle, to be the foundation of happineſs, or the contrary, for a rational perſon.

Mrs. Affable. Pray, tell us then, what you mean by liberty?

Lady Louiſa. I cannot ſay, that I know it very well myſelf; but I will give you the opinion of men in that reſpect. The *Romans*, to give an inſtance, were free, and enjoyed liberty, whilſt the commonwealth continued, and loſt it under *Julius Cæſar.*

Mrs. Affable. Very well! a nation enjoys liberty, when it is not governed by an abſolute maſter. I ſtick to the example of the *Romans*; but, I muſt tell you beforehand, it will turn out quite contrary to your expectation; and, upon a cloſer examination, you will find, that the *Roman* commonwealth, inſtead of being the center of liberty, was the ſeat of deſpotiſm and tyranny. I wiſh we could go immediately upon the proof of this; but as the younger ladies are not acquainted with the *Roman Hiſtory*, they would not underſtand half of what is ſaid.

Miſs

Miſs Bella. But, if you would teach us the *Roman Hiſtory*, we might.

Mrs. Affable. But how can we undertake more, ſince we have ſo much work upon our hands; really, already more than we can do?

Lady Witty. There is a way to reconcile all this. In the afternoon, we will repeat the ſtories out of the ſcriptures and ancient hiſtory, with ſome little diverting tales from time to time, and a little natural philoſophy when you pleaſe. In the morning leſſon, the *Roman Hiſtory* ſhall take place, and this will teach us to diſcourſe conſequently. Does not the art of diſcourſing belong to natural philoſophy?

Mrs. Affable. No, but to *Logic*, a part of philoſophy, though indeed natural reaſon is the groundwork, without which all rules and methods would be ineffectual. I accept the plan you propoſe; but I muſt once more tell you, it is too extended, and takes in too much work.

Lady Violent. Your leſſons need only be longer. You ſee, Mrs. *Affable*, you have won your wager; you might keep me here all day, and I ſhould never be tired. I only could wiſh the leſſon longer; I have ſo many things to learn, that I don't think I ſhall know half of them, when I am twenty.

Mrs. Affable. I have nothing to object. Lady *Senſible*, give us the hiſtory in ſhort of the foundation of *Rome*.

Lady Senſible. It is ſaid, that *Æneas*, a *Trojan* prince, landed in *Latium*, a part of *Italy* inhabited by the *Latins*, and married *Lavinia* the daughter of their king. *Aſcanius* ſucceeded to his father *Æneas*, and was followed by ſeveral kings of the ſame race. One of them left two ſons, *Amulius* and *Numitor*; the firſt, after he had dethroned

his elder brother *Numitor*, confined his daughter, and made her a veſtal, one of the prieſteſſes of *Veſta*, who, by the inſtitution, were to continue thirty years in the ſervice of the goddeſs, before they could marry. *Rhea Sylvia*, ſo *Numitor*'s daughter was named, would not wait ſo long, ſhe had two ſons at a birth, who were ordered to be thrown into the *Tyber* by *Amulius*; a ſhepherd found them in a trough left on dry land by the waters of the *Tyber*, retired after the flood, to the bed of the river, and brought them up. When they were grown men, they ſlew their great-uncle *Amulius*, and reinſtated their grand-father *Numitor* on his throne. After this, they ſet about building a town near the place, where they were diſcovered by the ſhepherd. The two brothers, *Romulus* and *Remus*, quarrelling about ſomething that related to the new town, *Romulus* killed his brother *Remus*, and gave the new-built city the name of *Rome*.

Lady Mary. But Mrs. *Affable*, who helped *Romulus* to build that city?

Mrs. Affable. Some ſay, three hundred ſhepherds, who were the firſt inhabitants.

Miſs Bella. This was more a village than a town; I had quite another idea of *Rome*, and thought it extremely large. We have a hiſtory-piece at home, that repreſents the rape of the *Sabines*. *Rome* appears with nobles gates and ſtately houſes.

Mrs. Affable. Your painter was a blockhead, and very ignorant in the *Roman Hiſtory*. *Rome*, in the beginning, was neither magnificent nor populous. Indeed it did not continue long in that ſtate, and *Romulus* found means to increaſe the people. Lady *Senſible*, tell the ladies how he brought this about.

Lady

Lady Senſible. He opened an aſylum, or a place of refuge or ſanctuary, in a conſecrated *grove*; and gave public notice, that all perſons who had reaſon to fear any proſecution ſhould be ſafe in this place, and protected by him and his ſhepherds. Upon this, thieves, murtherers, debtors, under apprehenſion of being confined, perſons reduced to indigence, crowded from all parts, and *Romulus* found himſelf three thouſand and three hundred ſtrong.

Miſs Sophy. You muſt own, he might as well have made himſelf chief of a band of robbers. What ſafety could there be in *Rome*, more than in a dangerous foreſt?

Mrs. Affable. This leads us to admire *Romulus*'s capacity, and great endowments, who brought ſuch people under obedience to ſalutary laws, which they obſerved punctually.

Lady Louiſa. It does not appear, that they quitted their former profeſſions; they had been thieves, now they are become public robbers. For after all, they had no right to the country round them; *Numitor* had only allowed *Romulus* about four miles and a half of our meaſure; conſequently the overplus they had, they ſtole.

Mrs. Affable. Be pleaſed to mind what I am about to ſay. All wars, and all conqueſts are not unjuſt. I don't find, that *Romulus* attacked any neighbour; he ſtood upon the defenſive; and ſurely ſelf-defence muſt be lawful. It is alſo juſt to inſiſt on being indemnified, when a prince is attacked without reaſon. *Romulus*, would be indemnified in land; where is the harm?

Lady Charlotte. And pray, who maintained them, before they had theſe lands?

Mrs. Affable. You have just now been told, that *Numitor* gave *Romulus* an extent of about four miles and a half in land. He divided this land into three unequal parts; the largest he distributed equally to his men, for tillage, in such manner, that all might subsist by their work.

Lady Charlotte. I easily understand, how a man may live by his labour; but how did those, who had large families, find a subsistence for their children?

Lady Sensible. The first *Romans* had neither wives nor children; they had either never been married, or had forsaken their wives.

Lady Violent. How came the city of *Rome* to subsist so long, without the inhabitants being married, and having children?

Mrs. Affable. They soon provided themselves with partners, as Lady *Sensible* will tell you.

Lady Sensible. Romulus observing, that the greater part of those, who had joined him, were unmarried, deputed ambassadors to all the neighbouring towns, with proposals for marrying their young women to the inhabitants of this new-built city. His deputies were rejected in all places; the *Sabines* were not satisfied with refusing the offers made; they even insulted them, and answered, that if *Romulus* would set up an *Asylum* for all worthless women, as he had for wicked men, he would be soon supplied with sufficient numbers. *Romulus* was nettled, and advertised a grand solemnity to be held in honour of *Neptune*, which was to continue three days. The inhabitants of all the adjacent towns flocked to the feast, but particularly the *Sabines*. After the first day, the *Romans* invited the strangers very civilly into the city. They entertained them handsomely, and lodged them in their houses, and took this oppor-

opportunity to make ſome acquaintance with the young women, that curioſity had brought to ſee this ſolemnity. The next day, *Romulus* gave the ſignal agreed on; every *Roman* ſeized a young woman and carried her home; the gates of the city were locked upon the ſpot, and *Romulus* ordered the nuptials to be celebrated, according to the cuſtom of the country.

Lady Lucy. Oh, Mrs. *Affable!* I cannot abide that ſame *Romulus*; it would have been much better for the poor young women to be ſlaughtered, than forced to marry men, utter ſtrangers to them, and whom of courſe, they could not love.

Mrs. Affable. Not long ago, I was telling you, that prudent matches were generally happier, than matches hurried into by inclination. This ſhews it; ſome time after, theſe young women had liberty given them to leave their huſbands, and to go home; two only accepted the offer; and the reſt declared unanimouſly, they were ſo contented with the behaviour of their huſbands, that rather than part with them, they would part with their lives.

Lady Lucy. The *Romans* muſt have carried it very handſomely to engage their affections; and I don't well underſtand, how ſuch men, as they are repreſented, could be ſo much altered in ſo ſhort a time.

Mrs. Affable. They became other men, as ſoon as they took to work, and ſubmitted to the wiſe laws eſtabliſhed by *Romulus*. That you may have an idea of his humane diſpoſition, I will give you but one inſtance. It was cuſtomary among many heathen nations to make away with weak and deformed children, as the *Lacedemonians* did; but *Romulus*, more prudent and humane than *Lycurgus*,

did not conſent to the eſtabliſhing of this law, without great repugnance; and to render it uſeleſs, he ordered, that the parents of theſe unhappy infants ſhould not lay violent hands upon them, till three years were expired, not only becauſe it was poſſible for them to grow in ſtrength, and be changed in other reſpects, but alſo becauſe he thought it impoſſible for a father or mother to go to that exceſs of barbarity as to kill a child they had brought up three years, and who had ſhewed his gratitude to them with his little innocent careſſes. But as monſters of barbarity and cruelty are to be found, that is, fathers and mothers, who hate their children, *Romulus*, who was a prince of great fore-caſt, provided, that, before they proceeded to the execution of this cruel law, they ſhould previouſly aſſemble the chief relations on the father's and mother's ſide, and take their advice on this matter.

Lady Lucy. You have reconciled me to *Romulus*; I forgive the rape of the *Sabines*, on account of his kind laws in favour of their little children.

Lady Violent. Pray tell us, what was the government of the *Romans?* Was not *Romulus* their firſt king?

Mrs. Affable. He was, my dear; he brought together all the firſt inhabitants of *Rome*, and aſked them what government they would chuſe; they anſwered, the monarchical, and appointed him their firſt king; but yet his authority was not abſolute; he had choſen a hundred men to form a Parliament, which they called the *Senate*, and which *Romulus* was obliged to conſult in matters of importance. The people alſo had authority to decide in ſome particular affairs.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. That is my favorite government. A king, whoſe authority is limited by the authority of his Parliament and of his people.

Mrs. Affable. This is very right in an elective kingdom, but very dangerous, and not proper, as I think, in hereditary kingdoms.

Miſs Rural. 'Tis happy, that you have not obliged us to depend altogether upon your opinion. I can never come into yours, in this reſpect. Arbitrary power, and too much liberty, are my averſion. A mean between the two, is what I like, and what, I think, appears in the primitive government of *Rome.*

Mrs. Affable. I join with you in the love of liberty, equally removed from arbitrary power, aud licentiouſneſs; liberty is my idol, I own; and that makes me fonder of a monarchical government. This may ſeem extravagant; I don't yet inſiſt upon your believing it, but only beg, that you will ſuſpend your judgment, till the ſequel of the *Roman Hiſtory* decide, whether I am right or wrong. Go on with it, Lady *Senſible,* if you pleaſe.

Lady Senſible. The *Sabines* ſpent two whole years in preparations, to be revenged of the *Romans,* as moſt of the young women, carried off by the *Romans,* were of that country. They drew near *Rome,* to form the ſiege of that place. The citadel was built upon a vaſt rock; *Tarpeius,* the governor of the citadel, had a daughter called *Tarpeia.* The unhappy creature was very fond of gold, and, as the *Sabine* ſoldiers wore bracelets that reſembled this rich metal, ſhe longed for them. Upon this, ſhe ſent word to *Tatius* their king, that ſhe would deliver the gate to them, if they would give her the fine things they

they wore on their left arms, for she did not know they were called bracelets.

Tatius promised upon oath, she should have the things they wore on their arms without farther explication; but when the gate was opened for the *Sabines*, they threw their bucklers upon her, under which she was smothered and buried. Mean time, the *Romans* being awaked ran to arms, and the engagement was so furious, that there was great reason to fear, it would end in the total destruction of the combatants on each side. But the *Sabine* women could not bear the sight of their husbands slaughtered by their fathers and brothers; they took their little children in their arms, and threw themselves dishevelled between the two armies, which obliged the parties, to whom they were equally dear, to lay down their arms. Here they assured their relations, they were so well satisfied with their husbands, that they would lay down their lives, before they would suffer any attempt to be made upon theirs, and by this means brought them to give their consent to a peace. It was agreed, that for the future the *Sabines*, and the *Romans*, should be one and the same people, and that *Tatius* should reign jointly with *Romulus*.

Miss Bella. You said, not long since, that women were not so courageous as men; but you see here, that the *Sabines* exposed their lives, stepping in among so many swords, and running the hazard of being wounded or killed.

Lady Lucy. This reminds me of your promise to give us proofs from natural philosophy of the superiority of men above women, which you have not yet done.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I never ſaid men were ſuperior to women, but that the laſt were not ſo ſtrong and courageous as the former. Now ſtrength, courage, and valour, are not good qualities.

Miſs Sophy. Indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, your way of thinking is very odd in ſeveral particulars. For inſtance, I never heard from any one, but yourſelf, that ſtrength, valour and courage, were not good qualities.

Mrs. Affable. To determine, whether I or others judge right, the different opinions muſt be examined, and I promiſe to give up my way of thinking, as ſoon as it is made clear that I am miſtaken. Lady *Louiſa*, who do you think was the more courageous of the two, *Cyrus*, or the Highway-man that ſuffered yeſterday?

Lady Louiſa. There is no compariſon; *Cyrus*, to be ſure.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhall not depart from the method I have uſed; it is a troubleſome, but a ſure one. I muſt have nothing under definitions. What is meant by courage?

Lady Louiſa. A man is ſaid to be a man of courage, when he expoſes himſelf, without fear, to the greateſt dangers; hence, I ſay, that courage is a contempt of danger, and of all that men commonly dread moſt, as death, torments, being deſpiſed, *&c.*

Mrs. Affable. I ſtand by this definition, and will ſhew from it, that the Highway-man has more courage than the hero and the conqueror. Of a hundred highway-men, fourſcore and ten, at leaſt, come to their end at the gallows; of as many heroes or conquerors, above half eſcape the death they have dared in battle. Immortality, glory, honours, rewards, and now and then duty, encourage heroes; and the glittering proſpect is very well

well adapted to raiſe mortals above their natural timidity. The high-way-man, what does he expect but ſhame, ignominy and puniſhment? You muſt own, he ought to have a greater ſtrength of mind, than the hero, becauſe he has little to hope and all to fear. Hence, courage of itſelf is no commendable quality, and is generally the offſpring of ferocity or deſpair. The motives, which determine it to act, are to fix the idea, under which this quality is to be conſidered. Women, therefore, are not to be eſteemed inferior to men, becauſe a tenderer conſtitution of the body does not commonly ſuffer their ſouls to admit the ſame contempt of death and pain, as appears in men.

Lady Lucy. I have a queſtion to propoſe. Where can the connexion be between ſuch a diſpoſition of the body, and courage, which is a quality of the ſoul?

Mrs. Affable. This may be in part owing to the difference between men and women. I have ſeen ſkulls of both; there is a difference in the bones, that form the ſkull; and I think, that there are more ſutures and ſeams in a woman's than in a man's ſkull.

Lady Mary. Are there ſeams in their ſkulls?

Mrs. Affable. The head is compoſed of ſeveral bones, that have an edge formed like a ſaw, or a comb; they are ſo nicely and exactly divided, that the teeth of the ſaw or the feſtoons, if you chuſe to call them ſo, lock faſt in the hollow part of the oppoſite bone, and join very cloſe. But, beſides this difference, a woman's bones are generally leſs, and not ſo hard as men's; their fibres are more delicate, and the brain is tenderer. All this contributes to their being not ſo ſtrong as men, but more ſenſible of pain, and leſs able to bear it. Add to this natural want of ſtrength,

the difference of education. Men, from their youth, are uſed to more violent exerciſes than women, and the tenderer manner of their breeding up contributes too much to the weakneſs ſo remarkable in our ſex.

You aſk me, how the weakneſs of the body can influence the mind; ſurely you have forgot, that the body is the inſtrument, whereby the ſoul comes acquainted with all external things about us. A woman's brain, being of a tenderer and ſofter ſubſtance, receives a livelier, but a leſs durable impreſſion, and indeed, not firm enough to be of any long ſtanding. And this accounts for women, in general, having meaner and narrower ways of thinking, than men, believing dreams, being afraid of ſpirits, and inclined to ſuperſtition; as theſe ſeveral objects make a livelier impreſſion upon them, than commonly they do on men. Whence they are, moreover, leſs fit for ſublime and abſtract ſciences, becauſe their fibres are too delicate and nice to bear that tenſion, or ſtretching, and are in danger of breaking, if they are not frequently ſlackened and relaxed.

Lady Louiſa. That is, in plain terms, they would be in danger of going mad, if they followed the ſame ſtudies with men; 'tis very mortifying.

Mrs. Affable. Not at all, lady! Were you ever aſhamed that you could not fly?

Lady Louiſa. No; I am made by nature to walk, and not to fly.

Mrs. Affable. Well! You are formed by nature, with a capacity for agreeable ſciences. Here ladies generally ſucceed better than men. Believe me, my dear, the advantages are very equal; and, if men have ſome advantages we have not, women have ſeveral, which nature has not

not beſtowed upon them, and which they ſeldom poſſeſs.

Lady Lucy. Mrs. *Affable,* a reflection occurs to me. Hitherto I have had very wrong ideas concerning ſeveral things, and I find they are the effect of ignorance, with reſpect to the meaning of words, even in my own language.

Mrs. Affable. This is too often the caſe. We take in, with the language, the prejudices of our teachers and maſters, who are commonly ſtupid beyond imagination. One would think, that parents deſignedly pitch upon nurſes without a grain of common ſenſe; they are ſucceeded by maids, no better than the nurſes; and hence it is of high importance to weigh, and examine carefully, the ſignification, and import of words, to be ſure that they ſignify the object, whereof they give us an idea; otherwiſe we are expoſed to continual miſtakes. Now let us return to *Romulus*; how did he diſtribute the inhabitants of his new city?

Lady Senſible. Into two claſſes, the *Patricians* and the *Plebeians,* that is, the nobles and ſuch as were not noble. And he appointed at the ſame time, that the *Nobles* only ſhould enjoy offices, and employs; that is, the dignities were reſerved for the ſmaller number, and the greater were precluded from them, for ever.

Mrs. Affable. How do you reconcile this with liberty, Lady *Louiſa?*

Lady Louiſa. It was unjuſt, but did not affect their liberty. *Romulus* obliged no one to live in *Rome*; thoſe, who diſliked this inſtitution, were free to leave the city, and to ſettle elſewhere.

Mrs. Affable. Very right; but do you think, that parents, fathers and mothers, can bind their poſterity to ſuch diſadvantageous terms? Suppoſe I was born two hundred years after the foun-

foundation of *Rome*; my father is a *Plebeian*; I must be so of course; I am qualified for the greatest employs, and have not liberty to aspire to them. With all my fine talents, I must pass my days in inglorious obscurity, and see above me, a set of men inferior to me in merit and capacity, who can plead no merit, but being born *Patricians*. If I am not pleased, you tell me, I may go into voluntary banishment; the recipe is really incomparable. All the liberty of a *Plebeian*, is reduced to the free choice of forsaking his country, or living in a low condition, without any hopes of ever seeing it mended.

Lady Tempest. This can but have very bad consequences. 'Tis like two different nations settled in *Rome*, and whose interests were so much separated, that it was impossible they should have any regard to each other.

Mrs. Affable. *Romulus* was aware of the consequence, and thought he had found proper means to obviate all inconveniences, by allowing the *Plebeian* families the choice of a protector or a patron, from among the *Patricians*. Those, who chose a patron, were called *clients*, and they had reciprocal ties to one another.

Lady Sensible. The ladies will be pleased to suppose, that twenty *Plebeian* families put themselves under the protection of a *Patrician*. He was called their *Patron*, they his *clients*. If a client had an action at law against another, the patron was to plead the cause, and recommend his client to the judges. If the client was attacked, the patron was to undertake his defence. If the patron was engaged in a cause himself, all the clients put on mourning, and accompanied their patron in a body, to shew him respect; if he put in for any employment, they gave him their votes and

and intereſt. They were obliged to give him their aſſiſtance on all occaſions. If the patron's houſe was burnt down, they helped him to rebuild it; if he could not give his daughters fortunes, the clients were to raiſe their portions among themſelves. No action was allowed between the patron and the client; nor were they ſuffered to appear as evidence one againſt the other; that is, if a patron had killed a man in preſence of his client, the adminiſtrators of juſtice could not compel the client to depoſe againſt, and to accuſe his patron. All theſe reſpective ties between patrons and their clients were ſacred, and could not be violated without infamy and ſacrilege; but it was free for any one to kill with impunity the perſon, who had broke through theſe obligations.

Mrs. Affable. Ladies, we don't learn hiſtory merely for curioſity and paſtime. Our principal view is to form our moral conduct, and to better our underſtanding. I deſire your thoughts about the means taken by *Romulus* to unite the *Patricians* and *Plebeians*. What do you think, Lady *Witty?*

Lady Witty. I ſhould think, that the *Plebeians* were mere ſlaves to the *Patricians*; and that they loſt more than they got by the bargain.

Lady Lucy. I find but one ſingle advantage on the *Plebeians* ſide. The vanity and intereſt of the *Patricians* conſiſted in having great numbers of clients; the *Plebeians* had free liberty to chooſe whom they pleaſed for their patrons; and, no doubt but they pitched upon the perſon, who, they thought, had moſt worth, with a great ſhare of goodneſs and humanity. This of courſe obliged the *Patricians* to the practice of theſe virtues in favour of the *Plebeians*, who were

almoſt

almoſt ſure of meeting with good treatment from their patrons, and thoſe who deſired to have them for clients.

Lady Witty. That is to ſay, their ſlavery is mutual. The *Plebeians*, at the expence of their wealth and perſonal ſervice, carried the protection of their patrons, who, on their ſide, requited the attachment of their clients, by their good offices, and virtuous example.

Lady Louiſa. Lady *Lucy* is quite right; if there was a ſort of ſlavery, it turned out to their advantage, who were under ſubjection.

Mrs. Affable. Slavery therefore, ſubjection, reſtraint, are not always evils. The clients loſt their liberty, in ſeveral reſpects; as for example, they were not free to refuſe aſſiſtance to their patrons. It was not in their power to plead againſt them, and to accuſe them in a court of judicature; and this ſacrifice of their liberty, this ſubjection, was to their advantage. Let us go on; we ſhall find many farther proofs of the truth of my opinion, and the falſhood of Lady *Louiſa*'s, which I ſhall now remind you of.

A man, ſaid to be truly free, is he that ſtands in no want of any thing about him. Of all good things, liberty is the beſt.

You ſee, my dear, that the *Patricians* and *Plebeians* ſtood in mutual want of each other, and that a reciprocal dependance and connection procured them advantages, which were far greater than liberty.

Miſs Sophy. Lady *Senſible* ſaid, that the *Plebeians* were obliged to give their votes to the *Patricians*, their patrons, when they put up for places, or employs. I don't very well underſtand the meaning.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. For the underſtanding of this particular, I muſt explain a little more the nature of the *Roman* government. *Romulus*, having called the *Romans* together, left them the choice of a government. They pitched upon a mixt government; that is, they divided the ſupreme authority; and gave it to the king, the nobility and the people; you are not ignorant, ladies, that a ſtate governed by a king, is a *Monarchy*; a ſtate governed by nobles, is an *Ariſtocracy*, and that, where the people rule, is a *Democracy*. The three governments ſubſiſted at *Rome*. Some affairs were decided immediately by the king, but, in the far greater number, he was to adviſe with the ſenate, that is, the nobles. Laſtly, other things depended on the people in general, as the choice of a king, and of perſons to dignities, and places. Lady *Senſible*, tell us how *Romulus* came to his end.

Lady Senſible. I ſaid, when the *Romans* made peace with the *Sabines*, that the two were only to be one nation, and *Tatius* was to reign jointly with *Romulus*. *Tatius* was murthered about three years after; and *Romulus*, who found his authority well fixt, began to govern arbitrarily, without giving himſelf any uneaſineſs about taking advice of the ſenators. The ſenate, highly provoked, were upon means to make away with *Romulus*, which could not be compaſſed without great difficulty, as *Romulus* was the idol of the people. It is pretended, that they entered into a conſpiracy, and diſpatched *Romulus* in the ſenate; and to prevent a diſcovery, they cut him into ſmall pieces, which they carried off, under their ſenatorial robes.

In the mean time, the people were greatly uneaſy, that *Romulus* had diſappeared; great ſearch was made in all parts, and alarmed the ſenators.

But

But one of that aſſembly lighted on a means to ſtop farther inquiries. He aſſembled the *Romans*, and, *Romans*, ſaid he, look no longer after *Romulus*. I ſaw him ſhining with glory; and he aſſured me that *Jupiter* had taken him from this earth, to place him among the gods. The people gave credit to this fable, and juſt about the time a *Comet* was ſeen, which helped the ſenators to impoſe upon the people, whom they aſſured this was *Romulus* himſelf, who was pleaſed to appear in this new form.

Lady Witty. You promiſed to explain what a comet is, and ſomething elſe, I don't well remember. Oh! Electricity, I am ſure it was.

Mrs. Affable. That ſhall be the firſt meeting. But now ſomething farther we muſt have about the *Romans*. *Romulus*, being very prudent, conſidered by himſelf, what means were fitteſt to increaſe, and to perpetuate his new city. He had grounds to ſuſpect, that the neighbouring cities would be jealous, and endeavour to ruin *Rome*, which made it neceſſary to have troops for its defence. That this ſhould not be wanted, he determined, that every *Roman* ſhould be a ſoldier, that is, obliged to carry arms till a certain age. Upon this condition, he gave every man a parcel of land. The *Romans*, when engaged in no war, were employed in huſbandry; when they were attacked, they left the plough, to take up the ſword. This often happened, whilſt *Romulus* lived; and they were conſtantly victorious. Their enemies, finding that they were always worſted, begged for peace; but which *Romulus* only granted, on condition, that they would allow him ſuch an extent, and tract of land. He then would ſpeak to the priſoners he had made during the war, and ſay, if you are willing to ſtay with

us, you ſhall be citizens of *Rome*, and I will give each of you a piece of land, that ſhall be your property. The generality of the priſoners, who had no being in their own country, willingly accepted theſe terms; thus, whenever he was invaded, he acquired an increaſe of dominion and men; and in effect *Rome* was greatly increaſed before the death of *Romulus*. Farewell, ladies, the comets ſhall be remembered, and with them we will cloſe the firſt leſſon.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LADY *Violent*, go on with the Book of *Tobit*.

Lady Violent. *Tobias*, and his guide, were to paſs through a town, where one *Raguel* lived, a friend of his father *Tobit*. *Raguel* had one only daughter named *Sarah*, very beautiful, and very rich, but withal very unhappy. She had been married ſeven times, but all her huſbands were killed by the evil ſpirit, the night they were to have bedded. One day, that *Sarah* chid a ſervant maid for ſome fault, the maid, to be revenged, reproached her with the murder of ſeven huſbands. *Sarah* was ſenſibly afflicted with the reproach; but, inſtead of taking revenge, and correcting her ſervant, ſhe retired to her apartment, and there, upon her knees, bathed in tears, ſhe put up this prayer to God. *O Lord! Thou knoweſt that I never coveted a huſband, and have kept my ſoul clean from all con-*

concupiſcence. If I conſented to take a huſband, I did ſo in obedience to my father. Mean while thou puniſheſt me ſeverely, by leaving me expoſed to the cruel reproaches of a ſervant. If it is thy will, that I be married, ſend the huſband thou haſt deſigned for me, and protect him againſt all attacks of the evil ſpirit.

God heard graciouſly the prayer of the diſtreſſed *Sarah*; and the angel of the Lord, who came with *Tobias*, ſaid, we are arrived at the town, where *Raguel* lives, and I have a great deſire to bring on a marriage between you and his daughter, the virtuous, beautiful, and wealthy *Sarah*. Your father will approve of the match, for *Raguel* is both a friend and a relation, and the right of inheritance appertaineth to you, more than to any other, by marrying his daughter, according to the law of *Moſes*. I have heard, *Tobias* replied, that ſhe has had ſeven huſbands, all of whom died in the marriage chamber, by means of the evil ſpirit.

The angel anſwered and ſaid, they came to that end, becauſe they were not worthy of her. You muſt know, thoſe who have not virtuous intentions to be married, fall under the power of the devil. As ſoon as *Sarah* ſhall be your wife, you ſhall lock yourſelf up with her, in your chamber; and both of you ſhall ſpend the three firſt nights in prayer, without any body's privacy. You muſt not forget burning on the coals the liver of the fiſh you killed.

Tobias reſolved to obey the angel's advice; and when he came to *Raguel*'s, he deſired his conſent to marry his daughter. *Raguel* was in great concern at the propoſal; he knew *Tobias* was an only and well-beloved ſon of his parents, and he dreaded his meeting with the fate of his former

ſons-in-law. However, after many difficulties made, he gave him his daughter, and that night he roſe to make a grave, for a private interment of his ſon-in-law, ſuppoſing him dead, as the others were found. *Tobias* ſpent the whole night in prayer, with his bride, and in the morning, *Raguel* with fear and trembling, called at their chamber, and was tranſported with joy, to ſee *Tobias* alive, and well. He preſſed him to ſtay ſome time with him; but *Tobias* anſwered, it is impoſſible, he ſaid; my father and mother reckon every moment of my abſence; if I don't come back within the time appointed they will believe ſome ſad accident has happened.

Then the angel ſpoke to *Tobias*. Stay here, ſaid he, and I will go for the money due to you, by which means your ſtay at *Raguel*'s will not make your journey longer. *Tobias* accepted the propoſal; the angel came back with the money, *Sarah*'s father and mother took leave of their daughter, gave her, and their ſon-in-law, their bleſſing, with a great and rich fortune, and a promiſe of all they were worth at their death.

During theſe tranſactions, *Tobias*'s mother was very uneaſy; ſhe went out every day, and got upon an eminence, in hopes of diſcovering her ſon coming home; ſhe came back diſcontented, and teized her huſband with reproaches. At laſt ſhe ſpied him, and was all in raptures, when ſhe found he returned in good health.

Tobias came into the houſe, and firſt did what he was ordered by the angel. He took off the gall of the fiſh he had killed, and ſtroaked his father's eyes. Immediately the whiteneſs peeled off, and the holy man recovered his ſight. After *Tobias* had given an account of the many favours received from his guide, *Tobit* was at a loſs, how

to

to make a grateful acknowledgment, and offered him half of the wealth and ſubſtance his ſon had brought home.

Here the angel ſtopt him. I muſt, ſaid he, let you know, who I am. I have appeared by God's ſpecial command, as an *Iſraelite*, but I am the angel *Raphael*. All theſe days I did appear to you, and I did neither eat, nor drink, but you did ſee a viſion. With this, he diſappeared, and left the whole family overpowered in tranſports of joy and gratitude to the Lord. *Tobit* lived to an extreme old age, and to ſee the offſpring of *Tobias* and *Sarah*. Before his death, he deſired his children to leave *Nineveh*, that they might not be overtaken by the puniſhments hanging over the heads of the ſinful inhabitants.

Lady Lucy. How could the ſmell of the broiled fiſh's liver put evil ſpirits to flight? The devil is a mere ſpirit, how can he be affected by a good or bad ſmell?

Mrs. Affable. Your reflection is much *a-propos*, lady. But God might require this proof of *Tobias*'s obedience, and reward it with the ſucceſs we have heard beſtowed on his fidelity. But the account I ſhall now give you, ſeems to me ſomething probable. Take this always with you, that God, who is wiſdom itſelf, does nothing but what ſerves to ſome good end or other. He does not multiply miracles needleſly; and the common courſe of nature takes place more generally, than means, which are apprehended by us, to exceed the power of created nature.

For example, where it was ſaid that the devil had ſtrangled ſeven former huſbands, it may not be underſtood literally. Hands are neceſſary, which the evil ſpirit has not, for that work, but

power only, with the particular permiſſion of God.

God has ſometimes permitted the devil to enter into a body, but that was not neceſſary here. He was at liberty to cauſe a diſtemper in the perſons whom God had abandoned to his power, and the diſtemper, occaſioned in this manner, might have all the appearances and effects, as if they had been ſtrangled. Now, very poſſibly, the ſmoak of the fiſh's liver broiled on the coals was a remedy to prevent the fatal conſequences of that diſtemper; and, as I have ſaid before, we cannot be ſure, that the effect was cauſed by means within, or above the order and power of created nature.

Miſs Frivolous. But is there any truth in the ſpirits having power to give us diſorders, and to take away our lives. I tremble to think on't; the devil is ſo malicious, that, at this rate, one could not be ſafe a quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Affable. Surely you have not already forgot the hiſtory of the ſuffering *Job?* The devil covered him with ulcers from head to foot, but he had to this effect an expreſs permiſſion of God, without which he could not have touched a hair of his head.

Lady Lucy. I take it, that we have nothing to fear, being, as we are, under the immediate protection of God; but I would gladly know how the devil could bring on ſuch an ulcer, even with the permiſſion of God. Did God give him power to work a miracle?

Mrs. Affable. There was no need of any ſuch power, my dear. The devil, who is a ſpirit, is of a nature far ſuperior to ours; and if God left him at liberty to exert his malice, he could work very ſtrange effects, by the knowledge he has of the

ſtructure

ſtructure of our bodies. The whole frame may be put into utter confuſion, by ſtopping or diſordering one ſingle ſpring. And this might be the means employed by *Satan*, againſt *Job*; but, ladies, we are got into a ſtrange kind of an age, where the faſhionable world all ſet up for wits. Many would make a jeſt and ridicule of me, were our converſation to get abroad; for my part, I will ſtick to the holy writ; whatever is there, I believe without any doubt. I find there, that the devil ſtruck *Job*; far from calling this in queſtion, I ſhould look upon myſelf as a mad, fooliſh, extravagant creature, if I ſuſpended my belief, even for the ſhorteſt moment, of thoſe things, which God has been pleaſed to reveal.

Miſs Frivolous. There is another frightful thing in that ſtory, the devil's power over thoſe, who marry without a good intention.

Miſs Zina. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, tell us what intention a chriſtian muſt have in marrying.

Mrs. Affable. Marriage muſt be undertaken with a deference to the will of God, who deſtines the greater number of mankind for that ſtate, to have children, which are to be brought up in the fear and love of God, to give children to the church, ſubjects to the ſtate, and citizens to heaven. But of this, more amply hereafter, for I am reſolved not to ſlip any one remark that can be made, on what I have juſt now ſaid.

I promiſed to ſay ſomething of *Electricity*. It is a natural phænomenon, which the ignorant will always look upon as a miracle. Imagine, ladies, that there is upon the table a long, hollow piece of glaſs, called a tube. Rub this with a bit of cloth, or which is better, with your hand, if it is quite dry. Put the tube near ſmall pieces of leaf-gold, or near a peacock-feather. The leaf-

gold will be ſeen flying about, and will at laſt fix on the tube, and the feather will move to the glaſs, and return to its former place.

But this is nothing to what I am going to ſay.

If you rub the tube a little more, the leaf-gold and the feather will go up with a ſmart and quick motion, and touch the tube, then it will be repelled violently, and keep pendulous in the air, of themſelves, without the appearance of any thing like a ſupport. When you rub the tube in the dark, ſparks appear betwixt the hand and the tube; the ſame happens where an iron bar, or a wet cord is placed near the tube.

If the tube be turned about by means of a wheel, and you touch the tube ſlightly with your fingers, there will appear ſparks of fire under them, which make a noiſe like hair that is burning, and is alſo attended with a ſmell.

If an iron-bar is ſuſpended horizontally by two ſilken ſtrings, at a certain diſtance from the tube, two continued lights will appear at one end of the bar, and flaſhes of fire at the other. But if you place your finger within an inch of that end, a flaſh of fire will come and prick your finger ſmartly. If drops of water are thrown all along the bar, and the hand be carried along near the bar, every drop will produce a flaſh.

All this is very ſurpriſing, but nothing to what follows.

Stand upon a cake of roſin, and take hold of one end of the bar; your body will then have the ſame qualities with the iron bar; ſparks of fire will be drawn from every part that is touched, which will cauſe a pricking pain in yourſelf, and others. If with the other hand, which does not hold the bar, you put your finger into a ſpoonful of ſpirit of wine, you will ſet it on fire; or if you

you give the ſpoon to another, if that perſon has hold of you, and puts his finger to the ſpirit, it ſhall burn in the ſame manner. And if thirty perſons ſtanding on roſin cakes, hold one another by the hand, one whereof has the bar in his hand, all of them, when and where they are touched, will likewiſe caſt out fire.

Lady Mary. In good truth, Mrs. *Affable*, are not you now making game of us? Why, what you have been talking of is downright impoſſible.

Miſs Bella. I believe the firſt part eaſily, for I can take up ſtraws with a ſtick of ſealing wax very well, and conſequently the tube may draw leaf-gold or feathers.

Lady Witty. But have you ſeen the fire coming out on all ſides without burning thoſe perſons; or have you only read it in ſome book?

Mrs. Affable. I have ſeen it, my dear, and felt it, and many other things which I could ſay, but muſt put off to another time for fear of being quite tedious.

Lady Violent. Oh no! Mrs. *Affable*, if that be all, pray go on, pray tell us what you have ſeen.

Mrs. Affable. If a man be placed ſo that his heels be near the glaſs globe, or the tube, and that many hold their hands above his head, his hair will ſtand on end, flaſhes of fire will come out, and form, as it were, a crown of rays.

Miſs Sophy. They ſhould not have my head for the experiment. I am for no crown of fire.

Mrs. Affable. It does no harm at all, but there is another thing which is very ſenſible, and which I had the courage to try. And I have ventured upon the tonitruous or fulminating *ſpark*.

Miſs Molly. What is that, Mrs. *Affable?* Is it like thunder?

Mrs. Affable. What is ſtrictly called the tonitruous or fulminating ſpark, or flaſh, has a great affinity to thunder and lightening, as it has ſtrength enough to kill ſeveral animals. I did not venture that, but ſomething like it.

It happened in the country, and for a little ſport all the ſervants were called up, from firſt to laſt, we all took hands, as if it were for a round dance. Chance placed me next to an overgrown country girl, who laughed heartily at the ceremony, and who could not gueſs, where all this hurry would end. When we were all in rank and file, the lady at the head of us, touched the glaſs-globe with her finger. At that very inſtant we all felt as it were a rap on the elbows with a cudgel. My neighbour, the overgrown ſervant maid, turned about very haſtily, and ſeeing her lady that was not far off; indeed, madam, ſhe ſaid, this is not at all pretty, to be called up for a drubbing bout. All that could be ſaid was to no purpoſe, ſhe would not be perſuaded, but that ſome one of the company had ſtruck her; and getting with her back cloſe to the wall, ſhe deſired to have this over again. She found that ſhe was ſtruck in the ſame manner, and as ſhe knew that no one was behind her, ſhe concluded the *old gentleman* was at the bottom of this, and could never be brought to believe otherwiſe.

Lady Lucy. In truth, Mrs. *Affable*, the country laſs was not ſo much out of the way. You ſay that you have felt, and ſeen all theſe things; I undoubtedly believe it; but at the ſame time, it is really extraordinary. I would give the world to know the natural cauſes of theſe prodigies.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhall the next time talk about this fulminating *ſpark*, and explain in the beſt manner I can, what a learned friend of mine has writ,

writ, concerning the cauſes of theſe prodigies of nature. This is enough for to-day. Lady *Witty* will now go on with the ſtories, that relate to *Cyrus*.

Lady Witty. *Cyrus* was hunting one day, when ſome *Indian* ambaſſadors came to his uncle. *Cyaxares* had ſent for ſuccours to their nation; the king of *Babylon* had done the ſame; they, like a wiſe and prudent people, diſpatched theſe ambaſſadors, to be informed about the occaſion of their difference, that they might ſupport him, who had juſtice on his ſide.

Cyaxares immediately ſent an expreſs to *Cyrus*, and deſired him to come with ſpeed, and at the ſame time, to put on the magnificent apparel, which the meſſenger took with him. *Cyrus* obſerved, that he could not comply with thoſe orders at once, choſe that which moſt ſuited his humour; and ſetting out inſtantly, without any loſs of time in dreſſing, he came all in a ſweat, and covered with duſt. His uncle enquiring, why he had not put on the dreſs that came with his expreſs, I thought, *Cyrus* anſwered, I ſhould ſhew a greater reſpect for you by my prompt obedience, than any magnificence in dreſs.

Miſs Frivolous. Had I been Cyrus, I would have put on the fine clothes, and found good reaſons for ſo doing. I find, Mrs. *Affable*, that we have a ſtrong propenſity to do our own will, and to follow our inclinations.

Lady Sincere. But where is the harm? Nothing is more natural.

Mrs. Affable. There occur a thouſand trifles, wherein you may follow your own fancy; but a young lady of good ſenſe, and who would be happy in the world, accuſtoms herſelf early to oppoſe her own inclinations, to meet with fewer difficulties,

when the time comes, that it will be neceſſary to ſacrifice her will and pleaſure to another's. You remember the tale about *Fatal*; he was never happy, till, by dint of contradiction, he ceaſed to have any will of his own. Aſk Lady *Tempeſt*, what benefit ſhe has found from being thwarted; ſhe went home, where ſhe had the beſt woman in the world for her governeſs, with this ſmall fault only, that the good woman makes her, from morning to night, do every thing contrary to her own will. Three years ago, Lady *Tempeſt* would have ſcratched her face off, and died of vexation, to think ſhe muſt be ruled by her; and now this gives her little or no uneaſineſs.

Lady Sincere. But that is deteſtable, to uſe a grown up young lady, as ſhe is, like a child. Tell me, my dear, how could you contrive not to be quite miſerable, when you are contradicted and croſſed? I am ſure that recipe would be of great ſervice to me.

Lady Tempeſt. I will, with Mrs. *Affable*'s leave, give you an account of myſelf, and, I tell you before hand, not much to my commendation.

To begin, I was ſadly ſpoiled, and that very early; it was not my mother's fault; ſhe would, by her own good will, have brought me up very well; but I had an unfortunate defluxion on the eyes; and the Doctors were pleaſed to ſay, that I ſhould loſe my ſight, if any one made me cry. I underſtood this perfectly well, and gave myſelf up to every whim and maggot; and now I cannot but wonder, that perſons could be found patient enough to bear with me. My eldeſt ſiſter ſuffered prodigiouſly by my ill temper, and I made her a martyr of patience. At laſt mama finding that my eyes were cured, but pride and a croſs temper continued ſtill, took a reſolution to

put me in Mrs. *Affable*'s hands. Theſe ladies remember my inſolent behaviour and language to her in the beginning; I heartily beg her pardon; but had it been in my power, I think, I could have killed her. She was ſo kind, that ſhe made herſelf a match for me, and never would ſuffer any diſreſpect from me. She endeavoured to perſuade me, and make me liſten to reaſon; and then, to tell the plain truth, I was much affected with the good example of theſe ladies. I began to mend, but very ſlowly. Mrs. *Affable* commended this ſmall amendment, as if it had been much more. She praiſed, careſſed, and rewarded me. Inſenſibly, ſhe gained my heart, and I reſolved to mend for her ſake, not to give her farther trouble. She afterwards made me underſtand, that I had greater obligations to God, than to her, and therefore muſt do more to pleaſe the Creator, than to pleaſe any creature. When the love of God became the motive of my actions, every thing was ſo eaſy, that I was quite aſtoniſhed. God gave me daily new ſtrength. And finding that, with God's aſſiſtance, I had brought my will to deſire nothing but what was reaſonable, I took a reſolution, by Mrs. *Affable*'s advice, to take a ſtep farther. She certainly foreſaw, as I believe, the dreadful governeſs, into whoſe hands I was to fall. I began with contradicting my own inclination in indifferent matters, and am now diſpoſed to prefer without repugnance another's will to mine.

Mrs. Affable. You are a very faithful hiſtorian; your account of yourſelf is nicely exact. Follow this example, Lady *Sincere*, you will find it of great ſervice. But, Lady *Tempeſt*, you will not find the terrible governeſs at home this evening; your mama is too much pleaſed with your behaviour,

not to endeavour to do what ſhe can to make your life eaſy, and has diſcharged her. Nothing is got by croſſing young ladies in their innocent diverſions; it is very proper for them to have ſuch command over themſelves, as to forego ſuch paſtimes; but it is beſt, when they form themſelves to ſuch good habits. This may be recommended without inſiſting upon it ſo ſeverely. Lady *Senſible* will be pleaſed to go on with ſomething relating to *Cyrus*.

Lady Senſible. *Cyrus*, after many advantages obtained againſt the *Babylonians* and their allies, obliged them to return to their country. *Cyaxares* judged the war to be at an end, and told his nephew he muſt go back to his own kingdom; *Cyrus* replied, that there was no ſtanding ſtill in ſo fair a way; that the enemy was only retired to come back with greater forces; and that, to prevent their thinking of any ſuch expedition, it was neceſſary to attack them at home. This undertaking was above the reach and courage of *Cyaxares*; and he refuſed following his nephew's advice. That evening at ſupper, *Cyrus*'s deſign was brought on board; and *Cyaxares*, who, according to the cuſtom of the *Medes*, had drank too much, gave his nephew leave to take with him all the *Median* troops that were willing to accompany him in the expedition. He gave his conſent more to make a jeſt of *Cyrus*, than out of any other motive; becauſe he was ſatisfied the officers and ſoldiers in the *Median* army were fonder of their lives and their eaſe, than of being expoſed to the dangers and fatigues of ſuch an expedition.

Cyaxares was not appriſed of the eſteem and affection *Cyrus* had inſpired in the *Medes* in his favour; his example and his ſoldiers had changed them into other men. When the king's conſent came

came to be known, all unanimouſly were for following *Cyrus*; and the troops which he obliged to ſtay, were under the greateſt concern.

Cyrus ſet out very early in the morning, and was advanced at a good diſtance, when his uncle awaked. Surpriſed to ſee ſo few about him, he aſked what was become of his army; he was very angry, when he was informed what had happened, and ſent off an expreſs to his nephew to ſend his forces back. *Cyrus* wrote to him very reſpectfully, but with becoming courage, that he had his word and promiſe, which he could not acquit him of with honour. He marched on, entered upon the *Babylonian* dominions, and took ſeveral of their places. The ſoldiers under *Cyrus* avoided committing any diſorder. And the gracious young prince was ſo humane to thoſe he had overcome, that he intirely gained their hearts. Several great lords diſſatisfied with the king of *Babylon* offered their intereſt, and the ſtrong places where they commanded; but his behaviour to the princeſs *Penthea* was what completely determined the public in his favour, and fixed him in their eſteem.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Violent* I know has read that ſtory, and will relate it.

Lady Violent. The troops under *Cyrus* made *Penthea*, a moſt beautiful princeſs, priſoner. As he was informed the princeſs had a huſband, he would not ſee her, for fear love ſhould ſoften his heart. A young lord and a friend of *Cyrus* (for that prince had an advantage unknown to moſt monarchs) rallied *Cyrus* for miſtruſting himſelf. How comes it, Sir, that you, who face the greateſt dangers without changing your colour, tremble with fear at the apprehenſion of ſeeing two beautiful eyes? I have more courage than you; how-

however beautiful a woman may be, I am not afraid ſhe will overcome me, contrary to my inclination; and, if you will truſt me with the care of the princeſs, I promiſe you to get the better of the fair enemy, who appears ſo dangerous to you.

Cyrus ſmiled at his temerity, and, to teach him an important leſſon, committed the charming priſoner to his care. At firſt, the young lord found her extremely beautiful, was delighted with looking at her, and thought it a ſatisfaction, wherein he might be indulged without any ill conſequence. But, inſenſibly, and without perceiving it, he grew quite enamoured with *Penthea*; aſhamed of having failed in his promiſes to *Cyrus*, he reſolved he would at leaſt keep his love to himſelf; as if a perſon, abandoned to a violent paſſion, could be maſter of his own actions. He ſoon found the impoſſibility of executing this ſcheme, and, after he had laboured hard a long time to ſmother this inclination and keep it ſecret, he concluded he could not be in greater miſery, than he was at preſent, and ventured to declare to *Penthea* the paſſion which ſhe had inſpired.

Penthea, who was virtuous, to the greateſt degree, was much offended at this declaration; and, not to be longer expoſed to addreſſes of this nature, wrote to *Cyrus*, and complained of the audacious preſumption of his favourite. *Cyrus* was not at all ſurpriſed, it was what he expected; he ordered an old lord of his court to tell *Penthea*'s young guardian, that he was not ſatisfied with his conduct. The old nobleman, who was of a rough turn and auſtere virtue, aggravated matters ſo, and reproached him with ſuch ſeverity, that he threw him into deſpair.

Cyrus,

Cyrus, informed of the melancholy ſituation of his favourite, ſent for him, and very mildly repreſented to him, that he had only met with what his preſumption deſerved; he adviſed him to be, for the future, more circumſpect from the remembrance of his fault, and he added this great truth, that thoſe who expoſed themſelves on ſet purpoſe, ſeldom eſcaped the danger. The young lord was ſo affected with his prince's goodneſs, that he threw himſelf at his feet, and, out of a deſire of repairing the paſt offence, offered himſelf to go over to the enemy, and be a ſpy for *Cyrus*.

Cyrus accepted the offer; and his favourite, under a pretext of withdrawing from the diſpleaſure of an irritated maſter, made his eſcape to the king of *Babylon*'s court, who gave him a handſome reception, as he thought him diſſatisfied with *Cyrus*.

Meanwhile *Adraſtus* hearing, that the regard which *Cyrus* ſhewed to his *Penthea*, had alienated a faithful ſervant from him, thought himſelf obliged to make up that loſs, and came with a conſiderable body of troops to offer his ſervice to that Prince. Within a few days, a great battle was fought; and *Penthea* helping her huſband on with neat quilted armour, which ſhe had wrought with her own hands; this, ſaid ſhe, is an opportunity to pay the obligations you have to my generous guardian. He has reſpected me as a ſiſter, and guarded me as a ſacred *depoſit*: convince him by your behaviour in fighting for his ſervice, that we are not unworthy of the kind regard he has had for us.

As *Penthea* ſaid theſe laſt words, ſhe could not hold her tears, as if ſhe had a preſentiment, that they were the laſt ſhe ſhould ever ſpeak to her huſband. In effect, ſhe never ſaw him after alive.

He

He fought with courage, and deſerved to be admired by *Cyrus*, for he did not contribute a little to the victory that was obtained, and there loſt his life. *Cyrus* beſtowed his tears on that brave perſon, and ſent his remains to the unfortunate *Panthea*, and ordered a pompous funeral. The faithful *Panthea* waſhed with her own hands the wounds of her beloved huſband; and her grief roſe to that degree, that ſhe expired in paying this laſt and ſorrowful duty to *Adraſtus*. The Prince of *Perſia*, having no other way to ſhew his gratitude and eſteem, commanded a magnificent *Mauſoleum* to be erected, where he depoſited their aſhes.

Mrs. Affable. There is not a ſingle circumſtance in this ſtory, which does not offer very proper and uſeful reflections. What are yours, Lady *Louiſa?*

Lady Louiſa. I am not unlike *Cyrus*'s favourite; I think myſelf invincible, and have often laughed at thoſe, who, with more ſenſe than I have, always tremble at the leaſt appearance of danger. I thought the honour of our ſex required more courage, and true virtue was that, which had been tried on the occaſion.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis true, madam; but take notice, that you muſt not venture into the occaſion. I will dwell longer upon this article; it is of the greateſt conſequence. Do you know the difference I make between the modeſteſt and the looſeſt woman? What do you ſay, Miſs *Frivolous?*

Miſs Frivolous. The firſt is well inclined, and the ſecond's inclinations are not corrected by education.

Lady Lucy. For my part, I am of opinion, that one has ſome religion, and the other none.

Mrs. Affable. And I am very ſure, that theſe are only diſtant cauſes of the virtue or irregularity of women. Put all the *Lucretia's* in the univerſe together,

together, let their inclination to virtue be never ſo great, I maintain, that they cannot perſevere, if they expoſe themſelves to the occaſion. Lady *Louiſa* pretends, out of reſpect to the ladies, that they are to be ſuppoſed more ſteady and reſolute; ſhe little knows the ſort of courage requiſite in the war, that is to be waged againſt dangerous paſſions. *Cyrus* behaved like a hero, when he declined the engagement; he knew, the only way to overcome was to fly. But it muſt be alſo owned, that Lady *Lucy* is very right, when ſhe ſays, that a great fund of religion ſecures the virtue of women, in as much as it recommends the avoiding dangerous occaſions.

Lady Louiſa. Here is ſomething, that bears very hard upon my pride; you muſt have, I think, an extreme bad opinion of women's virtue.

Mrs. Affable. Not at all, my dear, I eſteem them in general; but I judge like a geometrician, and a philoſopher. I weigh, on one ſide, the power of human virtue, and on the other, the principle of corruption, whereby original ſin has infected our hearts; and I find already, that the ſcale inclines horribly to vice. It is true, I am not left without help. I can throw into the ſcale, that riſes, the divine aſſiſtance, which we have grace to obtain by fervent prayers, and a watchful attention over ourſelves. This, indeed, put into the ſcale oppoſite to corruption, may prevail; but if, by the greateſt of misfortunes you add, to the weight of corruption, dangerous occaſions, to which you freely expoſe yourſelves, you will certainly fall; you are morally ſure to fall: and if you eſcape with virtue on ſuch occaſions, I ſhall think it a greater miracle, than the preſervation of the three children in the burning furnace.

Lady Lucy. But what is underſtood by thoſe dangerous occaſions, where we muſt certainly fall, if we expoſe ourſelves willingly to them? To avoid, we ſhould know them.

Mrs. Affable. Occaſions are twofold, ſome remote, and others, which I may call more immediate occaſions, and near to ſin. The more remote, or diſtant occaſions, are ſloth, which makes us fond of diſſipation, ſhews, balls, aſſemblies, reading romances and amours. The more immediate occaſions, and diſpoſing nearly to ſin, are immodeſt plays, bad books, as for example, the letters of *Ninon l'Enclos*, which I have ſeen at the houſe of one among you ladies, that ſhall be nameleſs; a ball, where you are to meet a gentleman, whoſe company you affect, preferably to others; a looſe and irregular female friend, too free in her diſcourſe, and unreſerved in her conduct; company, where chaſte ears are offended by indecent diſcourſe.

Be pleaſed to obſerve, that you cannot, under a grievous offence, venture into theſe more immediate occaſions, though you ſhould not ſin, becauſe it is really tempting God.

Miſs Molly. What does that mean, Mrs. *Affable*, tempting God?

Mrs. Affable. Tempting God, is aſking a miracle without neceſſity. We ſuppoſe, that you ſay thus to yourſelf, Jeſus Chriſt has declared, that if we have faith, we can remove mountains. It is as eaſy for me to live without food, as to remove mountains; and I will begin and live without eating.

You ſee clearly, that in this caſe, you would expect a miracle without neceſſity, and merely out of curioſity. Now to expoſe yourſelf to an immediate, or very near occaſion of ſin, and to think,

think, that God will ſave you from falling, is to depend upon a miracle being wrought in your favour. Had you not ſought the occaſion, it would be another matter; you might then promiſe yourſelf the divine aſſiſtance, but not otherwiſe.

Lady Lucy. Alas! Mrs. *Affable,* when we riſe in a morning, we ought to think ourſelves in the condition of a perſon, who has a great foreſt to travel through, and infinitely dangerous.

The idea ſtrikes me much, Mrs. *Affable*; give me leave to repreſent it, as it appears to me. I imagine a wood cut into many delicious green walks, enamelled with flowers, and tables, on both ſides the walks, decked and ſerved up with a delicious variety of all that is agreeable. I am eager to enter into this agreeable and delightful place, and am ſtopt by a charitable perſonage; I really pity your fate, ſays he: you muſt of neceſſity paſs through this foreſt——

But, I reply, why do you think this neceſſity ſo terrible and dreadful? The foreſt appears ſo full of delight, that I am in haſte to get in.

One may ſee, ſays the charitable ſtranger, that you are a ſtranger to the country. That fine green turf covers many precipices, which you cannot avoid, unleſs you go very ſlow, and examine carefully the ground you ſtep on. The fine diſhes which cover the tables, are ſo infected with a ſubtile poiſon, that the ſteam is enough to poiſon thoſe that paſs by. One ſide of the foreſt is full of thieves and murderers, who delight in decoying the travellers, and murdering them inhumanly. They are ready to offer you their aſſiſtance, they will pretend to be your guides, and tell you they dwell in charming palaces, where you will find infinite pleaſures. Their figure

impoſes

impoſes upon ſtrangers, their behaviour is eaſy, their converſation bewitching; they are ſure to pleaſe you, as you are to be loſt, if you hearken to them. On the other ſide the foreſt is full of wild beaſts; *Africa* is not ſo crowded with monſters; and you are in danger of being a prey to them.

This is the idea, ladies, which ſtrikes me. This is the foreſt I am to travel through, till life is at an end; I ſhudder at the thought.

Lady Louiſa. The proſpect is ſo dreadful, that to be out of theſe dangers, the only means we have, is to retire within four walls in ſome remote ſolitude.

Mrs. Affable. You cannot be under too great apprehenſions and dread, my dear; this fear is ſalutary; but remember, that you cannot avoid going through the foreſt. The way to the manſion of your heavenly father lies through it; infinite glory will meet you at the end, and will recompenſe the labours you have undergone in this laborious and painful courſe.

I now reſume Lady *Lucy*'s allegory, which I admire; her heart is full of what ſhe has ſaid; it is the language of her heart, and therefore it has affected you; for the heart, they ſay, moves that other, to which it ſpeaks.

Let every one ſuppoſe herſelf the perſon obliged to go through this foreſt; what would you do? Tell me, Miſs *Zina*; you are to begin your journey very ſoon; the danger is near at hand.

Miſs Zina. The firſt thing I ſhould do, I think, would be to take advice from the charitable ſtranger, and be directed by him in avoiding the dangerous places.

Mrs. Affable. So you would not give yourſelf up to mirth and diſſipation?

Miſs

Miſs Zina. On the contrary, I ſhould be under the greateſt terror; and would uſe my beſt endeavours to drive away all uſeleſs ideas, and to give all my attention to his good counſel.

Mrs. Affable. In my opinion, he would adviſe you to be very circumſpect in every ſtep; to ſtop your noſe and ears; neither to be allured by the ſmell of the meat, nor ſeduced by the diſcourſes of thoſe wicked perſons he had deſcribed I am moreover perſuaded, he would provide you with arms to keep off the monſters that ſwarm in the foreſt; and that, with thoſe weapons, you would be enabled to make your way happily through this dangerous ſtage.

Lady Lucy. So that, to avoid the dangers that frighten me, I muſt be taken up with the thought, where I may with ſafety ſet down my feet; that is, the places whither I may go with ſafety, and thoſe which I am to avoid. I muſt keep away not only from the precipices which are the more immediate and direct occaſions of ſin, but I muſt alſo keep from the edges, for fear of the ground ſhrinking away under me, which will be avoiding the more diſtant occaſions. I will alſo ſtop my ears, that is, I will keep an exact guard over my ſenſes, and uſe the arms put into my hands, which are, as I take it, the grace of God, prayer, confidence in his mercy, and a great miſtruſt of my own weakneſs.

Mrs. Affable. With theſe precautions you may travel in all ſecurity; my deareſt, I take upon me to inſure the ſucceſs of the journey, and diſpenſe with Lady *Louiſa*'s confinement to a priſon.

Miſs Zina. I ſhall be no longer ſurpriſed with what I have heard, that in *France*, and other countries, many young perſons get into convents;

theſe reflections are quite calculated for retreats of this nature.

Mrs. Affable. It happens but too often, that they take the world with them into thoſe convents; where, in this caſe, far from finding a refuge, they meet with many more dangers, than in the terrible foreſt juſt deſcribed.

Lady Louiſa. I can't conceive how any can have the courage to confine themſelves for life. I would chuſe a houſe ſeparated from the world, without being engaged for ever. That would be an honourable retreat for young women of a ſmall fortune, or for others who chuſe to retire from the *grand monde.*

Mrs. Affable. My Lord R——, who you know is one of the wealthieſt peers in *Ireland,* had the ſame thought. In his travels, he ſaw ſuch a houſe as you deſire, in *Denmark,* and was ſo affected with the advantages the public received from this inſtitution, that he made a will, whereby he left all his eſtate for ſuch a foundation, if he happened to die before he was married. He is married, and has children; but it is to be hoped, that God will inſpire ſome rich perſon with the ſame deſign. I have heard that they have ſeveral ſuch houſes in *Holland*; where pious young women, widows, and well-behaved perſons, may retire.

Lady Louiſa. Has not the ſtory of *Penthea* ſuggeſted ſome other reflection?

Lady Tempeſt. Yes, Mrs. *Affable.* It has occurred to me, that the perſon who corrects harſhly, does more harm than good to the perſon corrected.

Miſs Zina. And I thought that princeſs was very courageous to exhort her huſband to do his duty, with the hazard of his life.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. That is true courage, and real love. It determines us to ſacrifice all to our duty. No one, in effect, can charge *Penthea* with indifference to her huſband, ſince ſhe died of grief for loſing him; though ſhe choſe to hazard a life extremely valuable to her, rather than he ſhould be wanting in point of courage and gratitude to his benefactor.

What ails you, Lady *Witty?* You cry, my dear friend.

Lady Witty. Nothing at all, Mrs. *Affable.* I beg you will not take any notice of it; I will tell you after the leſſon is over.

Mrs. Affable. I beg you will, my dear; for you give me a good deal of concern. Lady *Senſible* will tell us another ſtory of *Cyrus*, which will put an end to the leſſon.

Lady Senſible. The fame of *Cyrus*'s exploits, being ſpread abroad, raiſed *Cyaxares* to an exceſs of jealouſy. He thought, and not without ſome reaſon, that his officers and ſoldiers muſt deſpiſe him, when they compared the uncle and the nephew. The laſt returned into *Media*, and as ſoon as he ſaw his uncle, made all haſte to embrace him. *Cyaxares* turned his head, and looked another way to avoid his nephew's endearments. This alarmed all preſent; and in general, it was thought, this would come to a rupture between them. It would certainly have happened, but for the prudence of the latter, who earneſtly begged his uncle to allow him a private conference. When they were alone, *Cyrus* repreſented to him, that all his paſt labours were only for his glory and ſafety; and that he brought him back troops, that had the greateſt affection and reſpect for his perſon; in ſhort, he ſpoke ſo modeſtly, and with that deference, that all jealouſy was at an end,

end. They came back to the army with ſo much content and ſatisfaction in their looks, that the ſoldiers received them with the moſt joyful acclamations; and all the *Medes*, as they had been directed by *Cyrus*, took their place about their king, who diſcovered in their reſpect, that *Cyrus* had only inſpired them with the greateſt attachment to his perſon. At the ſame time, all that was moſt valuable in the booty taken from the enemies was brought out, and the conqueror had ordered it ſhould be laid up for his uncle. The king of the *Medes* found fault with himſelf, for harbouring theſe unjuſt ſuſpicions, and to make amends offered his daughter, who was his only child and heir, to *Cyrus*, who notwithſtanding the great advantages that would accrue from this marriage, would not conſent to it, unleſs his parents approved the propoſal.

Lady Mary. *Cyaxares* was but a mean character, to veer about ſo, like a weathercock.

Mrs. Affable. You judge well, my dear. Jealouſy is a certain ſign of a low, pitiful ſpirit.

Miſs Molly. I am at this preſent very jealous myſelf, Mrs. *Affable.* It is but half a year ſince my younger ſiſter has begun to learn on the harpſichord; and ſhe plays better than I do, that have been two years at it. I hate her upon that account.

Mrs. Affable. As if it was her fault to have a better diſpoſition, or more application to muſic, than you have: That is really unjuſt, you muſt own. You put me in mind of a moſt ſad thing, that happened ſome years ago, and which you ſhall hear the firſt time we meet. Adieu, ladies. Lady *Witty*, you will be pleaſed to ſtay a little longer.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXX.

Mrs. AFFABLE, *Lady* WITTY.

Lady WITTY.

I Can hardly ſpeak, Mrs. *Affable*, I was like to have died with checking my tears. I have ſomething very terrible to ſay; you will deſpiſe me, and hate me, I'm ſure on't.

Mrs. Affable. Dear lady, you think me very unjuſt; have you forgot that I am your friend?

Lady Witty. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I know that you have a real kindneſs for me, and I am under ſo much more trouble on that account. You will think, that I have not repoſed that confidence in you, which I ought; though, indeed, the reaſon I had for not ſpeaking to you ſooner, was, that I had been expreſsly forbid.

Mrs. Affable. And who ſhould forbid you? Had it been my lady, you muſt not diſobey your mother on any account.

Lady Witty. No, Mrs. *Affable*; it was Lady *Miſchief.* You know, that, for ſome time paſt, we go into the country every Saturday, and ſtay there till Monday evening; ſhe was the fondeſt of me that could be; and I took her to be the beſt friend that I had in the world. I muſt own, I was very ſtupid. I had very good reaſon to think ſhe was no friend; but I dare not tell you why.

Mrs. Affable. What ſhould hinder you, my dear? In the firſt place, you may depend upon the ſtricteſt ſecreſy.

Lady Witty. I do not miſtruſt your keeping my ſecret; but it reflects injuriouſly upon Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. Is that all, my dear? Have a good heart, and make yourſelf perfectly eaſy. Speak your mind, as if what you have ſaid regarded ſomebody elſe.

Lady Witty. One reaſon I had to ſuſpect Lady *Miſchief* not being my friend, was, that ſhe endeavoured all ſhe could, to put me out of conceit with you; ſhe was ever telling me, that you was an old croſs woman, who, being paſt pleaſure, would not allow any to others; ſhe ſaid farther, that, as you was not a perſon of noble birth, and had never lived in the great world, you could not be a judge of the behaviour, that became young ladies of rank; in ſhort, ſhe ſaid a thouſand things more, which I can aſſure you, I never believed.

We have always a great deal of company in the country; and as the gentlemen are very polite, they always ſay the moſt civil and agreeable things to me. I began to ſuſpect, that my new friend and acquaintance looked upon theſe civilities with ſome jealouſy; for, as ſhe is very ugly, no one makes her any compliments. I let her ſee what I thought on the matter; upon this, ſhe kiſſed me, and told me, that, as I was both younger and prettier than ſhe was, it could not be wondered that I had the preference; but, ſaid ſhe, to ſhew you that I am not jealous—

I have a couſin, a moſt amiable perſon, who doats on me, as ugly as I am; for my part, I don't love him; and another gentleman has my heart. But, for all that, I am greatly pleaſed with being loved by the other. It flatters my vanity, and, beſides, he is ſo good-humoured and com-

complaiſant. All his endeavours are to pleaſe me, and he makes me preſents of all the trifles I can wiſh. A lover of this temper, you ſee, is not to be ſlighted; and yet, I will make him over to you: I have deſired him to be here to-morrow; you are a charmer; he muſt love you, as ſoon as he ſees you; I ſhall loſe him; but, if you have him, that is comfort enough.

I own, Mrs. *Affable*, I was not a little pleaſed with my friend's favourable account of my beauty; I was, however, ſhock'd with her entertaining two lovers, and aſked her, if her mother knew it.

That is a good one, with all my heart, anſwered my friend. Can you think me ſo ſtupid as to let this come to her knowledge? But, now I think on't, won't you go and declare this to your Mrs. *Affable*? I can tell you, I ſhall never forgive you, and will ceaſe being your friend, unleſs you promiſe faithfully never to ſpeak the leaſt word about it to her.

I ſhould not have made her this promiſe, but I was ſo apprehenſive of forfeiting her friendſhip, that I came into her terms. Can you forgive me, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, very freely, dear lady. Every fault that is owned is forgiven; but go on.

Lady Witty. I continued, and told my friend, that I always looked upon it as very dangerous, to liſten to men, unleſs they came with honourable propoſals.

Hark'ee, ſaid ſhe, I love thee, and will make thee happy. There is not a greater pleaſure in the world, than numbers of adorers; there's no harm in it; one hears them talk, and that's all. Promiſe me now to love my couſin, if thou likeſt him.

To what purpoſe would it be, ſaid I? He muſt alſo pleaſe papa and mama; without that they never will give their approbation of ſuch a marriage; and, I am ſure, I never will marry without their conſent.

Then Lady *Miſchief*, to encourage me, fell upon all our adventures. She has already had five lovers; and told me, ſhe would go on changing till ſhe could light upon a proper perſon to be her huſband.

Mrs. Affable. Indeed, ſhe bids fair for waiting a long time. Young women of that ſtamp are too deſpicable, and too much contemned ever to find huſbands. Good god! dear child! into what ſad hands are you fallen! But continue your account. Did the couſin come?

Lady Witty. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*; and a charming young perſon he is; but that was not the motive I had to love him; 'twas my wretched pride. He praiſed me ſo much; and I am fond of praiſe, but I loved him, I thought, out of gratitude.

Mrs. Affable. Did you tell him ſo, my dear?

Lady Witty. No, Mrs. *Affable.* But my friend did; and I had not the courage to diſown her; I even went ſo far as to tell him, that he would pleaſe me much, if he would make a propoſal to my parents.

Mrs. Affable. What was his anſwer?

Lady Witty. That he would do it with pleaſure, but that he muſt wait ſome time; that he had no fortune, and he hoped to prevail with a rich uncle to do ſomething for him. He was very earneſt with me not to mention it to any one; it would hinder him ſeeing me any more; and got a promiſe from me, to give him now and then the meeting at Lady *Miſchief*'s. I was there yeſterday morning; ſhe had the other lover with her; and,

as

as we were in her apartment, ſhe pretended ſhe had ſomething to ſay in private to that other gentleman, and hoped I would have patience to wait a moment for her. But I would not ſtay in the room with this couſin of her's; and away I came. I longed to inform you of all that had paſſed; but durſt not, for the promiſe I had made. But, when Lady *Lucy* ſpoke of that terrible foreſt, I thought ſhe ſpoke purpoſely upon my account. Thoſe agreeable murtherers, I imagined, were my friend and that gentleman. What do you think, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. Let me embrace you, my dear; and let us give God thanks for the favour he has ſhewn you. You ſtood on the brink of a precipice, my poor dear child; for, after all, if theſe things ſhould be known in the world, your character would be loſt. Can you conceive, how dreadful the loſs of reputation is at your age, at ſixteen, to be pointed at, to be a topic of converſation, and the ſubject of ballads?

Lady Witty. Should it happen, I muſt die of grief. But, as no one knows it, but my friend and you, it can never be publicly known.

Mrs. Affable. How can you call that infamous creature your friend? She will be the very firſt to publiſh it, unleſs you will follow my advice in this matter.

Lady Witty. You need only command, Mrs. *Affable*; I am ſo ſorry for my imprudence, that I will ſubmit to every means you ſhall propoſe for repairing paſt miſtakes.

Mrs. Affable. I hope you will, dear lady. The firſt thing you have to do, is to declare the whole matter to my lady.

Lady Witty. O good God! if ever ſhe know it, ſhe never will look on me more.

Mrs. Affable. You are miſtaken, my dear; you have certainly been very imprudent; and this will trouble her ladyſhip extremely; but ſhe will take your confidence in good part, and will be pleaſed with your giving her timely notice. But, ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould chide you, which I don't apprehend, have you not deſerved it? and is it not very proper you ſhould undergo ſome penance for this fault? Remember Miſs *Frivolous*; ſhe had no reaſon to repent the confidence ſhe repoſed in her father.

Lady Witty. But, ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould forbid that young gentleman ever ſeeing me, becauſe he has no fortune?

Mrs. Affable. His want of honour, and not of fortune, will be the reaſon to forbid him.

Lady Witty. You will have it that I excuſe him, becauſe I love him. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I aſſure you, it is only to give him his due. He has a great deal of worth; and that is the grounds on which my inclination reſts. Lady *Miſchief* has entertained me with an infinity of good things he has done; he is very charitable; and, in the country, he gave great alms to the poor.

Mrs. Affable. And, if I convince you that he is a knave, will you ſtill love him.

Lady Witty. No, on the contrary, I will hate him and deſpiſe him.

Mrs. Affable. Don't you ſee plainly, that he is engaged in a plot with your unworthy friend to ruin you? Open your eyes to ſee the diſaſtrous conſequences of their conſpiracy. All the world knows, that you will be extremely rich. Your lover is. and always will be a beggar; what he ſays of his uncle is a tale of a tub, trumpt up to gain time, and which time he will make uſe of to diſhonour you, and force your friends to come into

into this match. He would have continued as long as poſſible meeting you privately; he would have engaged you to write to him; and, when he thought you was quite enamoured, he would have procured his intrigue with you to be made public, ſhewn your letters, and contrived matters ſo well, that you muſt have been the whole town-talk, and by that means not one man of honour would ever have thought of you. Then your afflicted parents muſt of neceſſity have conſented to the unhappy match, and perhaps died of grief. This the recompenſe of the care they have had in your education, this the grateful return for the tenderneſs which you have always found from the kindeſt of parents! Had he been a man of worth and honour, inſtead of coming into Lady *Miſchief*'s ſcheme, he would have warned them of the danger you was expoſed to, in his ſhameful couſin's company; that would have been an inſtance of honour and affection, and might have intereſted in his favour both my lord and my lady, who value virtue more than all the wealth of the Indies.

Lady Witty. Say no more, Mrs. *Affable*. My eyes are open; that gentleman and his couſin are monſters, I am determined never to ſee again; and this very day my mother ſhall know all.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt beſides, but with my lady's leave, write a thundering letter to Lady *Miſchief*, and tell her that you were ſo ſcandalized at her offering to leave you alone with that gentleman, that you immediately acquainted my lady your mother with it, and begged as a favour of her ladyſhip never to let her come within her doors. Farewell, my dear, and proſper; make haſte, and put your good reſolutions into execution; above all things, remember to thank God, who

in his goodneſs has been graciouſly pleaſed to ſtop you on the brink of ruin.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE have, I think, gone through all that relates to *Romulus*. Lady *Senſible*, tell us who was his ſucceſſor.

Lady Senſible. After the death of *Romulus*, great differences aroſe at *Rome*; the *Romans* and *Sabines* each pretended to have a king of their nation. In the end the *Romans* elected *Numa Pompilius*. He was a *Sabine*, who lived retired in the country, and only accepted the crown becauſe he was told, it was in his power to do much good in that high ſtation. He made it his ſtudy to ſoften the manners of the *Romans*, by teaching them to reſpect religion. He ordered a temple to be erected in honour of *Janus*. This *Janus* formerly reigned in *Italy*, and his ſubjects were ſo happy, that the poets feigned, that when *Saturn* was baniſhed heaven by his ſon *Jupiter*, he retired into this prince's dominions, and brought with him the golden age, as it was called. As this prince was extremely noted for prudence, he was repreſented with two faces, to ſignify, that he did not forget the paſt, and that he looked forward to the things that were to come. *January* for the ſame reaſon took its name from *Janus*, with a reſpect to the paſt, and to the following year. *Janus*'s temple was to be kept ſhut in time of peace, and continued ſo during *Numa*'s reign, which laſted forty-three years.

Miſs

Miſs Bella. The other day, a gentleman was ſaying, that he would erect a ſtatue for the perſon who could ſhut the temple of *Janus*. I did not underſtand it then; now I do. He meant the man who could bring about a peace.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear, and I would ſay the ſame. Pray go on, Lady *Senſible*.

Lady Senſible. Tullus Hoſtilius ſucceeded *Numa*, and opened the temple of *Janus* on the following occaſion.

Rome, increaſing in power, pretended to carry it above *Alba*, its mother city. Whilſt the two armies were in ſight, and on the point of engaging, ſome perſons of both nations, with a view to ſpare the effuſion of blood, propoſed a choice to be made of three perſons on each ſide to repreſent their reſpective nations, and agreed, that the city, whoſe champions ſhould get the better, ſhould command the other.

The terms were accepted. The field of battle pitched upon was a ſpot of ground between the two armies, and railed out. The *Romans* choſe three brothers, called *Horatij*, to fight their cauſe; the *Latins* left theirs to three brothers, called *Curiatii*. At the firſt onſet, two of the *Horatij* were ſlain, but the three *Curiatij* were wounded; and the remaining *Horatius* was unhurt. Notwithſtanding this advantage, he thought he could not undertake by himſelf to kill three men who fought like *deſperadoes*; upon which he had recourſe to craft, and pretended to fly. The *Latins* ſeeing this, filled the air with joyful and loud cries, whilſt the camp of the *Romans* was under conſternation. Mean while, the *Curiatij* purſued their enemy; but as they were not diſabled alike, they could not keep together, and were ſoon ſeparated. This was what *Horatius* hoped for. He

then faced about, and killed them one after another. He immediately ſtript them, to adorn himſelf with their ſpoils, after the cuſtom of thoſe times. Among other things was a very rich ſaſh, which his ſiſter had embroidered for one of the *Curiatij*, to whom ſhe was betrothed. When the conqueror entered *Rome*, deck'd out with this ſaſh, his ſiſter, who was appriſed of the death of her lover, by the ſaſh ſhe had worked, was overcome with grief, and loaded her brother with reproaches. *Horatius* ſtung to the quick with his ſiſter's inſenſibility to the intereſt and glory of his country, and carried away by a rough and brutiſh zeal, ran his ſiſter through with his ſword, and ſaid, if thou valueſt thy lover more than thy country, and thy brothers, this will ſend thee to him. All were ſtruck with horror at this barbarous action; he was ſeized and carried before *Tullus Hoſtilius*, who, as he deſired to ſave *Horatius*, left the cauſe to the people of *Rome*. The father pleaded for the ſon, and with eaſe moved the people to compaſſion, and obtained his pardon.

Miſs Frivolous. I could not have pardoned this inhumanity; his poor ſiſter would have reproached her lover, had he appeared before her in the ſpoils of her brother.

Mrs. Affable. Very likely; one is more ſorry for the diſtreſſed, than thoſe in proſperity. Go on, Lady *Senſible*.

Lady Senſible. Alba was obliged by this victory to yield the ſuperiority to *Rome*, and *Tullus* pretended, that twenty-five *Latin* colonies ſhould follow the example of their capital. This occaſioned new quarrels and wars, wherein the *Romans* were always ſucceſsful; in a very little time *Alba* took meaſures to ſhake off her ſubjection to *Rome*; and *Tullus*, being informed of their deſign, deſtroyed that

that city, and carried off the inhabitants to *Rome*. This king is ſuppoſed to have been killed with lightning.

Ancus Marcius ſucceeded. He united in his perſon all the warlike qualities of *Romulus*, with the pacific and religious virtues of *Numa*. His neighbours imagined, that a man, who profeſſed ſo much religiou, muſt want courage; but he convinced them, that though he loved peace, he underſtood the art of war, and always came off with advantage whenever he was attacked.

There was at that time in *Hetruria*, now called *Tuſcany*, a man of great talents, but in little eſteem with his neighbours. His wife *Tanaquil*, ſaid to him one day, why do you loiter here? Go and ſettle at *Rome*, where all ſtrangers, who have any merit, are reſpected. *Tarquin* took his wife's advice. It was pretended, that when he came near *Rome*, an eagle took off his hat, and after flying up very high, came and ſet it again upon his head. *Tanaquil*, who pretended great ſkill in auguries or foretokens, told him he was to reign in the city into which he was entering. *Tarquin* was perſuaded of the truth of his wife's prediction, and immediately took proper meaſures to arrive at the throne, which he would never have thought on, without this, his wife's prophecy.

He ſet out with great profeſſions of worth and honour, which endeared him to the people. The report of his behaviour reached the king, who deſired to be farther acquainted with him, and ſeeing his capacity, made him his confident. *Tarquin* acted the part of an honeſt man ſo naturally, that the well-meaning *Marcius* was deceived, and at his death, left him guardian to his two ſons. *Tarquin* made a very ungracious return for the truſt repoſed in him by his benefactor; he engaged his

pupils in a party of pleaſure to go a hunting; and whilſt they were at this diverſion he convened the people, and prevailed upon them to recognize him as their king.

Miſs Sophy. What can be the meaning of that ſcience and knowledge of auguries. The *Romans*, and almoſt all nations, were very ſuperſtitious in thoſe days. They pretended to foretel what would happen, by things which lay open to every man's ſight. If a bird flew more to the right or left; if the heart or the liver of a beaſt offered as a victim was found, if nothing extraordinary appeared in the entrails, they concluded ſeveral future events, and formed their predictions.

Lady Louiſa. But in proceſs of time, the *Romans* grew learned; and then, I ſuppoſe, they ſaw the folly of auguries.

Mrs. Affable. I believe there were always men of ſenſe, who made a jeſt of this ſcience; but they had not courage to declare their minds, for the reaſon I am about to tell you.

Be pleaſed to remember, that the people had ſome authority at *Rome*; and in time it increaſed to that degree, that there was a kind of continual conteſt between the *Patricians* and the *Plebeians*. The ſenate's determination in any point, was a ſufficient motive for the people to oppoſe the ſenate. This imperious people had a great veneration for the religious laws and rites eſtabliſhed by *Numa*; the *Auguries* were no inconſiderable part of his inſtitutions, and were intirely in the hands of the *Patricians*, who only were qualified to be *Augurs* or ſooth-ſayers. So that this was a ſure means to bring in the people, and to make them conform to the reſolutions of the ſenate. Let us ſuppoſe that the people of *Rome* were for

a war, and the ſenate for a peace; they examined the entrails of victims or beaſts ſacrificed; and very gravely reported to the people, that the ſigns or preſages, were not at all favourable; if they engaged in battle, they ſhould certainly be routed. This ſufficed for the *Romans* to lay aſide expeditions, which they had ſhewn the greateſt eagerneſs and deſire to undertake. You ſee very plainly, that it was the intereſt of their nobility, to maintain and encourage ſuperſtition, as a means to ſecure the people's obedience.

Miſs Bella. For all that, you ſee *Tanaquil*'s prediction proved true.

Miſs Rural. When *Tanaquil* foretold any thing, ſhe was extremely deſirous it ſhould happen; ſhe alſo knew very well, that ſhe could take very proper meaſures to compaſs her wiſhes, as the ladies will ſee in the caſe of *Servius*.

Miſs Frivolous. I own, Mrs. *Affable*, that among many filly fancies I have, this ſhould be one, to know beforehand all that is to happen; if God left any favours to my choice, I would beg to know all the future events of my life.

Mrs. Affable. What would you be the better? You would only have the advantage of fretting, and being under continual vexations, and dread of the croſs accidents of life that you had to go through.

Miſs Frivolous. But could not I prevent what I foreſaw.

Mrs. Affable. In anſwer, I ſhall give you a little tale taken out of the French *Magazine*. There was a man, as mad as yourſelf in this way. A fairy told him, that every firſt day of the month, he ſhould know all that was to happen to him in the courſe of it. Mightily ſatisfied he was; but the ſatisfaction was not long lived; he un-

underſtood on the firſt day of the year, that he was in danger of breaking both legs and arms, and going mad into the bargain.

God be praiſed, ſaid he; ſince I know it, ſurely I can guard againſt the misfortune. I need only keep my bed all *January* long; at leaſt, I ſhall ſave my arms and legs. There he lay; and being a ſhopkeeper, left the care of the ſhop to his wife and children, and nothing in the world could have got him out of bed. But, one bleſt day in the morning, being alone in his chamber, the cieling fell in, and he was near being cruſhed to death with the ruins. He was ſo affected, that he fairly went mad, and continued ſo the whole year. Being come again to himſelf, by dint of phyſic, he had a viſit from the fairy, who had beſtowed on him this gracious gift. Very angry he was, and caſt the whole blame upon her, and to her he imputed all his misfortunes. Impute them, ſays ſhe, to your fooliſh curioſity; your wiſe precautions brought this upon you. Had you been, where you ſhould, that is, in your ſhop, the ruins of your room would not have done you more harm, than they did to your wife and children. This ſhould teach you, friend, that thoſe who would know what is to come, and guard againſt accidents, draw misfortunes upon themſelves by their wiſdom and precaution, which otherwiſe would not have come to paſs.

Miſs Bella. It appears very odd to me, that an eagle ſhall take off a man's hat, and after a while ſet it again upon his head. I don't think it natural.

Mrs. Affable. And in effect, it is not. But one muſt not give abſolute credit to the *Romans*, nor the *Grecians*, in theſe particular events, unleſs they were very public. Here, for example, there was no

no witneſs but *Tarquin* and his wife, and perhaps a few ſlaves, who abſolutely depended on them, and durſt not ſay to the contrary. A bird of prey might poſſibly take off *Tarquin*'s hat, and not finding it eatable, let it drop. *Tanaquil*, who made the moſt of every thing, might embelliſh the ſtory; and, when ſhe was placed upon the throne, the *Romans* had the good manners to take her word. Generally ſpeaking, ladies, a fact is not to be ſo eaſily credited, when it reſts upon the authority of perſons, who have an intereſt in advancing a falſe ſtory; more eſpecially, if they are not perſons of ſtrict honour. In ſuch caſes you may be a *Pyrrhonian*, or ſceptic.

Lady Violent. What is it to be a *Pyrrhonian?*

Mrs. Affable. Pyrrho was an ancient philoſopher, who being fully convinced, that our ſenſes, for the moſt part, impoſe upon us, took it into his head, to doubt of all things.

Miſs Bella. Are we deceived by our ſenſes? I have, I think, exceeding good eyes.

Mrs. Affable. Not ſo good, as you imagine. If you ſtood upon a high rock, I ſhould not appear taller, than your arm is long. Your eyes would deceive you, if you had nothing but the eye to judge by; but reaſon rectifies that defect, and ſhews, that the diſtance is the cauſe of my ſeeming ſo little.

Lady Lucy. You are a *Pyrrhonian*, Mrs. *Affable*; you will believe nothing, unleſs it be proved.

Mrs. Affable. That is a demonſtration I am no *Pyrrhonian*; for he believed that nothing could be proved. He denied nothing; and he would only ſay, *it was poſſible, perhaps it was ſo.* The *Pyrrhonians* have been humorouſly burleſqued in one of our plays. *Harlequin* waits upon a *Pyrrhonian* philoſopher, to take his advice; the philoſopher

ſopher continually anſwers with a *perhaps*, and does ſo by principle, thinking it a wiſe part, becauſe our ſenſes deceive us; and we frequently imagine, that we ſee, hear, and perceive things, which really are not. *Harlequin*, who grows out of all patience with this ſtuff, falls heartily on board the philoſopher, and gives him a ſound drubbing. The philoſopher was ſtrongly inclined to believe, he had been beaten, and expoſtulated with *Harlequin*, who anſwered with great compoſure, *perhaps ſo, perhaps not*. What, ſaid the philoſopher, do you make a fool of me? I am very ſure I felt the application of your cudgel. But pray, ſays *Harlequin*, don't you know, that our ſenſes miſinform us? You imagine, that you have been cudgelled; for my part, according to your doctrine, I cannot ſee any thing in the matter that can be depended upon with certainty.

Lady Lucy. I take that to be the beſt method, to refute thoſe wiſe gentlemen; one muſt keep a mean between ſtupid credulity and ridiculous preposſeſſion. But, Mrs. *Affable*, give me leave to obſerve upon what you lately ſaid. You adviſe us, to examine ſtrictly into extraordinary facts, when they have only ſuch witneſſes as have ſome intereſt in their relations obtaining credit. May not it be ſaid, that the apoſtles were the only witneſſes of *Jeſus Chriſt*'s reſurrection? This was a ſingular event; and it was their intereſt to have it believed.

Mrs. Affable. And it is very allowable to inquire into the truth of it; the firſt chriſtians muſt have been great noddies to believe the apoſtles on their bare word. We will examine the proofs, when we go through the evangelical hiſtory; the proofs are clearer than the ſun.

We

We have only one or two ſtories of the Old Teſtament left, which, if you pleaſe, we will conclude to-day. Lady *Violent*, tell us that of *Darius*'s God.

Lady Violent. *Darius Cyaxares* aſked *Daniel*, why he did not worſhip his God. I only worſhip the living God, anſwered *Daniel*. I can aſſure thee, ſaid *Darius*, that mine is a living God, and ſtands me in prodigious ſums to keep him ſo. I order large tables that are in his temple, to be covered every evening with meat; and, in the morning, not a ſcrap is to be ſeen, though the temple-gates are ſafely locked.

Daniel loved his maſter *Darius*, and was ſenſibly affected with his infatuation; but withal offered to prove, if the king would give him leave, that his prieſts were impoſtors. *Cyaxares* conſented, and having ſent in the uſual proviſions for his God's ſupper, ordered the gates to be locked, and ſealed them up with his own ſignet. Now *Daniel* had commanded his ſervants to bring aſhes, and thoſe they ſtrewed throughout all the temple, whereby he made no doubt of diſcovering the impoſture. The next morning *Darius* repaired with *Daniel* to the temple, and was in great delight, when he found the ſeal had not been taken off. But *Daniel* ſtopt him at the entrance of the temple, and deſired him to obſerve very particularly the aſhes, that had been ſtrewed the day before in his preſence. *Darius* looking with attention took notice of ſeveral plain footſteps of men, women, and children left in the aſhes. The king was in the greateſt ſurpriſe; he took up the prieſts, their wives and children, who ſhewed him their private ſubterraneous paſſage into the temple, which they made uſe of with all their families to go and feaſt at the king's charges.

Darius

Darius ordered the impoſtors to be puniſhed with death, but he was a perſon of ſuch weak judgment, that he never could get the better of his folly. He had the weakneſs to worſhip a monſtrous overgrown ſerpent, and would gladly have perſuaded *Daniel*, that it was a God. I am ſtronger and more powerful, than he, ſaid *Daniel*, and will ſlay him if you give me leave. The king conſented; and *Daniel* took pitch, fat and hair, and made a large ball of this mixture, which he gave the dragon, and which he attempting to ſwallow, was choaked.

Lady Mary. Now this goes beyond comprehenſion, that there ſhould be people ſo void of ſenſe, as to adore ſuch monſters. But is this all we are to have out of the Old Teſtament?

Mrs. Affable. There are ſtill very fine things left in the ſcripture, as the pſalms, and the prophetical books; but as thoſe are not hiſtorical, I am afraid of wearying you, were we to repeat them now; for, indeed, I find we are chiefly for ſtories.

Lady Mary. And now and then a pretty tale; we have been long without any, Mrs. *Affable.* And yet you promiſed we ſhould have thoſe Lady *Senſible* has compoſed.

Mrs. Affable. Well, my dear, I muſt acquit my promiſe. We have time enough, and the lady will now tell you one.

Lady Senſible. There was a young lady, *Emilia*, by name, who, at twenty years of age, was her own miſtreſs. She was a lady of high birth, poſſeſſed of great wealth, and ſo beautiful, that the ſight of her threw the beholders into admiration. She had beſides, the moſt agreeable temper, and wit far above other perſons of her age and ſex. But yet many thought ſhe wanted good ſenſe, and

was

was very croſs; ſhe had, indeed, ſome faults, that affected her head and her heart. Her pride was ſuch, that ſhe muſt always be in the right; and, when any took the liberty to contradict her, ſhe broke out into the greateſt exceſſes of paſſion; all that were not of her opinion were ſtupid, conceited and arrogant, as if wit and knowledge had been confined to her head only.

I told you *Emilia* was rich; I muſt add, that ſhe was as generous; ſhe made noble preſents to the perſons ſhe liked, but ſhe liked only thoſe, who were of her opinion; thoſe, to be ſure, were perſons of wit and merit. It muſt be owned, that if, after you had for a year together come into, and applauded every thing ſhe ſaid and did, you had ventured to give her a bit of advice, it ſufficed to loſe all favour that moment. She had a ſiſter by the ſame father, but not the ſame mother. Her name was *Eliantha*. She was a moſt ſenſible young lady, had an unfeigned love for *Emilia*, and could not ſuffer the flatterers, who corrupted that natural fund of happy diſpoſitions and endowments. *Eliantha* was not rich; the great fortune came by *Emilia*'s mother; but ſhe, who, as I ſaid before, was kind hearted, let *Eliantha* want for nothing, and even invited her to come and live with her. The ſiſters did not agree long together; *Eliantha* was too ſincere, to continue in favour with a perſon, who would hear nothing but what anſwered exactly to her way of thinking.

Do as we do, ſaid *Emilia*'s friends and relations to *Eliantha*; as you want to live with your ſiſter, flatter her, and the rather, becauſe you are ſure, by that means, to obtain all you wiſh. She is ſilly enough to think herſelf perfect; let her have her way;

way; her folly can only hurt herſelf; be ſo complaiſant as to conform to her fancy.

I ſhould be ſorrow to do it, anſwered *Eliantha*. I love my ſiſter too well to be aſſiſting and aiding, to complete her ruin. This good young lady went on admoniſhing *Emilia* of her faults, who was ſo provoked, that, after uſing her very ill, ſhe turned her ſiſter out of doors.

Emilia, being in the country, ſaw one day a country-man abuſe a poor old woman, that had broke a pail full of milk, as ſhe was walking along. The poor creature proteſted much and more, that ſhe had not done it on purpoſe; that ſhe was very ſhort-ſighted; and that ſhe was extremely grieved for the accident. Nothing could appeaſe the brute; inſtead of giving ear to the poor woman's excuſes, he fell on her with the moſt injurious language, and, it was thought, would have gone on from words to blows. *Emilia*, who always judged well, where her pride was not concerned, ſpoke to the paſſionate churl, How can you, ſaid ſhe, abuſe the poor woman, who begs your pardon? She is ſorry for the milk that is ſpilt; you ought to forgive her, it is a ſhame to ſcold people for accidents, and what they never intended, particularly where it does not mend the matter. Here's a crown to pay for the pail and the milk; let me hear no more of it.

The old woman gave *Emilia* many thanks for her great charity; and ſhe aſked the poor woman ſeveral queſtions about her age and circumſtances; ſhe really pitied her, for ſhe appeared to be ſpecial poor. Whilſt the old woman anſwered her queſtions, ſhe happened to tread upon poor little *Cupid*'s foot, an extreme favourite of *Emilia*'s. Immediately *Cu* yelled moſt piteouſly; the air rung with his cries; he ſaves himſelf in his

his miſtreſs's arms. She, poor lady, all in tears for her little dog, fell into an extreme paſſion, and was more abuſive, a good deal, than the country-brute with the pail. The afflicted old woman was all in a tremble; Madam, I beg pardon, ſhe ſaid, I did not really do it on purpoſe. *Emilia*, inſtead of being ſatisfied with the poor wretch's excuſes, lifted up her hand to ſtrike her; when the old woman appeared in an other figure to *Emilia*, and looked like a lady of a majeſtic aſpect, and, with a ſort of ſneer and ſcornful air, repeated *Emilia*'s words to the rough countryman.

Nothing is ſo ugly, you ſaid not long ſince, as quarrelling with a perſon, who begs your pardon for a fault committed by mere accident, and without any premeditated offence, particularly when the damage cannot be repaired. Let this open your eyes, the lady continued. The paſſions, to which you are abſolutely given up, hinder and perplex your underſtanding, which is naturally good and ſound. Their influence makes you unjuſt, capricious, peeviſh and ſilly, though God has bleſt you with the beſt diſpoſitions, which you will not fail diſcovering, as ſoon as you go ſeriouſly about ſubduing your paſſions.

Ah, Madam! ſaid *Emilia*, are you an angel, or a kind *genius* ſent to undeceive me? I am neither angel, nor fairy, the lady anſwered. I am known by the name of *Reaſon*. I was intended to govern all mankind; and had they continued ſubject to my authority, I ſhould have guided them to true happineſs; but unruly paſſions, my mortal enemies, have diſputed my ſovereignty, and have prevailed upon moſt to caſt me off. I am forced into baniſhment out of my own dominions, and have very few ſubjects left.

left. Would you be one, and make an addition to my empire?

With all my heart, *Emilia* replied; but I fear, my paſſions will get the better; they are ſo noiſy and tumultuous, that I ſhall not hear your voice. I talk very loud, *Reaſon* anſwered; but, as you ſay very well, the paſſions raiſe a great uproar; and this inconvenience muſt be guarded againſt. You will find in your cloſet a looking glaſs; it is the mirrour of *Reflection*; when you deſire to know your ſituation of mind, to diſcover the diſorders it lies under, and find out the proper remedies, retire to your cloſet. Lock the door carefully, and conſider yourſelf in the glaſs with attention. I am very ſure, you will not do this long, before you find ſtrong impulſes to correct your faults.

Here *Reaſon* diſappeared, and *Emilia*, not to loſe a moment, went home and ran immediately to the cloſet. She found the glaſs mentioned by *Reaſon*; but it was ſo dim, that ſhe could diſtinguiſh nothing. She remembered the inſtruction, ſhe had, to lock the cloſet door; ſhe began to ſee ſomething, but ſo very imperfectly, that ſhe could not make out the objects, that ſeemed to preſent themſelves to the ſight. Now ſhe was tempted to give up all thoughts of farther trials; however, ſhe gave a check to the motion, and was determined not to leave the place, till ſhe had ſeen what *Reaſon* had promiſed her. Upon this ſhe ſat down quietly, and uſed all poſſible efforts to keep off uſeleſs thoughts, that ſhe might only attend to the glaſs. On a ſudden, ſhe diſcovered a hideous monſter; the ſight had like to have frightened her; that is you, ſaid a voice to her, which ſhe found out to be that of *Reaſon*. Perhaps you will think, ſhe was very thankful for the information. No, not at all;

on

on the contrary, ſhe was ſo enraged with the compariſon between her and the monſter, that ſhe got up in a fury to break the curſed glaſs, which preſented that ungracious object. The ſame voice called again very loud: What need, it ſaid, to find fault with the glaſs? 'Tis not the glaſs, makes that ugly figure, but your ſoul, the object which it repreſents faithfully. Tho' you ſhould break it, the object will ſtill be the ſame. If you will act rationally, the only way is to deface that reſemblance by a change of manners.

In effect, *Emilia* ſaid, all I have to do is to take and follow the advice of *Reaſon*. I am reſolved; I will moderate thoſe unruly paſſions. Undoubtedly I ſhall go through great difficulties; but the greateſt may be overcome with the aſſiſtance of *Reaſon*.

Miſs Bella. Begging pardon for interrupting you, I don't well underſtand, how the looking-glaſs came to be ſo dull, when *Emilia* came firſt into her cloſet.

Mrs. Affable. Don't you ſee, that the mind, unſettled, and taken up with what is ſeen, and what is ſaid, is not ſo well diſpoſed to make ſerious reflections? Have you never ſeen yourſelf in the water?

Miſs Bella. Very often, in the country; I can ſee myſelf in a pond as well as in a glaſs; but the water muſt be very ſtill. If the wind blows, or my brother flings in a ſtone, then I ſee nothing diſtinctly.

Mrs. Affable. The mind or ſoul is like that pond, my dear. When it is ſtill and calm, it may by reflection ſee itſelf, as you do in a glaſs; but if it be diſturbed, you ſee nothing. But, ladies, pray make no difficulty, when you have a mind to aſk a queſtion. We are here for amuſement and

inſtruction. Beſides, the allegory being a long one, it will be ſome eaſe to Lady *Senſible*, who muſt reſt from time to time.

Lady Senſible. Whilſt *Emilia* was in the cloſet, a ſervant knocked at the door, and told her, that her aunt was come to pay her a viſit. She was a lady of about fifty years of age, but intolerably whimſical. She never was of one mind, and to live in peace with her, you was to have no will but her's. And indeed all avoided her; ſhe wore out the patience of her poor ſervants, and was forced to keep none. *Emilia* came from the cloſet to receive her aunt's viſit, and, after the uſual civilities, her aunt acquainted her, that ſhe came to take leave, and was going into the country. That inſtant *Emilia* heard the voice: Now, ſaid *Reaſon*, you have the fineſt opportunity to mend, that can be offered; if you have courage enough to accompany your aunt into the country, you muſt every moment renounce your own mind to be guided by her's.

Emilia trembled at the propoſal; but as ſhe had a great ſhare of reſolution, ſhe overcame all difficulties, and ſpeaking to her, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I muſt take the air, and ſhall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to wait upon you. The good aunt was highly pleaſed with the propoſal, and aſked her, how they ſhould go down. Juſt as you pleaſe, *Emilia* anſwered: oh! ſaid the aunt, I am abſolutely indifferent about the matter; you ſhall chuſe, my dear niece, and to-morrow at eight I will come and take you up. As you have not determined any thing about the carriage, if you pleaſe, we will go on horſe-back. I am charmed with the propoſal, ſaid the aunt, I think it exceſſively ridiculous to be confined and ſmothered in

in a poſt-chaiſe, and jolted from head to foot. There's an end on't, we'll ride down.

When the good lady was gone, *Emilia* was in a ſad taking at the thoughts of the wretched time ſhe was to paſs with her aunt. She compoſed her mind, and ſaid to herſelf; as I am reſolved upon a change of manners, 'tis beſt to do it handſomely, and once for all. In reality, I am going to a ſchool of patience for a quarter of a year; but I ſhall be abundantly rewarded if I come back with a better temper, and a greater maſtery of my own will. With theſe thoughts ſhe ſteps into the cloſet; how great was her ſurpriſe when ſhe ſaw herſelf in the glaſs, and ſo much come into favour! The features of the monſter were very near gone. Then *Reaſon* ſpoke, and ſaid, The work is half done, when it is undertaken with true reſolution.

Miſs Frivolous. It is very comfortable, but what I can ſcarce believe; I have had a mind this long time to get the better of ſeveral faults, and ſtill continue the ſame.

Mrs. Affable. That mind is not very ſincere. Take care that when you deſire any thing earneſtly, you take proper means to ſucceed. Was I to tell you, that for theſe ten years, I had been very deſirous of making a fortune in trade, but could not bring it to bear, you would certainly ſay, what hindered you? Have not you the beſt goods, are not you obliging and civil to the dealers, who ſend them to you, and to cuſtomers that make uſe of your ſhop. Suppoſe, I anſwered, that has never been in my thoughts; the maid buys and ſells as ſhe pleaſes; I cannot take the trouble of looking after the goods, nor be confined to the ſhop to ſerve cuſtomers.

Oh then! you would certainly tell me, I never intended to make a fortune; if you had any ſuch thoughts, undoubtedly you would have taken the meaſures neceſſary to that effect.

I ſay the ſame to you, my dear: Are you for making a fortune, that is, are you for reforming yourſelf, and for a true amendment? Set your hand to work immediately after *Emilia*'s example. Don't ſay, *I would*, but *I will*, and you will ſoon ſee the ſucceſs of your endeavours.

Lady Lucy. This is one of thoſe wiſhes you mentioned to us not long ago. It is enough to wiſh, to put us immediately in a way to ſatisfy our deſires, (that is with the grace of God). Theſe wiſhes continue as long as we live, for we always find ſomething that we wiſh mended.

Lady Louiſa. But Mrs. *Affable* told us, that wiſhes and deſires were obſtacles to our happineſs.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, when we have it not in our power to obtain what we wiſh, they muſt be torments. On the other ſide, when our wiſhes are ſatisfied, and we poſſeſs what we deſire, we are happy, provided there is ſomething new, that we can ſtill wiſh for and obtain without the help of creatures, and under the aſſiſtance of God, which will never fail us. Go on, Lady *Senſible.*

Lady Senſible. Now *Emilia* was wholly taken up in preparations for her country-journey. She had no riding-habit; but ſhe knew her taylor was accuſtomed to her whims, and would leave all other work unfiniſhed to ſatisfy her. She ſent for him.

I muſt, ſaid ſhe, have a riding-habit by eight o'clock to-morrow. It is now eight in the evening; you muſt work all night; in ſhort, I will have it done. Let it be very rich and handſome; I ſhall not diſpute about the price, if the habit is a very

very fine one. Madam, ſaid the taylor, that is enough, you ſhall be pleaſed; indeed the taylor himſelf was very much ſo, when *Emilia* had theſe crotchets. She never grudged expence. She would pay the bill without looking it over, and he was uſed to aſk twenty pieces, where the work had been well payed with ten.

Emilia could not get a wink of ſleep for the hurry and agitation ſhe was in from the deſire of ſeeing her habit. The taylor came by five in the morning, but, through the greateſt misfortune that can enter into the mind of man, this artiſt, though perfectly well acquainted with her ſhape, had cut the habit ſo ill, that it puckered on all ſides. The firſt thought *Emilia* had was to tear the habit in pieces, and next to beat the taylor. Immediately, ſhe was ſtruck with the voice of *Reaſon* calling out with might and main: If you yield to paſſion, you will disfigure your ſoul, and not mend the habit; had not *Reaſon* been extremely loud, ſhe could not have heard the admonition; for anger and vexation made a terrible noiſe and buſtle at *Emilia*'s. She ſilenced them at laſt, and ſaid to herſelf, I was on the point of behaving very fooliſhly; I muſt take care, and indeed it would have been to no purpoſe. She ſat down, and caſting her eyes on the ground, ſhe was ſome time like a ſtatue without any motion; for ſhe was taken up with repreſſing the ſallies of her paſſion. When ſhe grew calmer, ſhe ſpoke to the taylor in a ſoft tone; I have, ſaid ſhe, three hours good, before we ſhall ſet out; do you think you could mend the habit in that time? The taylor, who ſhivered for fear, and expected a drubbing, was aſtoniſhed to ſee her in that eaſy temper. Madam, ſaid he, I ſhall be back again in two hours, and I don't doubt but you will be pleaſed.

When the taylor left her, ſhe haſted away to her looking glaſs. The alteration ſhe obſerved, encouraged her to go on; ſhe thanked heaven for the graces beſtowed on her, to get the maſtery of her paſſion; and though ſhe pleaſed herſelf with the thoughts of her finery in the new habit, ſhe reſolved to be quite eaſy, though that ſhould be ſpoiled. The taylor came back in two hours. The habit fitted to a nicety, and *Emilia* waiting for her aunt, walked about every way acroſs and long a large room, ſet out with glaſs pannels and pier glaſſes, to obſerve her habit on all ſides. It ſeems ſhe had full time for it, for her aunt came not till ten, which gave *Emilia* freſh occaſion for a new victory; for ſhe juſt longed to break out, but checked this deſire.

The aunt had a habit of a year's ſtanding, and ſomething ſoiled; it made a horrible figure near *Emilia*'s; and the good lady was ſo vexed, that ſhe was ready to cry; but as ſhe could not reſolve to go in her old habit, ſhe ſpoke to *Emilia*; indeed niece, ſaid ſhe, it is exceſſive hot; there is no going on horſeback; the ſun would make my head ake; I muſt e'en undreſs, and make uſe of my poſt-chaiſe.

Emilia ſaw perfectly where the ſhoe pinched; and *Reaſon* ſaid to her, why ſhould you make the poor woman uneaſy? She is really ſilly to be jealous, becauſe her habit is not ſo fine as your's; but are not you ſillier to keep ſeveral men up all night, to ſatisfy the fancy you had for a new one? Intereſt made them ſacrifice their natural reſt to your whim; why ſhould not virtue prevail with you to ſacrifice this habit to your aunt's jealouſy? you may make her happy at a ſmall expence.

Emilia, attentive to this advice, tells her aunt, ſhe would alſo undreſs, whilſt they went for her poſt-

poſt-chaiſe. And indeed, added ſhe, I am this very minute fallen out with the new habit I liked ſo well this morning. The colour of your habit ſuits my complexion better. I wiſh mine fitted you, and we would exchange. Try it; we are much of a height; and I think it would do nicely. The aunt agreed with pleaſure to the propoſal; and when they had put on the habits, nay, ſaid *Emilia*, now you ſhall keep it; it fits you to a wonder; no one could think but it was made after your meaſure. You loſe by the bargain, my dear, but rather than diſoblige you I accept of the offer. 'Tis a bargain, ſaid *Emilia*; let us only think now of breakfaſting. Mean while comes up the poſt-chaiſe; and the aunt, who longed to be ſeen in this charming habit, thought, and ſaid to her niece, that the weather was not ſo hot, the ſun was got behind a cloud, a cold breeze refreſhed the air; why ſhould we not make uſe of our horſes, ſhe went on, now they are ready? With a great deal of pleaſure, anſwered *Emilia*, whoſe patience was almoſt at an end, but who kept in her reſentment ſo, that it could not be obſerved by her aunt.

Lady Louiſa. She had more virtue than I pretend to; the blood boils in my veins with only hearing the ſtory. What would happen if it was really my caſe?

Miſs Zina. You have too bad an opinion of yourſelf; I dare ſay, you would do as *Emilia* did. After all, what was there in it, a mere trifle? Where is the great matter to go on foot, on horſeback, or in a coach? You ſtill go equally, every way. 'Tis a great happineſs when we can at ſuch an eaſy rate ſatisfy perſons we live with. 'Tis even our intereſt. It makes people good-humoured, enlivens converſation, and gives an agreeable

of temper to the mind. If *Emilia* had not condeſcended in that pretty manner, what ſad company ſhe would have had of her aunt pouting all the way down! In the main, ſhe had a better bargain, than the aunt with the new habit.

Miſs Frivolous. I make a plain confeſſion; I am a woman every inch. A new ſuit is with me an affair of importance, and takes up my thoughts above a week; gueſs at the violence I muſt offer to myſelf, had I made a preſent of it like *Emilia.* Yet I own that Miſs *Zina* is in the right; and I made the experiment yeſterday. Several *blonde* handkerchiefs were brought to our houſe; there was one far prettier than the reſt; my ſiſter and I both reached our hands at the ſame time, to that handkerchief; I was ſomething before-hand with her, and got it. She was ſo out of humour, that ſhe was for picking quarrels with me all the long day, for trifles; and I was ſo out of patience, I had it in my mind twenty times to throw the curſed handkerchief into the fire, that there might be no more words about the matter.

Mrs. Affable. Could not you have done much better? Would that fine expedient have brought your ſiſter to temper? What do you think, my dear?

Miſs Frivolous. I own it would have put her more out of humour; there was only one means to calm her, which yeſterday I would not have employed for the world, but ſhall to-day, and pleaſe God; I will make her a preſent of the handkerchief.

Mrs. Affable. This is what we call going effectually about buſineſs. Had we *Emilia*'s glaſs here, you would find yourſelf more beautiful by one half. But, Lady *Witty*, you ſay nothing there,

and

and ſit moping. Come, be chearful, my good lady. Tell me what you obſerved in this ſtory.

Lady Witty. The artful manner of *Emilia*, in making her aunt a preſent of her riding dreſs. She does it in a way that aims at diſpenſing with all thanks. That has not been my way hitherto. When I diſpoſe of, or give any thing, I expect they ſhall be greatly obligated to me. I ſet off the preſent, I praiſe and talk much about it, and give them to underſtand very plainly, how I part with it, for their ſakes, that they may be the more grateful in expreſſing their acknowledgments.

Miſs Frivolous. I ſhould have done the ſame, but for this ſenſible reflection of Lady *Witty*. I will make my advantage of it; and tell my ſiſter, that I have no manner of value for the handkerchief.

Mrs. Affable. This is running from one extreme to another. It is unbecoming to ſay, I give you this, becauſe I don't care for it any longer. But you have a particular reaſon not to behave in that coarſe manner. Miſs don't love you, and in charity, you muſt try all means to gain her affection. Tell her you are fond of your handkerchief, but more of being contented and ſatisfied; and that you are glad of this occaſion to pleaſe her, in making her a compliment of this *bagatelle*. Go on with your *Emilia*, Lady *Senſible*; you muſt be delighted with her for being the occaſion of ſo many uſeful reflections.

Lady Senſible. I am indebted to the ladies for their kind attention to this trifling performance. But the reflections they make are more a proof of their ſolid good ſenſe, than of the merits of this *Tale*. I go on.

Emilia, upon the road with her aunt, compared the peace of mind, the ſatisfaction and tranquillity ſhe enjoyed, with the difficulty ſhe had to overcome herſelf, and found there was no compariſon. What a fool have I been hitherto, ſhe ſaid to herſelf? My pleaſure before, was to have every body about me ſubmit to my fancies; and now I find far greater ſatisfaction in complacency to others; I am happy in their being pleaſed, and enjoy two pleaſures inſtead of one.

Emilia is now got into the country, and ſtands with courage to the firm purpoſe ſhe had made, never to gainſay her whimſical aunt. By what has been already ſaid, ladies, you will judge what ſhe had to ſuffer, for ſo conſiderable a time. It muſt, however, be owned, that only the firſt month was troubleſome; one may grow accuſtomed to any thing; and when ſhe came up to town again, ſhe was near deceiving herſelf into a fancy, that her aunt was ſtrangely mended, ſo little was ſhe affected with her continual contradictions; ſhe hardly perceived them, ſo as to take any very particular notice.

The firſt viſit at her return was to the faithful *Monitor*, the *Mirror of Reflection*, in the cloſet. How great was her tranſport. The monſter was vaniſhed, her mind amazingly beautiful; and *Reaſon* appeared to her under the ſame figure ſhe did at firſt; *Emilia*, ſaid ſhe, when the firſt graces are well employed, we deſerve new ones. I here preſent you with a ring, that will ſecure you that tranquillity which you now poſſeſs. When you have it on your finger, all thoſe you ſhall ſpeak to will find themſelves neceſſitated to ſay what they think, and to diſcover the inmoſt receſſes of their hearts. But as the ring can only ſerve twice, keep it carefully to make uſe of it in the two

moſt

moſt important affairs of life. After theſe laſt words, *Reaſon* diſappeared, that is, *Emilia* never ſaw her under that viſible form, but ſhe found, that *Reaſon* had taken poſſeſſion of her heart, which gave her the moſt ſenſible ſatisfaction. But yet the ring gave her great uneaſineſs; it was to be uſed in two of the moſt important affairs in life, but was not informed what they were. At laſt ſhe concluded in her own thoughts, that nothing could be of greater conſequence to her, than the choice of true friends, and of a man of worth and honour for her huſband, and kept the ring for theſe two occaſions.

Some time after ſhe fell dangerouſly ill, and as ſhe was brought in appearance to the laſt extremity, ſhe made her will. Youth, and a happy conſtitution carried her through this ſickneſs; and when the recovery was complete, ſhe invited her relations and friends to a grand entertainment. All congratulated with her on the joyful occaſion; and the compliments on her preſent ſtate of health, after the danger ſhe had eſcaped, appeared ſo ſincere, that ſhe was almoſt inclined to think, ſhe was happy in a great number of friends. She thought immediately, ſhe could not have a better opportunity to try the virtue of the ring, and diſcover, whether the affection which her relations and friends profeſſed were real. She put on the ring, and inſtantly a lady, a couſin of her's, who ſhewed all the demonſtrations of kindneſs poſſible, changed her countenance. Hadſt thou been good for ought, ſhe ſaid, thou wouldeſt have given the crow a pudding; I am ſure I hoped ſo, and expected to take poſſeſſion of all thy cluſters and ſprigs of diamonds, which came to me by thy will.

Are you mad, child, ſaid the mother of her that ſpoke laſt? Did ever any one talk ſo fooliſhly to

others? I had more reaſon than you to wiſh her death; that would have repoſſeſſed me of a conſiderable eſtate, which her father ſtole from mine, and which, no doubt, ſhe had bequeathed to me, by way of reſtitution; but I confine thoſe things to my thoughts, and I could have lived a thouſand years without ever mentioning this affair.

For my part, ſays another, I wiſhed her dead, not out of any intereſt; ſhe had taken care of that, but out of pure revenge. Would you believe it; I have adored the ſilly creature above two months? I condeſcended to applaud every impertinent and fooliſh thing ſhe could ſay; I have been a martyr to all her whimſical chimerical fancies, in hopes of getting ſomething by her. And yet ſhe left me but one hundred pound, which, if all was well calculated, is not a penny a lie for all I have told in her praiſe.

I ſhould never end, ladies, were I to repeat all that was ſaid by thoſe falſe friends. It ſuffices that *Emilia* was fully convinced, theſe perſons, with all their ſolemn declarations of love and eſteem, had impoſed upon her, or at leaſt, that their affection, if any ſuch was, reſted chiefly upon their hopes of ſome advantage from her.

There now remained, after the others had ſpoke, no one but her aunt, with whom ſhe had been in the country, and her half-ſiſter *Eliantha*. As to me, ſays the aunt, the ring ſhe left me would never have made me amends for her death; ſhe is a good child; and has been infinitely kind and complaiſant. She made me a preſent of her habit, becauſe ſhe ſaw, I was really jealous of her being ſo handſomely ſet out, and very generouſly ſeemed to take no notice of my weakneſs in that reſpect. Such things muſt not be forgot; they gain the

heart, ſhe has got ſuch faſt hold of mine, by her kind behaviour, that I have left her in my will, all I am worth, and ſincerely wiſh her to live and enjoy it long. I muſt own, I would keep my will a ſecret. Each of my nieces flatters herſelf with the hopes of being my ſole heireſs; this makes them very ſubmiſſive, and they have all the greateſt complaiſance for me, which, by the bye, I laugh at, becauſe I know what it means. They will be rarely bit when I die; I could wiſh to come again in twenty-four hours, and be diverted with their four looks.

Alas! ſaid *Eliantha*, I am pleaſed, my dear aunt, with your affection for *Emilia*; at the bottom ſhe deſerves it, though ſhe is ſo much out of the way. Her faults and imperfections have been encouraged by theſe vile animals we ſee here; they were the cauſe of the difference between me and this dear ſiſter, whom I love more than my own life. I would have willingly laid down mine to ſave her's, though ſhe left me half her ſubſtance I give it up chearfully, and would do the ſame with the little I have, if ſhe would only repay my love for her with friendſhip; but it is to no purpoſe, ſhe will never love me becauſe I love her too much ever to flatter her.

Emilia got up and embraced her aunt and ſiſter with the greateſt raptures. She was going to lay before them, how ſenſible ſhe was of their kind ſentiments in her behalf, when the chambermaid came in, who wanted ſomething in the room, and not being able to ſtand againſt the virtue of the ring, madam, ſhe ſaid, I wiſh you joy of your recovery, and very ſincerely. If your diſtemper had taken you half a year ago, 'twould have been quite another matter; I wiſhed you then ſix feet deep in the ground, for you was as bad as a

little devil. And now you are grown ſo good, ſo ſweet in your temper, that we all wept from the firſt of your ſervants to the laſt of your footmen.

It is high time, ſaid *Emilia*, to cloſe this ſcene; now I know what I muſt depend on with regard to my friends. As ſoon as the ring was locked up, the confuſion the company was in was beyond expreſſion. All were ſurpriſed with the extravagant diſcoveries they had made of their own and others thoughts; and at laſt, as they could not longer bear the ſight of *Emilia*, they ſneaked away without a word more.

Mrs. Affable. Now, ladies, had I ſuch a ring, would not ſome here get away in haſte for fear of ſaying too much? I only jeſt, I don't want any ring to know your thoughts. Miſs *Sophy*, what do you think of what Lady *Senſible* has been ſaying?

Miſs Sophy. I will learn how to diſtinguiſh true friends from others, and ſhall never forget, that they are not to be found amongſt flatterers. I am, moreover, reſolved to bear for the future with the humours of one you know.

Miſs Frivolous. And I will uſe all my endeavours to get the better of my ſiſter's averſion; to be ſure, I have occaſioned it by my own fault, I often jeer her and make her ſtill more obſtinate, inſtead of giving her example, as certainly an elder ſiſter ought.

Lady Louiſa. If I could wiſh for any thing, it ſhould be that ſame ring. What a pleaſure would it be to unmaſk hypocrites, flatterers, falſe friends, and wicked wretches!

Lady Lucy. I would not take it as a gift; and were I forced to accept it, I would only make uſe of it in thoſe two occaſions pointed out by *Emilia*.

Miſs

Miſs Rural. I agree with you, madam. Such a ring could only ſerve to make me hate all the world. I could like a ring better that diſcovered good qualities, than one that ſhewed imperfections. I am but too clear-ſighted with regard to defects, which hinder the eſteem and affection, I ſhould otherwiſe have for them. And I even think, that they affect to appear in their proper colours, as much as *Emilia*'s relations and friends.

Lady Louiſa. Well! my dear, I never obſerved that; you would make one think, you had never ſeen any good company.

Miſs Rural. I am inclined to ſay, as Mrs. *Affable* does. Let this be explained. *Good company* are words, that are ſoon ſpoken. Do you mean, madam, fine talkers, newſpaper-politicians, amuſing, and agreeable perſons? I know a great many of that ſort, but they do not come up to what I underſtand by good company. I have ſeen a lady come into company, and joyfully welcomed by all. You have, madam, ſays one, the prettieſt choſen gown I ever beheld; it becomes you wonderfully. For my part, ſays another, I am quite in love with your head-dreſs; you ſhould never have any powder in your hair, the curls appear to the greateſt advantage without it. The poor lady was in raptures with being admired about a quarter of an hour, and poſted away to another ſet to hear the ſame compliments repeated. Oh! could the ſilly creature have crept unperceived into a corner, to hear the converſation that paſſed after her back was turned! Really, ſaid a lady, with ſome malice in her looks, the lady's ſilk is very well choſen; but, among friends, her age and thoſe glaring colours don't at all agree; ſhe thinks it will give her an air of youth, as if all the world did not know that ſhe is on the wrong

ſide

ſide of fifty. 'Tis a pity ſhe is ſo ridiculous, otherwiſe ſhe is really a good ſort of woman. I wonder, ſays another, how ſhe can be ſo mad, as to go in a dreſſed gown; it requires the fineſt ſhape; why does not ſhe wear a French gown? It would become her better, and ſave her mantua-maker the trouble of lining part of her gown, which cannot be ſo nicely done, that the other ſhall not be ſeen by every body. I'll tell you a ſecret, ſays a third. The other day, ſhe ran great lengths in commendation of *mantilles*, and, would I have been perſuaded, I was to ſet up the faſhion, that ſhe might take the advantage of that ſort of dreſs; but, God be thanked, I don't want any ſuch things. Let her hump back alone, ſays a fourth, and only mind her head. She has ſcarce an inch of forehead; ſhe ſpends half the morning in plucking the hair to contrive ſomething of a forehead. But it is to no purpoſe, her work is diſcovered by all that ſee her; if ſhe uſed powder, it would hide the defect ſomething more; and would be of farther ſervice, on account of her ſtaring eyes, and of her ſkin, which is none of the fineſt.

Now, Lady *Louiſa*, is not this the converſation of the good company you frequent? Am not I in the right to ſay, that there is no need of a ring, nor of putting them to torture, to diſcover the malignity of their hearts. What is very ſingular, theſe laſt ladies were no ſooner gone, but in their turn, they became the ſubject matter of converſation. The lady, who ſpoke of *mantilles*, was very blind, not to ſee that ſhe was all awry; the other was too much upon detraction to be a methodiſt. She that blamed her for an affectation of youth, had laid by privately half a ſcore years

years ſhe did not care to own. Have I exceeded, madam? Have you not ſeen this ſcene repeated twenty times?

Lady Louiſa. I own it; but what is very ſtrange, I have heard theſe things ſo often, that they ſcandalize me no more. One is tempted to ſay with a certain perſon, we muſt ridicule, and detract freely from people, for the time would be mortally tedious; but then it ought to be done with more moderation. I will ſtop here; and as there is yet another ſcene wherein the ring is concerned, I long to have it repreſented, and beg of Lady *Senſible* to go on.

Lady Lucy. But firſt, give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to pity *Emilia*'s caſe. Is it poſſible that, in ſuch a crowd, ſhe could only find one friend! That is very little; ſhe muſt now confine herſelf to her aunt and ſiſter; for it was impoſſible to carry on any correſpondence with the wretches that wiſhed her death.

Mrs. Affable. A real friend is a *phœnix*, my dear; and it is very happy, if we can meet with one in the courſe of life; but this is not to hinder an intercourſe with other perſons. Beſides a friend, one meets with ſeveral acquaintances; many connections are brought on, by neighbourhood, being related, or duties of civility. Thoſe ſorts of friends are to be treated with all the reſpect, which humanity and politeneſs require, with a kind of friendſhip and inclination. But the true friend only is intitled to an intimacy, a cordial affection; theſe are, or ſhould be his lot, and his ſhare. Ladies, at your age, often enter upon connections which they eſteem as true and ſolid friendſhip; it is of infinite conſequence to their welfare; and I have known many ruined by having miſplaced their confidence. I ſtand upon this

this article, ladies. I really believe, that a large acquaintance with many women, is more dangerous than that of men; and I earneſtly adviſe you to enter into the ſtricteſt examination of the ladies characters, where you propoſe to make an acquaintance. Among the ladies of your ſtanding, there may be ſome early and premature characters; but, though it is very rare, I would by no means have you put an unreſerved confidence in them; for, although they ſhould be endowed with all poſſible good qualities, they would ſtill want experience, which is abſolutely neceſſary to give good and proper advice.

Lady Senſible. Emilia found the ring too uſeful, not to make the ſecond and laſt trial. She had a great number of lovers, who all aſpired to be happy with ſuch a partner, and who appeared equally affectionate, amiable and virtuous, and made her choice hard to determine. She had them all together one day, and had ſummoned moſt of their friends to be at the meeting. She was deſirous, in chuſing a huſband, to try whether thoſe whom ſhe had hitherto reckoned her friends, had as diſadvantageous thoughts in regard to her, as the relations ſhe had lately tried. They were all very merry, and in the evening *Emilia* began the experiment.

The firſt who felt the influence of this ring, was a young Marquiſs, the moſt charming figure of a gentleman that could be imagined. Do you know, ſaid he, fair *Emilia*, that I begin to tire with the part I have acted in this comedy, and in dancing attendance. I have amuſed my creditors this half year, with the hopes of our wedding; they reckon on being paid out of your fortune; take a ſpeedy reſolution, I beg of you; it is a ſhame to let poor tradeſmen wait ſo long;

and indeed, I think you are under ſome obligation to me for ſubmitting to appear a whole twelvemonth in the character of a baſhful lover; yes, or no, if you pleaſe, that I may take my courſe, and go in queſt of another *dupe*, if you will not be *duped* by your humble ſervant; thank God, I am of a figure, that may throw ſeveral in my way.

I wiſh you good luck, ſaid *Emilia* laughing. And you, 'ſquire, ſaid ſhe, do you deſire to marry *Emilia* to pay your debts?

On the contrary, the gentleman replied, the name of a creditor is enough to throw me into a fever, and I have a mortal averſion to being in debt. To avoid this ſad diſtreſs, I make obſequious love to you; for, after all, I love expence, living in great ſtate, and am, beſides, the beggarlieſt younger brother in all *Gaſcony*. You ſee plainly, madam, that it is impoſſible for me to reconcile my love of ſtate and averſion to debts, unleſs I can marry a rich heireſs. My fortune depends upon finding one in your perſon, which, beſides your very great riches, is tolerably handſome. I have therefore very great reaſon to inſiſt on your giving me the preference above thoſe gentlemen, who have not ſuch good reaſons as myſelf, to deſire you will accept any of them as a partner for life.

The 'ſquire had juſt finiſhed his harangue, when *Orontes*, a young magiſtrate, began to ſpeak. Of all her lovers, he was the perſon ſhe would have pitched upon, had ſhe only minded her inclination; and was under the greateſt terrors, for fear he ſhould go upon as unworthy motives as the reſt.

Beautiful *Emilia*, ſaid he, with a great deal of reſpect and affection, if my heart had been at liberty, when I firſt ſaw you, you would have found in me, no doubt, another adorer; but my heart

heart was given away before. A tender and conſtant affection has engaged me to your ſiſter *Eliantha*; ſhe makes a return of hers; and death only can break through that union, which ſubſiſts between us.

But why, *Emilia* took him up, and ſpoke with ſome emotion, what need was there to feign, that you pretended love to me, when you was engaged to my ſiſter?

Pardon this feint, he anſwered *Emilia*, in a deſpairing lover. An unnatural father obliged me to make my addreſſes to you; I ſtill hoped that my want of merit, and the coolneſs of my addreſſes, would determine you to reject me. I diſſembled, to keep my inclination from my father; for, as I could not ſubmit to be in a ſituation never to ſee *Eliantha* again, your houſe was the only place where I could have that pleaſure.

Do'ſt thou pretend to a grain of common ſenſe? ſaid the father of this young gentleman, interrupting him. Thou art already poſſeſſed of a conſiderable eſtate; and, far from uſing endeavours to get as much more by marrying a rich wife, thou fooliſhly ſacrificeſt this advantage to a figure that pleaſes thee to day, and is ſure to diſpleaſe thee half a year hence, when, in all ſober ſadneſs, thou wilt remember the fooliſh ſtep it has made thee take. To be happy here, we only want money; with that, pleaſures, honours, and even reputation and merit are purchaſed.

But, Sir, *Emilia* ſaid, I am not richer, than my ſiſter *Eliantha*; my deſign is, ſhe ſhall ſhare my fortune with me, if you will conſent to let her have your ſon for her huſband. I am willing to purchaſe my ſiſter's happineſs at this rate; and a gentleman's, whom I ſhall think myſelf extremely happy to have for a friend. I am much miſtaken,

taken, if my ſiſter's beauty has given birth to the noble paſſion he profeſſes for her.

You do me juſtice, madam, the young magiſtrate anſwered. *Eliantha*'s virtues would determine me to prefer the gift of her hand to that of a great queen.

Romantic ſtuff! cried out the father; but, in ſhort, ſince *Emilia* is e'en mad enough to give away half her fortune, I am willing thou ſhould'ſt make thy advantage of her folly, and marry thy princeſs. I ſhould, I own, be ſtill better pleaſed, if ſhe would engage herſelf never to marry, and make thee heir of that moiety ſhe reſerves.

I put in a *Caveat*, ſaid a gentleman about thirty, and of a moſt beautiful but cool and ſedate aſpect. *Emilia*, he went on, if you will give me your hand, we will ſolemnize the two marriages at once.

This is really a rarity, ſaid *Emilia*. We have been acquainted theſe five years, and you have never given the leaſt ſign of any inclination; you even made intereſt with me not long ago in favour of the gentleman, who is to have *Eliantha*.

Emilia, this gentleman anſwered, I am about to make you a bad compliment; I am ſorry for it, but upon my word of honour, I cannot forbear; my heart ſits upon my lips in ſpite of me.

You are beautiful, and you know it; you are well appriſed, that you have all accompliſhments, that can become a young lady; I obſerved all this, the firſt time I ſaw you, and I fell dotingly in love with you. Very happy it was for me, that I took an early habit from my youth to conſult reaſon before fancy; and the faithful adviſer laid the caſe before me. *Emilia*, ſaid *Reaſon*, is certainly a lovely young perſon; that is well enough for a miſtreſs, but not for a wife, who

must

muſt be a perſon one may juſtly eſteem. Is *Emilia* ſo? 'tis more than thou knoweſt; watch her narrowly in the mean time, conceal thy paſſion with care; if ſhe ſuſpected it, ſhe perhaps would put on ſome conſtraint, not to appear what ſhe is.

Thus *Reaſon* adviſed, and I followed her directions. This firſt examen of your character was not at all to your advantage. I found you was a coquet, very whimſical; as proud, and equally ſtubborn. Theſe curious diſcoveries ſmothered my paſſion, but ſtill there remained an inclination, which I could not overcome; I was exceſſively deſirous to be your friend, and to have ſuch a ſhare in your confidence, as would enable me to make you ſenſible of your defects. You remember, I made an attempt of this kind, and you cannot forget, how ill it was taken. I was under a neceſſity of laying the project aſide; I did not viſit you ſo often, as I formerly uſed to do, and contrived, at laſt, to get you entirely out of my thoughts. I continued however to take an intereſt in your welfare; I was pleaſed with the addreſſes *Orontes* made, as I thought, a man of worth might reform thoſe irregularities, and, with that view, I again viſited you oftener, than I had lately; you went down into the country, and I was much ſurpriſed, when you returned. Diſcretion, a ſweetneſs of temper, moderation, and numberleſs other good qualities had ſucceeded to your defects. Here I began to be diſquieted, and my heart reſumed its former ſentiments; I did however conceal them from you, and determined to wait, that I might be ſatisfied the change was real by its continuance. Every day you appeared more and more deſerving of eſteem. Your noble and generous liberality to your ſiſter fully convinces me

that

that your mind is ſtill more beautiful, than your agreeable perſon; for, after all, you had an inclination for *Orontes*, I ſaw plainly; yet you ſacrificed it without heſitating a moment; and, whoever is capable of that violent effort, is able to overcome all difficulties.

I will, ſaid *Emilia*, be as plain with you, and ſincere, as you have been. I never loved you, but of all men, you are the perſon whom I moſt eſteem, and would chuſe for a friend; and as I am quite perſuaded, that the greateſt happineſs in life is to ſpend our days with a friend, I will be yours.

And *Emilia*, who knew the efficacy of the ring was now at an end, inſtantly threw it into the fire. Her lovers withdrew in great confuſion, and left the room to thoſe, who had no reaſon to be aſhamed of their ſentiments. Indeed *Orontes*'s father ſtaid; there was no need of the ring with reſpect to him; nor was it the virtue of the ring, that made him ſpeak his own thoughts; he was a public adorer of a great fortune, he ſtuck to his text, and maintained, after the burning of the ring, that money was neceſſary, and money only was ſufficient to make marriage happy. The four lovers let him talk on, as well knowing, an attempt to put him on another way of thinking would be to no purpoſe. Their nuptials were celebrated very ſoon after; and not the leaſt cloud interrupted their happineſs for the many years they lived together.

Lady Lucy. A moſt charming allegory, in my mind! It concludes juſt as I would have it. I can't conceive, that rational beings ſhould ſell themſelves for money; and I am, moreover, ſurpriſed, that there are ſo many peaceable marriages, ſince

ſince they are generally brought about by intereſt.

Mrs. Affable. You are much in the right, my dear; nothing is more ſhameful, than marrying for mere intereſt. Prudence, however, muſt have a proper ſhare in the contract. Fine rapturous ſpeeches are of too thin a ſubſtance to maintain us, nor will they make up fortunes for children; they are not current coin for the times we live in. It is certain, that it is much better to marry a deſerving perſon without riches, than a wealthy man without merit; but ſtill a competency muſt be ſuppoſed, and the merit muſt be unqueſtionable; a heart that is prejudiced, is a very indifferent judge. Prejudice beſtows all good qualities on an object that is beloved. There muſt be a diſintereſted umpire; and, who more proper, generally, than the parents? I ſay, generally; for there are caſes wherein a young lady has juſt reaſon not to accept the choice of her parents; but this ſeldom happens, and it is ſafer to depend upon them in the choice. God bleſſes our obedience to thoſe, who have his authority over us. No marriage, at leaſt, ought to be entered upon againſt their will.

Miſs Frivolous. That is very hard, I think. A young lady loves a perſon, that deſerves her affection; and finds ſhe can never be happy without him; would you oblige ſuch a one to marry another?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear! I would have her marry no body, but continue unmarried; and this is all the allowance I can make here. The authority of parents is ſacred; woe to them, who ſhall deſpiſe it! But, if parents fail in their duty to their children, this cannot authorize children to fail in their duty to parents. The day will

will come, when you will be a mother of a family; and, then, you will underſtand the extent of your obligations with reſpect to your fathers and mothers.

Miſs Sophy. I beg pardon, Mrs. *Affable*; but I believe you are miſtaken. You certainly mean, that when this lady has children, ſhe will know her own duty with regard to them; for what connection is there between her children, and her obligations to her father and mother?

Mrs. Affable. I am not miſtaken, my dear; we never know our obligations to our parents, till we have children of our own. Care and trouble, with great ſolicitude, will put us in mind, what pains our parents have taken upon our account. If you ſeriouſly reflected upon this, ladies, the thought only of diſobeying muſt make you tremble. A moſt ſad accident happened within theſe three years. I beg your attention, Miſs *Frivolous*; it will ſhew what danger there is in reading romances.

In a certain country there lived a baronet, who had a daughter, an only child. Tho' he was not very rich, he lived handſomely in the country; the love he had for his girl made him ſtraiten himſelf to give her a *good education*, at leaſt what goes under that name. She excelled in muſic, danced very gracefully, and had cultivated her mind with reading. Very unhappily for the young lady, ſhe was left to her choice as to books, and took the greateſt pleaſure in romances. The lady, who gave me this account, and was a friend of her mother's, told her, that this kind of reading would ſpoil her daughter; but this was not minded; and *Betſy* went on reading what ſhe pleaſed. She was bewitched with the adventures of conſtant lovers, that are not to be met with any

any where elſe, and who ſacrificed all to their love. The poetical maxims ſtuffed her weak head; a cottage with her love was beyond a palace.

Her father died; and, as if he had a kind of preſentiment, that his daughter would take ſome extravagant ſtep, he left her three thouſand pounds, tied down under condition that ſhe ſhould not marry without the conſent of her mother and the truſtees. Near the houſe ſtood a church or chapel, where the country people pray'd and ſung pſalms. She took particular notice of a voice, that pleaſed her above the reſt, and found out that the ſinger, who pleaſed her ſo much, was a farmer's ſervant, tolerably handſome, but a moſt ſtupid animal. She found means to ſpeak to him, and formed the noble project of taking him for her huſband; her head was full of pleaſing rural ſcenes of a country-life with ſuch a partner. During theſe tranſactions *Betſy*'s mother takes her up to town; and, as ſhe was very amiable, a wealthy gentleman made his addreſſes, offered to marry her, and obtained her mother's conſent. All was now drawing to a concluſion, when our ſilly girl, with a view to out-ſhine all heroines in romance, deſired to have a word in private with her future huſband. Sir, ſaid ſhe, the great eſteem I very juſtly have for you, promiſes me, that I ſhall run no hazard in diſcloſing a ſecret to you; I have for a long time had an inclination to a certain perſon, and ſhould have a ſcruple, if I married you, whilſt I love another. I hope, you will diſpoſe matters ſo, as to break our intended marriage, and in ſuch a manner, that I may not ſeem to be concerned in the affair; it will be a piece of ſervice, which I ſhall never forget.

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In theſe caſes a man of honour is ſoon reſolved; the match was broke off, and very artfully, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of *Betſy*'s having any hand in it; her mother took her down into the country, where in a few months ſhe married her country-bumpkin, and forfeited her inheritance. Her mother was chagrined almoſt to death; ſhe forgave her daughter, and uſed all ſorts of endeavours to put her ſon-in-law into ſome way of buſineſs, but without any ſucceſs, he is ſuch a blockhead. At preſent the lubber drives a cart, and earns ſeven ſhillings a week. The poor mother ſtrips herſelf and wants neceſſaries, that they may be helped out. But this help cannot laſt long, ſhe pines with grief, and very ſoon the daughter muſt reproach herſelf with her mother's death.

Miſs Rural. The young woman was a fool; and ſuch only can be in danger of the like misfortune.

Mrs. Affable. There are two ſorts of folly, my dear; one that conſiſts in a woman's being totally out of her ſenſes; and this, as it happens ſeldomer, may be the leſs fatal. The other diſorders the mind, and keeps reaſon from having its proper influence, which is the caſe when a violent paſſion gets the upper hand. This is the folly you muſt avoid. How many women of good ſenſe commit greater follies than *Betſy*?

Lady Louiſa. Can there be a greater, than to marry ſuch an oaf?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, lady; a young perſon that marries herſelf againſt the will of her parents to a gameſter, a debauchee, a man without morals, makes without all queſtion a worſe match than *Betſy*; her huſband is very little above the degree of a mere animal, a wretch without a fortune;

but in his way he is ſaid to be honeſt, and to reſpect his wife. There is no doubt to be made but ſhe is happier with ſuch a partner than with a man of corrupt morals.

It is high time to break up; the leſſon has been much longer than uſual.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE are at length come, ladies, to the Hiſtory of the New Teſtament, I muſt beg of you to redouble your attention and your reſpect. God will not now make uſe of his prophets to teach us his commands; his Son becomes man to be a Saviour unto us, our maſter and our teacher. Let us put up our earneſt prayers unto him, that he will ſpeak to our hearts, whilſt his word ſonnds in our ears. Lady *Mary*, you are to begin.

Lady Mary. There was a young virgin, whoſe name was *Mary*; ſhe was exceeding virtuous, and none exceeded her in perfection. She was of great quality, as deſcended from the royal houſe of *David*, but extremely poor. It was a law among the *Jews* for young women in ſome caſes to be married to a near relation. Thus *Joſeph*, who was of the family of *David*, as well as *Mary*, married her. He was a carpenter by trade, and after marriage he left her with her parents. The goſpel mentions no reaſon for it; perhaps on account of her age. One day that *Mary* was at prayer in her room, ſhe ſaw an angel who ſpoke to her: *Hail, full of grace,* ſaid

ſaid he, *the Lord is with thee.* Mary *was troubled at his ſaying, and caſt in her mind, what manner of ſalutation this ſhould be. Fear not,* Mary, the angel ſaid, *for thou haſt found grace with God. Behold thou ſhalt conceive in thy womb and bear a Son, and ſhalt call his name Jeſus. He ſhall be great, and ſhall be called the Son of the Moſt High; and the Lord God ſhall give unto him the throne of his father* David, *and he ſhall reign over the houſe of* Jacob *for ever, and of his kingdom there ſhall be no end.*

Then *Mary* ſaid to the angel, *How can this be, ſeeing I know not a man?*

The angel anſwered, *the Holy Ghoſt ſhall come upon thee, and the power of the Moſt High ſhall overſhadow thee. Therefore that Holy thing, which ſhall be born of thee, ſhall be called the Son of God; and behold, thy couſin* Elizabeth, *ſhe hath alſo conceived a Son;* ——— *for with God nothing ſhall be impoſſible.*

And *Mary* ſaid, *behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word.*

Mrs. Affable. Let us make ſome reflections on this myſterious part of the ſacred hiſtory. The ſecond perſon of the Bleſſed Trinity, determined to become man, chuſes himſelf a mother. He does not make this choice among queens, or the rich ones of the world. Indeed, *Mary* was of the blood royal, but her condition was as obſcure, as her deſcent was noble. The angel does not ſay, *Hail,* becauſe thou art of the family of *David,* or becauſe thou art beautiful. Such advantages are mean and deſpicable in the ſight of God and his angels. *Hail full of grace,* ſays he, full of the love of God, meekneſs, charity, modeſty, in a word, of every virtue. Theſe, theſe are the only real good things, the only things that are precious in the ſight of God, wherewith he bleſſes

his mother, and thoſe he loves. Hence we are much blinded, when we ſet a value upon any thing elſe, and ſacrifice theſe valuable gifts to the purchaſe of wealth, reputation, and other frivolous advantages ſo much eſteemed and prized by a deluded world.

Lady Lucy. But why was *Mary* troubled at the ſight of an angel, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. The ſcripture does not always give a reaſon for the facts that are related, but we may make uſe of probable conjectures, and the following offers itſelf naturally to account for the trouble of *Mary.* She is alone with an angel in the appearance of a man, and ſhe hears herſelf praiſed. This was enough to trouble and to alarm a prudent and modeſt virgin. Here, ladies, ſhe gives a charming leſſon to all young women. Praiſes from men are always liable to ſuſpicion; and it is to be feared, that he who ſets out with flattery, ſeeks to deceive. Go on, Miſs *Molly.*

Miſs Molly. Zacharias was a prieſt of the Lord; and both he and his wife *Elizabeth* feared God. They had no children, and being ſtricken in years were out of hopes of any. One day that *Zacharias* offered incenſe to the Lord, and the people, according to cuſtom, ſtood without, he ſaw an angel on the ſide of the altar, who told him he would have a ſon who was to be the precurſor of the *Meſſiah,* that is, to announce the coming of *Jeſus,* and ordered him at the ſame time to give him the name of *John. Zacharias* ſaid unto the angel, *Whereby ſhall I know this, for I am old, and my wife is well ſtricken in years?* Becauſe you have doubted, ſaid the angel, you ſhall be dumb till the birth of your ſon.

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Mean time the people that ſtood without, were ſurpriſed at *Zacharias*'s continuing ſo long within the temple, and much more ſo when they found that he was dumb, and by the ſigns he made, that he had ſeen a viſion. After the days of waiting in the temple were over, he returned home, where, after ſome time, his wife proved pregnant. *Mary*, to whom the angel had declared the pregnancy of her couſin *Elizabeth*, croſſed over the mountains of *Judea* to viſit her, and wiſh her joy. When *Mary*, who then went with the Saviour of the world, entered into the houſe, as ſoon as *Elizabeth* heard the ſalutation of *Mary, the babe leapt in her womb, and* Elizabeth *was filled with the Holy Ghoſt*; and raiſing her voice,

Bleſſed art thou, ſhe ſaid, *among women, and bleſſed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord ſhould come to me? For lo, as ſoon as the voice of thy ſalutation ſounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. And bleſſed art thou who haſt believed, for thoſe things ſhall be performed, which were told thee from the Lord.*

Then *Mary* broke out, and ſpoke theſe noble words: *My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit hath rejoiced in God my ſaviour. For he hath regarded the low eſtate of his handmaid; for, behold, from henceforth all generations ſhall call me bleſſed. For he that is mighty, and whoſe name is holy, hath done to me great things; and his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath exerted the power of his arm; he hath ſcattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts; he hath put down the mighty from their ſeats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath ſent empty away. He*

hath holpen his ſervant Iſrael, in remembrance of his mercy, as he ſpoke to our fathers, to Abraham *and his poſterity for ever.*

Mary abode three months with *Elizabeth,* and returned to her own houſe.

Mrs. Affable. How ſublime is this ſong of *Mary!* I dare ſay you have often read and heard it without particular attention. Let us reſume it, if you pleaſe, and each of you ſhall tell me the impreſſion it makes on your minds..

My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. What do you think of theſe words, Lady *Lucy?*

Lady Lucy. That tranſports of joy are only to be found in giving glory to God.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Louiſa,* you ſee, that true piety may be reconciled with the greateſt happineſs. To be tranſported with joy, is to be in an extacy, and an extreme degree of happineſs; and this will ever continue in proportion to our piety and virtue. Let us go on.

For he hath regarded the low eſtate of his handmaid; for behold from henceforth all generations ſhall call me bleſſed. For he —— hath done great things to me, &c. What do you ſay to this, Lady *Louiſa?*

Lady Louiſa. I think that humility is one mark of true virtue. *Mary,* become the mother of her God, recals to mind the low eſtate, from which ſhe was raiſed, and attributes to God all the great things that were wrought in her.

Mrs. Affable.. A very juſt reflection. Humility, a mean opinion of one's ſelf, is the touch-ſtone of virtue. Talk of a woman that gives her wealth to the poor, ſpends the day in prayer and good works, and ſeems to work miracles, if ſhe is conceited of her virtue, if ſhe dare to think that ſhe is above others, I am bold to ſay, ſhe is

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an hypocrite; her devotion is falſe, and her piety, a mere outſide.

Lady Witty. But, Mrs. *Affable*, ſuppoſe that a perſon is truly virtuous, and does many good works, that perſon cannot hinder her conſciouſneſs, and thinking that ſhe is better than robbers and other bad livers.

Mrs. Affable. If that perſon is truly virtuous, ſhe will ſay with *Mary*, *The Lord hath done great things to me.* I have ſaid it already, and cannot forbear repeating, that vanity is ever accompanied by folly, for every thing that is good in us, is from God. If a robber, a woman of bad repute, had been favoured with your lights, and your education, perhaps they would have improved them to greater advantage. This thought, ladies, will preſerve us from deſpiſing any one; and if we can act on this principle, we ſhall find that all have a title to ſome regard. How happy would ſociety be, if all were ſo diſpoſed! Let us continue.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath exerted the power of his arm; he hath ſcattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. What is your opinion of this, Lady *Witty?*

Lady Witty. It is very terrible to a proud creature as I am. It looks as if God parted with mercy when he meets pride. He exerts his mighty arm to ſcatter thoſe, who riſe by pride in their thoughts, as duſt is diſperſed without leaving any mark.

Mrs. Affable. You are in the right, my dear. God ſeems to take a pleaſure in cruſhing the proud; and the ſequel of *Mary*'s ſong ſhews it.

He hath put down the mighty from their ſeats, and exalted them of low degree; he hath filled the

hungry with good things, and the rich he hath ſent empty away.

Lady Senſible. To be in the duſt, is to hold a good place in the ſight of the Lord. Thoſe who are placed there, who have always their nothingneſs, and their duſt before their eyes, are exalted by the Almighty, and take place of the proud rich men, whom he puts down from their ſeats, and diveſts of their grandeur and plenty.

Lady Louiſa. Good God, Mrs. *Affable,* how different are the worldly maxims to which we are brought up, from thoſe of the goſpel! Preſerve your rank, remember your title, don't forget that you are rich, and are to make a great figure in the world. Theſe principles inſenſibly teach us, that happineſs conſiſts in being over the heads of others; and yet we can only be ſafe, when we make ourſelves familiar with the thoughts of our nothingneſs.

Mrs. Affable. That is our ſtrong-hold, ladies, and muſt be the ſubject of our ſerious meditations. Our nothingneſs is ſtrictly our place, which, however, is no hinderance to obſerving the decencies, to which your rank obliges in the ſituation where you are placed by Providence; and indeed, the Holy Ghoſt ſpeaks only of thoſe who are proud in the imagination of their hearts. Our endeavours muſt aim at reforming the heart. Go on with the account of *Zacharias,* Lady *Charlotte.*

Lady Charlotte. Elizabeth was delivered of a ſon, and all her relations, hearing the great mercy God had ſhewn her, came and congratulated with her. And when he was to be circumciſed, they would have given him the father's name; but *Elizabeth* oppoſed it, and ſaid, he muſt be called *John.* Why ſo, ſaid they? none of your kindred

is

is called by that name. They made ſigns to *Zacharias* to know, how he ſhould be called; he took a writing table, and wrote, John *is his name*, to their great ſurpriſe. At the ſame time his mouth was opened, and he uttered his famous canticle, or ſong, where, after giving God thanks for announcing the arrival of the promiſed *Meſſiah*, he wiſhes all men to ſerve God in juſtice and holineſs, before him all the days of their life. Then he added the following prophecy: *And thou, child, ſhalt be called the Prophet of the Moſt High, for thou ſhalt go before the face of the Lord, to prepare his ways, to give knowledge of ſalvation unto his people, for the remiſſion of their ſins, through the bowels of the mercy of our God, whereby this riſing ſun hath viſited us from on high, to give light to them that ſit in darkneſs, and in the ſhadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.*

And the child grew, and waxed ſtrong in ſpirit, and was in the deſarts till the day of his ſhewing unto Iſrael, Luke, ch. i.

Mrs. Affable. Obſerve, dear ladies, that the Holy Ghoſt never ceaſes reminding us of our miſery and weakneſs. We are mere children, when we are to walk in the ways of virtue, and the Lord muſt guide our feet.

Miſs Bella. Give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to aſk a queſtion. Why did *Zacharias* ſpeak to his ſon? He could not but know, that a child of eight days old, could not underſtand him.

Mrs. Affable. Have you forgot that *John*, before his birth, leaped for joy, at the arrival of our Saviour? That tranſport of gladneſs muſt proceed from knowing the dignity of his great viſitor. This knowledge could not be without underſtanding; and, conſequently, we find, that God, who can do all things, had advanced the uſe of

reaſon in St. *John*, whereby he was able to underſtand his father.

Lady Senſible. I have made a farther reflection, Mrs. *Affable*. *Mary*, in quality of mother of God, was in a very ſuperior degree, above her couſin; however, ſhe paid the firſt viſit without ſtanding upon the punctilio's of rank and precedency.

Mrs. Affable. A very good reflection, my dear! and the example of *Mary* muſt be eſteemed a very uſeful leſſon. Nothing is more diſagreeable in life, than a ſet of people, who are always examining, and weighing what is their due, and what they owe to others. Trifles muſt be overlooked for a quiet life; and rather more than leſs reſpect, than is due, ſhould be paid to all.

Miſs Rural. I have another difficulty. *Mary* and *Zacharias* uſe the ſame terms, *How ſhall this be?* The angel ſays nothing to *Mary*, and foretells a rigorous puniſhment to *Zacharias*.

Mrs. Affable. The queſtion put by *Mary* proceeds from prudence, and that by *Zacharias* from incredulity. I was ſaying ſome days ago, that the divine inſpiration of the Scriptures required a careful examen. 'Tis but prudent, and reaſon alone determines me to give the preference to the law of Jeſus Chriſt above that of *Mahomet*. When I am upon this inquiry, I never doubt of the things, contained in the ſcripture, being poſſible; I know, that God is all powerful; the only queſtion is, to know whether he has really ſaid, that he has done thoſe things. *Mahomet* aſſures me, that he was taken up into heaven, in his life-time. St. *Paul* affirms the ſame. I ſuſpend my judgment, and examine the motives, for the credibility of theſe facts. After ſtrict ſearch, *Mahomet* appears to be an impoſtor. St. *Paul* on the contrary is aſſociated to the Apoſtles of

of that *Jeſus*, whom after a ſerious examen I have diſcovered to be the Son of God. And hence reaſon obliges me to believe, that *Mahomet* impoſes, and St. *Paul* ſpeaks the truth. All ſorts of doubt do not offend the Lord; ſince he puniſhes a doubt in *Zacharias*, the doubt muſt be of a different nature from that of *Mary*, which is left unpuniſhed; very likely he might doubt of the almighty power of God, and the holy Virgin only deſired to be aſcertained, that it was his divine will, ſhe ſhould be the mother of God.

This, ladies, introduces a very natural reflection. It is very raſh to judge our neighbour's actions, ſince we have no aſſurance of the motives, by which they acted. I do not ſpeak of actions, that are morally evil. I can ſay, without any raſh judgment, that a robber, a murderer, is a bad man; I only mean actions, that bear different aſpects, and are good, or bad, by the determination of their motives, on either ſide.

Miſs Sophy. Give us an example of actions, having theſe two ſides, or different aſpects.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhall do it with pleaſure. I heard a ſtory yeſterday, which comes very pat, to underſtand the ſeveral lights, under which the ſame thing may be conſidered. There is a lady in town of great quality, who is extremely frugal and ſaving. She has a watchful eye over her ſervants, to ſee that they make no waſte; ſhe bargains hard to have every thing at the loweſt price, and does not like unneceſſary expences. This lady's proceeding may be on two different motives, a prudent frugality, or covetouſneſs. The world, inclined always to interpret on the worſe ſide, has declared her covetous. But nothing can be falſer, as I ſhall tell you.

An Admiral left three ſons and a daughter, in a very low condition. Their mother had been a friend of the lady, I am talking about; and ſome common friends judged it proper to apply to her, in behalf of the unfortunate children. The lady, that had the commiſſion put upon her, was very loth to undertake the affair; ſhe will give me ten or twelve guineas, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, and it will look, as if I tore her very ſoul out. Under this prejudice, ſhe waits on the lady, and made uſe of every motive, that could raiſe compaſſion, in laying before her this melancholy caſe. The lady, that was petitioned, complained much of the great ſcarcity of money, whereby ſhe was not able to do all the ſervice ſhe could wiſh to have in her power on this occaſion; ſhe ſaid her huſband would provide for the three ſons, and gave her three hundred guineas for the daughter. She, that received this ſum, could with difficulty believe, that all this was not a dream, and heartily repented the raſh judgment ſhe had entertained of this lady; and ſo much the more, as ſhe diſcovered, that charity, only, was the main motive, that influenced this pretended covetous lady to be ſo frugal and ſparing; and that ſhe diſtributed conſiderable ſums to the poor, which ſhe could not have done, without being particularly careful in avoiding uſeleſs expences.

Here you may obſerve, ladies, how much it behoves us not to be over haſty in judging actions, where the appearances may point out different motives.

Lady Witty. 'Tis now a long time, Mrs. *Affable,* ſince you promiſed us a ſtory about the dangers of jealouſy; won't you acquit that debt?

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Right, my dear, to acquit a promiſe is paying a debt; I will not delay any longer giving you that ſatisfaction.

A Gentleman, in *Yorkſhire*, had two daughters; the eldeſt was called *Emilia*, the younger *Betſy*. They were very amiable young ladies, and loved each other extremely, till about fifteen years of age, when there happened a breach between them, which I am going to tell you, how it fell out.

They had both a great genius for the harpſichord, and had made an extraordinary progreſs in muſic. The town, where they lived, had no other ſubject of converſation, but the abilities and ſkill of the two ſiſters; and it was much diſputed, which deſerved the preference; ſome liked *Betſy*'s playing better, and the others declared for the elder. At firſt this cauſed a little coolneſs between the two; they overlooked theſe beginnings of a paſſion, which degenerated into jealouſy, and ſoon after grew up to downright hatred.

About this time came an officer to make ſome ſtay in the country; he had been all his life in town, and had acquired the reputation of playing perfectly well upon the harpſichord. The ſiſters, having heard of this gentleman, were very eager to ſee him, each with hopes, he would decide in her favour. The father, who willingly condeſcended to what they deſired, invited the officer to a diſh of tea, and he was to be judge of their performance. At firſt he ſaid no farther, than that both the young ladies had excellent talents for muſic, but being urged to ſpeak his mind freely, he added, that *Emilia* had the lighter hand. Nothing could come up to the tranſport of joy, that ſeized *Emilia*, but *Betſy*'s rage and deſpair, who from that time thought the officer a very diſagreeable perſon. On the contrary, her ſiſter thought

him a moſt lovely gentleman, and as he offered himſelf to give her ſome leſſons, ſhe ſhewed the greateſt regard for him. The officer, who was a villain with a great ſhare of wit, ſoon found out *Emilia*'s foible; and as his intention was to ſeduce her, he ridiculed *Betſy* and her genius for muſic, by which means he gained her jealous ſiſter's heart. When he was ſatisfied, that ſhe was in love, he appeared very much dejected, and ſaid he muſt go up to town again. *Emilia*, almoſt in deſpair, preſſed him earneſtly to declare his reaſons for it; but he took care not to be forward with too ſpeedy an anſwer, and ſuffered himſelf to be much intreated, to raiſe her curioſity. At laſt, one day, when they were alone, he throws himſelf at her feet, and declares the neceſſity he was under to be at a diſtance, in order to forget her, who was the cauſe of all his miſery. I love you, ſaid he, and, as I am a younger brother without a fortune, I can never expect your father's conſent. *Emilia* agreed to the impoſſibility of a match. If you loved me, the officer replied, it is poſſible enough. I take my oath in the preſence of God, that I will marry you, when we arrive in town, if you will come with me; and when our nuptials are over, your father muſt conſent of courſe. *Emilia* was highly diſpleaſed with the propoſal at firſt; but by degrees ſhe began to liſten to him with leſs repugnance, and at laſt the fear of loſing a lover determined her. But you muſt know, ladies, that he was a very rich man, and that the poverty he pleaded was only a pretext, not to marry the unfortunate *Emilia*. When ſhe came to town, ſhe reminded him of his promiſe; whilſt his love continued, he plied her with reaſons for putting off their wedding, but the love of a woman, that is not modeſt, cannot laſt long, let her

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be ever ſo beautiful. About three months after, the officer, grown out of conceit, declared to her with haughty ſcorn, that he would never marry her. Tears, ſighs and grieving were to no purpoſe, and he, wearied with her complaints, took a proper occaſion to run away, without leaving her a farthing. The ill-fated *Emilia* fell ſick out of deſpair, and was conveyed to an hoſpital. She was turned out of this place, ſome months after, but ſo altered, that ſhe could not be known again; ſhe was reduced to the greateſt extremity, and forced to beg. A *Yorkſhire* gentleman ſaw her; this young perſon, thought he, has a voice like *Emilia*, and a ſort of reſemblance to her. He examined her, and found by her anſwers to ſeveral queſtions, that he was not miſtaken; he took a lodging for her, and wrote to her father for ſome relief; but that came too late. *Emilia*, waſted with trouble and ſhame, had made her exit, and died deteſting her lover, her pride, and the jealouſy which it had cauſed.

Lady Witty. You had great reaſon to call this a terrible ſtory. Who would have thought, that this little jealouſy would have ended in this ſtrange manner!

Mrs. Affable. This is the uſual progreſs of paſſions. Weak at firſt, they gain ſtrength; and there is no exceſs to which they will not lead thoſe who entertain them with complacency. We have ſomething yet to ſay concerning *Cyrus*, ladies; and Lady *Senſible* will inform us, how he made himſelf maſter of *Babylon*.

Lady Senſible. Babylon in thoſe days was looked upon as impregnable, and not without reaſon. The *Euphrates*, a great and deep river, ſerved as a ditch to the city; and very high walls were a fence to thoſe parts, which the river did not guard.

The

The gates were of braſs, but no fortification can ſtand againſt the Lord; and he guided *Cyrus*. This hero ſat down very quietly with his army, on the banks of the *Euphrates*; and being unprovided of boats to croſs the river, he was jeered by the *Babylonians* and aſked, when his ſoldiers would be fitted with wings to croſs the river. *Cyrus* let them have their jeſt, and in the mean time ordered a large and very deep ditch to be made and carried on behind his army. He waited for a grand feſtival, on which the *Babylonians* thought of nothing but feaſting and diverſions. As night came on, he brought the ditch up to the *Euphrates*; the river finding this new bed, took its courſe that way, and left part of the old river quite dry. *Cyrus* paſſed over with his army; and, as the *Babylonians*, after their debauch, were oppreſſed with wine and ſleep, they found no difficulty to break into the town and maſſacre the inhabitants. This happened that night that *Belſhazzar* ſaw the hand-writing upon the wall.

Miſs Sophy. Did *Cyrus* make all theſe conqueſts for his uncle *Cyaxares?*

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear; but, as he had married his only daughter, all thoſe kingdoms came to him. He inherited *Perſia*, upon the demiſe of his father *Cambyſes*, *Media*, as the inheritance of his wife *Mandana*, and got *Babylon* and *Lydia* by conqueſt from *Belſhazzar* and *Cræſus*.

Lady Violent. Being maſter of all theſe kingdoms, ſurely he gave over waging war; did not he, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. He did, and ſpent the remainder of his days, now in one kingdom, and then in another.

Miſs Bella. And I hope, he behaved with honour the reſt of his life.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear, but for two fooliſh things, for which he can ſcarce be forgiven. To humour the *Babylonians*, he thought he muſt, on ſome occaſions, dreſs and live like them. I am willing to believe, he did neither out of pride or intemperance; but however, this did not hinder the bad effect which his example had. The *Perſians* had an exceeding reſpect for *Cyrus*, and a high opinion of his virtue. When they ſaw him magnificently dreſſed, and that he gave grand entertainments, they began to think there could be no danger in imitating ſo wiſe a prince as *Cyrus*. From that time, they opened a way to pomp and luxury, and corrupted the ſimplicity of their manners.

A ſecond fault of *Cyrus* gave the fatal blow, and entirely corrupted the *Perſians*. He thought he was too much employed to have leiſure for ſuperintending the education of his children; and ſo left the care to their mother *Mandana*, who, as ſhe was brought up in *Media*, had not the leaſt idea of a good education. This princeſs was ſo weakly fond of her children, that ſhe would not let them go to the public ſchools; other mothers followed the ſame example; and the *Perſians* became as ſoft and voluptuous, as the nations they overcame.

You have here a remarkable inſtance, ladies, of what importance the example of the great is, with regard to the lower ſet of people. Be well aſſured that your children, your domeſtic ſervants, and all below you, have their eyes open to watch your behaviour, and will think themſelves authorized to do whatever you may allow and indulge yourſelf in. We will put in here one word concerning the *fulminating ſpark*, according to promiſe, and end our leſſon with geography.

As the learned *Cincus* was amuſing himſelf with *Electrical* experiments, he took a fancy to make uſe, inſtead of the iron rod, of a gun barrel, to which he faſtened a braſs wire. After this he dipt the braſs wire in one of your *Bohemian* glaſſes full of water. He had the glaſs in one hand, and with the other, he endeavoured to draw a ſcintillation from the gun-barrel. The ſhock he received was ſo violent, that he had like to have fallen back, and thought himſelf ſtruck with thunder. Another *virtuoſo*, who tried the ſame experiment, proteſted he would not make another trial, no, not for the kingdom of *France*. Mr. *Le Cat* had more courage; he put himſelf in the way to receive the fulminating ſcintillation, and reſolved not to ſtir, whatever pain he might ſuffer. He was nevertheleſs obliged to depart from his reſolution. The ſhock made him cry out, and take a ſkip, that threw all the *apparatus* into confuſion. He felt a pain in both arms and his breaſt; and perſons, much more robuſt than himſelf, have felt a ſhock from head to foot. It has been obſerved, that this fulminating ſcintillation or ſpark is ſhorter and blunter, and of a deeper red than others.

Miſs Rural. This is very wonderful, Mrs. *Affable*; and yet effects are but a ſmall amuſement, without the knowledge of the cauſes. You have made us a promiſe of pointing them out; and I wait with impatience for that happy moment.

Mrs. Affable. For my part, I dread it; I fear, I ſhall not expreſs things properly, and find ſome difficulty in making you underſtand what Mr. *Le Cat* has wrote on this ſubject; however, I will try, and if you don't underſtand me, we will drop the ſubject there. Lady *Senſible*, whereabouts were we with our Geography?

Lady

Lady Senſible. I don't know, Mrs. *Affable*, that I have told the ladies the names of the principal cities or fortreſſes in *Canada*; I will however repeat them, though perhaps I have named them before. In *Louiſiana*, there is *New-Orleans*; in *Saguenay*, we find *Quebec*. I dare not mention other forts, which are diſputed between the *Engliſh* and *French*. If God is pleaſed to grant a peace, and ſomething is fixed, on which we may with certainty depend, we will take this article again into conſideration.

Lady Louiſa. Lady *Senſible* is not for engaging in a quarrel, and chuſes to be neuter.

Lady Senſible. No, madam; far from being neuter, I am an *Engliſh* woman, and as ſuch, very zealous for my country. But as the *Engliſh* have not choſen me an umpire in the quarrel, it is to no purpoſe, I think, to break my head for the purchaſe of ſuch uſeleſs knowledge. If ever it ſhould be the faſhion for ladies to ſit in parliament, and I have a place in either houſe, I will ſtudy night and day, that I may be qualified for a proper judge; till then I chuſe to continue ignorant about the matter.

Miſs Molly. Are the members of the houſe to ſtudy night and day, that they may underſtand theſe things? That is very troubleſome; at that rate, they muſt not have a moment's diverſion.

Lady Senſible. I think, indeed, it is their duty; for, in ſhort, they ſit in the houſe to decide ſuch affairs; and how can they, when they are ſtrangers to the ſtate of the queſtion?

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Senſible* judges quite right. Every ſtate of life has its reſpective duties; and it is abſolutely neceſſary to acquire that knowledge, whereby one is directed in diſcharging thoſe obligations

gations with credit. It is no fault not to be a member of the houſe, but a very great one to fail in the performance of duties incumbent on that ſtate. The nation in a body truſt their intereſt with the deputies, who repreſent them in the Houſe of Commons. Their intereſts would be in rare hands, if the repreſentatives preferred their diverſions to their duty. Let us make uſe of the preſent war to underſtand this.

The preſent war is about the limits of *Canada*, conteſted between the two nations. The commiſſioners on both ſides, have made their allegations, which don't appear deciſive in the point, and which however muſt be decided; for if the *French* invade the property of the *Engliſh* nation, the Commons are obliged in honour and conſcience, to enter into a war. If the *French*, on the other ſide, only claim their own, nothing can be more unjuſt than the preſent war. If the rights of both the nations appear doubtful, equity requires endeavours to clear them up, and to terminate the diſpute by an accommodation. The whole lies in the hands of the repreſentatives, and *England* will be concerned in a juſt or unjuſt war, according as they ſhall decide the caſe. They muſt tremble for fear of wronging the country by their miſtakes, in a matter of this importance. Muſt they not, of conſequence, give their whole time up to enquiries after truth, and the merits of the cauſe, ſince they are anſwerable for the intereſt of the public intruſted to their care?

Lady Louiſa. I thank God for being of a different ſex; I hate theſe diſputes, and do aſſure you, that were I a man, I would not undertake ſo difficult and nice a commiſſion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. You would never have made your fortune, my dear, among the *Athenians*, with this diſpoſition; they allowed no neutrality in the differences that divided their commonwealth; and it was infamous to appear indifferent. What! they ſaid, you have a ſhare with your fellow-citizens in the protection, riches and all other advantages of your native country, and are you ſo little concerned for the public welfare, that you can ſit a cool ſpectator of *Athens*, torn and maltreated by faction? you are an ungrateful, infamous perſon, and deſerve to be caſt out of the commonwealth. This was a very juſt law, ladies, but only for men; nothing of this kind was expected from women; they had too mean an opinion of their capacities. Continue, Lady *Senſible*, inſtructing us about *America*.

Lady Senſible. Florida is ſeparated from *Louiſiana* by the *Apalacha* mountains; both nations are much alike in manners. The *Spaniards* have ſeveral forts here, whereof the chief are St. *Matthew*, and St. *Auguſtine*.

The Britiſh colonies comphehend *Acadia*, *New-England*, *New-York*, *Penſylvania*, *Maryland*, *Virginia*, *Carolina* and *Georgia*.

Mrs. Affable. As you are to be acquainted in a particular manner with this part of *America*, we will enter upon a more circumſtantial account of it the firſt time we meet.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

Lady LUCY.

YOU will give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to remind you, that you ſtill owe us the definition of liberty, which you promiſed. You ſaid, indeed, that liberty did not conſiſt in a power of doing evil with impunity, nor to do as we pleaſed, but you proceeded no farther.

Mrs. Affable. The queſtion is not very intricate, if you ſpeak of the liberty of a nation in general; it would be much more perplexing if we ſpoke of every perſon's particular liberty. But I am really leſs fit to handle this ſubject, than any other. I am far from looking upon liberty as the greateſt of all good things; nay, I have a confuſed notion, which ſeems to aſſure me, that it is no advantage, and that it is not ſuited to mankind.

Miſs Rural. Nay, now, Mrs. *Affable*, I muſt be ſo free as to contradict you. Liberty, in my opinion, is not only the greateſt good, but the only one that becomes a rational ſoul.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt then have a very clear and diſtinct idea of the import of that word; without that you could not even ſay, that it was a good thing, much leſs the greateſt and beſt of all good things. Give me a definition of what you mean by liberty, and you will oblige me greatly.

Lady

Lady Lucy. Give me leave to put in a reflection. I perceive that we don't underſtand half the words we uſe. That word *liberty* is uſed by all the world, and with ſo much eaſe, that one would really think all were agreed about the meaning and its advantages. And yet, I think with Mrs. *Affable*, though in a confuſed manner, that poſſibly, liberty may not be ſuch a valuable ware as it is frequently imagined. I perceive, that it cannot well ſubſiſt without breaking in upon order.

Miſs Rural. I cannot bear this diſcourſe; it puts me into a ferment. I muſt tell you, lady, that in this article I am quite an *Engliſh* woman, and more if poſſible; and, if I may be allowed to ſpeak with my uſual ſincerity, I don't underſtand, how the cleareſt matter in the world ſtands in need of the leaſt explication.

Mrs. Affable. Admire the ſtrength of prejudice, and a predominant paſſion. Nature has bleſſed Miſs *Rural* with a geometrical way of thinking; hitherto we have ſeen her with ſcales, compaſs, and rule, meaſuring, weighing and proving her opinions. Now we have hit upon her favourite idea; ſhe is out of all meaſure, and is almoſt tempted to break out into hard words. This great ſtickler for liberty will not indulge us the freedom of our own thoughts, and very arbitrarily, even without a proof, requires our ſubmiſſion to her notions. I am not ſo tyrannical, my dear; I don't condemn your opinion; I don't give mine, as infallible. I only inſiſt upon examining the matter. Lady *Witty*, I am ſure, joins with me in ſentiment; but if I ſhould attack ſome favourite foible of hers, her paſſion might perhaps prove not leſs warm than her friend's. I myſelf, ladies, as eaſily as any other, might be engaged in the

ſame falſe ſtep, on the like occaſion. Thus it happens, that perſons, otherwiſe of excellent endowments, will get into a habit of being out of reaſon. Let us guard againſt a defect, that vitiates the underſtanding. Inſtruct us, Miſs *Rural*, give us reaſons; you will find us docile, but forbear harſh language.

Miſs Rural. I am much aſhamed, Mrs. *Affable*; you have, as it were, taken a veil from before my ſight. My mind is certainly deſpotic; I would ſubject all the world to my way of thinking, and interiorly I condemn all that will not think like myſelf. I hope to be more moderate. I will give you my notion of a nation's liberty in general. And that is, where a nation is governed by good laws of their own making, and no one can with impunity offend againſt them. I have been informed it was ſo amongſt the *Romans*, and I think that this my favourite form of government is the ſame that we have in *England*.

As to the liberty of private perſons, it is ſuch as it ought to be under that government, particularly ſince they have liberty to think and write as they pleaſe.

Mrs. Affable. I have no longer an imaginary phantom to oppoſe; I know the liberty which is Miſs *Rural*'s idol, and ſhould be mine, but that I fear it is without any real exiſtence, and only ſubſiſts in imagination. The continuation of the *Roman Hiſtory* will inform you how far they were from even that kind of liberty.

Miſs Rural. Perhaps when the authority was lodged in the hands of one only, as in *Tarquin*'s time; but in the time of the commonwealth, when it was lodged in the *Conſuls* and the *Tribune* ——

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. That is the very time I mean. The proof we ſhall find in the hiſtory; and ſome day we will diſcuſs, whether that liberty, which the *Romans* never had, was reſerved for *England*. What reign was it we broke off at, Lady *Witty?*

Lady Witty. The reign of *Tarquin* the elder. I will diſpatch, in a word, what relates to the kings, to paſs to the *Conſuls*.

Lady Violent. Not ſo, madam, with your leave. You ſhall inform us, if Mrs. *Affable* allows it, with all that you know. I am not in ſuch haſte for the *Conſuls*.

Mrs. Affable. Make this reflection, ladies. If every one muſt have their liberty, we muſt go together by the ears. Lady *Witty* is for abridging. Lady *Violent* is for extending the account. So many heads, as many different minds. Let piſtols be brought in; and we ſhall ſee who gets the better.

Lady Witty. Good God! Mrs. *Affable*, there is no occaſion for fighting. It is but reaſonable to ſatisfy Lady *Violent*. I don't much care to repeat this beginning that I know ſo well; and at the ſame time it would be unjuſt to refuſe Lady *Violent* the pleaſure I have once had myſelf.

Lady Violent. You are extreme good, my dear; ſtill I would not abuſe your complaiſance. If it be the leaſt trouble to you, I will read it over by myſelf.

Mrs. Affable. Well! We are agreed without any ſtruggle. Tell me, Lady *Witty*; you are going to act againſt your own will; you are not free now, that you are doing what you have no mind to do. Not to be free in any action, is to be a ſlave with reſpect to that action. What do you think of it, my dear?

Lady Witty. I ſee no ſlavery or force in the caſe, where I obey the dictates of reaſon. That would

would be, indeed, a great evil, to have the liberty of being unreaſonable.

Mrs. Affable. Then we might define that man to be free, who obeys only right reaſon.

Lady Lucy. And the definition I really believe to be a very good one.

Miſs Rural. But it may frequently happen, that the opinions, however reaſonable, are different. I have, I ſuppoſe, a houſe near your's; reaſon tells me I ought to make it as convenient as poſſible. It is but two ſtories high. I build a third, which takes off your proſpect of a large garden. You cannot hinder me without abridging my liberty; and reaſon does not forbid you uſing your beſt endeavours to hinder me from the uſe of this liberty.

Lady Witty. You muſt excuſe me, madam. If the proſpect of that garden is only pleaſurable, I can be without it; If I am reſolved to have this view, I can add another ſtory to my houſe. If my houſe will not bear another ſtory, and your's obſtructs my light, I can have recourſe to your reaſon for obtaining juſtice from you, and if you refuſe this, to the laws, which are ſo to regulate the liberty and property of particulars, as not to prejudice that of others.

Lady Louiſa. And yet you might loſe your cauſe. When the city of *London* was burnt, a magnificent plan was offered for rebuilding it. Every ſtreet was to be as ſtraight as a line. St. *Paul*'s was to ſtand in the middle of a large ſquare opening into noble ſtreets. The plan was not to be executed; particulars would build on the old ſpot, which they formerly occupied, wherein their liberty could not be conſtrained, and, out of a regard to that, the city was rebuilt all awry.

Lady

Lady Lucy. My ſervice to the liberty of particulars, which tyrannizes over the public. Do you like that ſort of liberty, Miſs *Rural?*

Miſs Rural. No, madam; I own that there was good reaſon to force particulars, who took the advantage of liberty to be out of reaſon.

Mrs. Affable. Remember this, ladies; the liberty of the public is always to take place of the liberty of private perſons; we ſhall have frequent occaſion for this maxim. Let us now ſpeak of *Tarquin.*

Lady Senſible. The ladies have not forgot, that *Tarquin* behaved like a man of honour to arrive at the throne. As he had acted the part of a virtuous perſon ſo many years, he contracted ſuch a habit of doing good actions, that he never loſt it, and proved a very good king. The ſons of *Ancus* never forgot the trick he put upon them; they endeavoured to give him a great deal of trouble; but their ill-will was without ſucceſs, and he brought matters about, ſo as to have them baniſhed. He was engaged in ſeveral wars, which he always concluded to the advantage of the *Romans*; and in the intervals, which the winter ſeaſon afforded, his ſtudy and chief application was to keep up order, and to provide, that plenty of proviſions ſhould reign at *Rome*, and in the territory that depended on it. In one of his wars he took a lady of diſtinction priſoner, who was big with child. She was delivered of a ſon; he was called *Servius Tullius*, and was intended to be brought up, to wait in the ſervice of the royal palace. They thought one day, as the child ſlept, they ſaw his head crowned with flames; perhaps he had been electrified, Mrs. *Affable.* I only jeſt, ladies; no doubt but this was effected in ſome manner by the rays of the

ſun; however it was, *Tanaquil*, who loved to deal in the marvellous, firmly believed the report, and predicted the child would be the glory of his family. As ſhe had propheſied, ſhe was in honour obliged to ſee, that the prediction was accompliſhed; ſhe left nothing undone to bring it to bear, and gave *Servius* the beſt of education. He took it with ſuch advantage, that he became the delight of the king, and of the people. The king gave him his own daughter in marriage, and though he had two grandſons, *Tarquin* and *Aruns*, *Tanaquil* deſigned to place him on the throne after her huſband's deceaſe; and this was ſo much the eaſier to be done, as the people wiſhed it earneſtly.

Mean while *Ancus*'s two ſons, who were exiled, bore it with patience, and in hopes of ſucceeding the king who was declining in years. They were in a rage, when appriſed of the diſpoſition of the *Romans* in favour of *Servius*; and, to the end that *Tanaquil* ſhould have no time to ſtrengthen his party, they reſolved to get *Tarquin* diſpatched. Two murtherers in the guiſe of country labourers pretended to quarrel before the king's palace; the good prince, who thought it his duty to do juſtice to the meaneſt of his ſubjects, ordered them to be brought in, that they might come to an accommodation. Whilſt one was laying the caſe before him, the other fell on the king, and killed him with a hatchet he held in his hand. *Tanaquil* kept her uſual preſence of mind in this diſaſtrous circumſtance; ſhe ordered perſons of aſſured fidelity to lay the royal corps in bed, and publiſhed that he was only wounded, and not mortally; that he deſired the people to allow *Servius* the management of affairs till he recovered; and he employed his time to ſo much advan-

advantage for the eſtabliſhing of his authority, that the people looked upon him as their king. The ſenate was not altogether ſo favourable to *Servius*, who finding their unreadineſs to conſent, paſt over that ceremony, and got himſelf elected by the people.

Miſs Bella. I don't approve of elective kingdoms. The election can never be made peaceably; beſides, two different intereſts are ſet up in the kingdom, one of the ſtate, the other of the reigning family.

Lady Mary. I don't take this; pray, my dear, be ſo kind as to explain this point.

Mrs. Affable. You know that in hereditary kingdoms, the king knows that the ſucceſſion is his ſon's inheritance, whereby the good of the ſtate, and the advantage of his ſon, are linked together. An example will let you ſee what I mean.

The king is pleaſed to grant you a foreſt for yourſelf, and your heirs, but he makes the grant of another to me for life only. In this caſe, if you will but act rationally, you would be contented with lopping the branches of the trees, and you would keep the wood in the beſt order, ſeeing it is the inheritance of your children; and no waſte could be made without much prejudice to the family. The intereſt of your family and the preſervation of the wood is the ſame. I am in a different ſituation; the love I have for my family, has no connection with maintaining and keeping up an eſtate that is not to paſs to my deſcendants; on the contrary, I ſhall be naturally inclined to make all advantages poſſible, to cut down the large trees, to pluck up others, and to deſtroy, without any concern for their intereſt, who come to poſſeſs this eſtate after me, and who are quite ſtrangers to me.

'Tis the ſame where a kingdom does not deſcend to the king's poſterity. He makes as much of it as he can, becauſe his family's intereſt, and that of the kingdom, are two very different objects, whereas, in an hereditary kingdom, they are intimately connected. Pleaſe to go on with the hiſtory of *Servius*.

Lady Witty. In my opinion, *Servius* was the beſt, the greateſt king, and had the moſt diſtinguiſhed talents for reigning, that ever governed in *Rome*; and, to follow Mrs. *Affable*'s method, I will now endeavour to prove the truth of this opinion.

Romulus had divided the people into thirty claſſes, which were called *Curiæ*, and anſwer to the wards in the city. The wards were equal in the number of men. Now, ladies, you know, that in a kingdom the number of the poor exceeds greatly that of the rich. For inſtance, let us ſuppoſe a hundred wards of the poorer ſort, and ten of wealthy perſons; it was the ſame at *Rome*, and had very bad effects. And firſt they voted by wards, in their general aſſemblies about public buſineſs, elections, peace or war. The poor wards had, you ſee, an hundred votes, the rich but ten. Another inconvenience was, that all wards were taxed alike, and the pooreſt paid as much as the richeſt, which was really unjuſt.

Miſs Sophy. I eaſily ſee the injuſtice of the poor paying as high taxes as the rich, but I don't perceive any reaſon for your judging, that it is not proper for the poor to have more votes than the rich; I ſhould rather think, that the poor having leſs ambition than the rich, are ſo much fitter to govern.

Mrs. Affable. The thought ſeems to be, but is not good. You ſay, that the poor have leſs ambi-

ambition than the rich. It is a miſtake, my dear; their ambition does not aſpire ſo high, but takes in as many objects as theirs. I am of Lady *Witty*'s opinion, that the rich are fitter to govern the ſtate than the poor, and for theſe reaſons.

The intereſt of moſt wealthy perſons is to preſerve tranquillity and peace in the ſtate, that they may not loſe in the troubles of a commonwealth the happy ſtate they enjoy. The poor have little or nothing to loſe; their condition is frequently ſuch that it cannot be worſe, and of courſe every change may be advantageous. Suppoſe that I am blind, and that your ſight is very weak; a quack or mountebank comes and aſſures us, that he has a powder that will reſtore my ſight, and ſtrengthen yours; I muſt not make the leaſt ſcruple about the uſe of his powder; why? I can loſe nothing, I hazard nothing; I am blind; nothing worſe can happen to the eyes; if the remedy has no effect, I ſhall continue as I am. I have all to hope for, and run no riſk. Your caſe is different. Your ſight is weak; however, you ſee; and it is poſſible, that you may change your ſituation for a worſe. We may ſay the ſame with reſpect to the rich and the poor. The laſt may ſay, what concerns it to us, whether an enemy invades the kingdom or not? They can take nothing from thoſe, who poſſeſs nothing; they will plunder *Rome*; ſo much the worſe for the rich; they will not meddle with us; on the other hand, perhaps we may have ſome ſmall ſhare in the booty.

Lady Louiſa. It may be alſo added, that the rich, having received a better education, are better judges of what is more or leſs for the public good.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, madam; and thus I think I have clearly ſhewed that, for the intereſt of the ſtate, the government is better placed in the hands of the rich, than of the poor.

Lady Witty. Conſequently *Servius* was very prudent in placing power and authority in the wealthy part of the commonwealth; but this alteration required an able head-piece, and ſkilful management; for the common people of *Rome* were very jealous of the privilege they had to govern the ſtate.

Lady Violent. Did he take *Lycurgus*'s method, and propoſe the law with armed ſoldiers about him?

Lady Witty. No, madam; he had wit enough to bring about this change, without giving any perſon reaſon to complain. He convened the people; he ſaid, that he thought it very unjuſt for the poorer ſort to pay as much as the rich, and added, that he conceived he could make another regulation, by which the poor would be relieved, and pay very little.

Miſs Bella. I durſt lay a wager, that the majority was for him.

Lady Witty. You are ſure to win, madam; he had liberty to do as he pleaſed; and he begun with an order for every *Roman* to bring in an account of the value of their eſtates. He then proceeded to divide them into an hundred and ninety-three claſſes, which he called *Centuries*; but for the better underſtanding this, I make this compariſon. Suppoſe the ſame is done here at *London*, and that the firſt claſs conſiſts of perſons worth twenty-five thouſand pounds ſterling *per annum*; you eaſily conceive this claſs cannot be very numerous, it may poſſibly not reach more than an hundred.

If

If the ſecond claſs be made up of perſons worth twenty thouſand pounds *per ann.* this would exceed the other in number; and there would be ſtill more in a third claſs of ſuch as had an yearly income of fifteen thouſand, and more yet in another of ten thouſand pounds *per ann.* You underſtand plainly, that the numbers muſt gradually increaſe, and that the numbers muſt be greater, where a leſs yearly income is required. So that in the laſt claſs there might be twenty thouſand men, and not above one hundred in the firſt. The claſſes being thus diſpoſed, let us imagine an aſſeſſment made in this manner; that every claſs pay one thouſand pounds; how much muſt every one in the firſt and laſt claſs pay?

Lady Charlotte. In the firſt claſs every one pays ten pounds, and in the laſt a ſhilling.

Lady Witty. You may gueſs how pleaſed the poor were when this regulation took place; but at the ſame time, *Servius* made another, which they did not ſo fully enter into; and by which the claſſes were each to have a vote, that of an hundred equal to that of twenty thouſand. Now there was ninety-eight claſſes of the rich, and ninety-five of the poorer ſort. They began with the votes from the firſt, and ſo on in order, whereby affairs being decided by the majority of votes, they could be determined before they came to the poor *centuries*, whoſe votes were then taken only for form's ſake.

Lady Violent. Servius, I muſt ſay that for him, was very unlucky, and took in the people of *Rome* very artfully.

Lady Lucy. I have read over the *Roman Hiſtory* three times without underſtanding this, which kept me in the dark with regard to the perpetual diſputes between the *Patricians* and the *Plebeians*; the firſt always deſiring the votes to be taken

taken by *centuries*, and the laſt by the *curiæ*, or wards. Now I am let into the meaning.

Lady Witty. Afterwards *Servius* ordered an account of the *Romans*, and of their eſtates, to be taken after every five years. The numbering of the people concluded with a ſacrifice to purify the city, which was called *luſtrum*, and has alſo been appropriated to ſignify the ſpace of five years. His reign was diſturbed with wars, that laſted twenty years, and which he always made an end of with ſucceſs. His wars never diverted his attention from any thing, which he thought would be conducive to make the *Romans* a happy people; and upon this account, as he foreſaw, that a very bad ſucceſſor was next to the throne, he was reſolved to abdicate, that the people of *Rome* might be formed into a commonwealth, but had not time to execute his deſign.

Servius had two daughters both named *Tullia*, but perſons of very different characters. The eldeſt poſſeſſed every virtue; the younger was a monſter, and more cruel than bears and tygers; in a word, a fiend, under the appearance and figure of a woman. You remember, ladies, that *Tarquin* left two grand-ſons, *Tarquin* and *Aruns*. *Tarquin* had the ſame evil diſpoſitions of mind with the younger *Tullia*. *Aruns* reſembled the elder *Tullia* in virtue. *Servius*, who had a great deal of probity and worth, obſerved with grief, the malice of his daughter, and his nephew; he thought he had hit upon a happy expedient to reform their tempers; he married the aſpiring and malicious *Tullia* to the virtuous *Aruns*, and gave the incomparable *Tullia* to *Tarquin*, in hopes, that their good examples would ſoften the cruel and barbarous diſpoſition of the others.

The two ill-ſuited matches ended as it might reaſonably be expected. *Tarquin* poiſoned his virtuous

virtuous wife; *Aruns* met with the ſame fate from his cruel ſpouſe; and the two monſters matched together. From that moment the execrable *Tullia*, never let *Tarquin* reſt. She reproached him inceſſantly, his patience in ſuffering *Servius* to continue on the throne. But he is your father, ſaid *Tarquin*. No matter, ſhe anſwered, let him be deſtroyed, that you may take his place. *Tarquin* needed not to be much invited to commit a wicked action; he took an occaſion to go to the ſenate, and there repreſented to the ſenators, that they had not conſented to the election of *Servius*, and that he had, as grandſon to *Tarquin* the elder, a better right. With this, he ſeated himſelf on the throne; and *Servius* coming in great haſte, upon the news of this attempt, *Tarquin*, without any reſpect to his great age, took him by the middle, and hurled him headlong down the ſteps of the throne. Poor *Servius*, much bruiſed, got up, and was going home almoſt alone, but *Tarquin* ſent ſoldiers after him, who killed *Servius*, and left his body in the ſtreet.

Tarquin, as ſoon as he was appriſed of his death, ſent to *Tullia*, and let her know, ſhe might now come to ſee him in quality of king. The fury got immediately into her carriage to go to the ſenate, and by chance came to the ſtreet, where the body of her father lay; the driver would have gone another way; the barbarous *Tullia* would not hear of it, bid him drive on, and ſaid, that all the roads which led to the throne, were good. From that time, the ſtreet was named *Vicus Sceleratus*, or the *Defiled Street*, on account of this horrible crime.

Lady Violent. You had great reaſon to ſay, that this woman was a fiend. This ſtory looks ſo much more like ſome raving fancy, than a real fact, that it is extremely difficult to believe, that any human

human creature can carry perfidiouſneſs and barbarity to this exceſs.

Mrs. Affable. You judge very well, lady. Such monſters are not within the bounds of nature. Lady *Witty*, pray tell us the other regulations ſet on foot by *Servius*.

Lady Witty. He alſo impowered maſters to give liberty to their bond-ſlaves, who upon this were received into the loweſt claſs of the people. I thought he had inſtituted the *Saturnalia*, but looking over his life again laſt night, I find no mention of thoſe feaſts.

Lady Mary. What is meant by *Saturnalia?*

Mrs. Affable. A ſolemnity, and feſtival with maſquerades. You know, ladies, it was ſaid, that when *Saturn* was turned out of heaven by his ſon *Jupiter*, he took refuge in *Italy*, and brought with him the golden age, that is, pure and ſound morals. The heathen poets had, undoubtedly, a confuſed notion of the ſtate of our primitive parents in the terreſtrial paradiſe, and gave that happy time the name of the golden age. Then, ſaid they, the tyger and the lion, without any fierceneſs, grazed with the lamb in the ſame ſpot of ground. And man, unmoleſted with cupidity, only wanted the neceſſaries of life, which he found without labour among the fruits of the earth. The ſheep out of danger of being ſlaughtered, were ſecure of their fleece; the innocence of man, and the temperature of the ſeaſons making cloaths unneceſſary. *Mine* and *Thine* were terms unknown to the world; all was in common, and all men were equal. To perpetuate the memory of a happy age, which had only a being in the poet's fancy, they feigned that *Janus*, or *Saturn*, inſtituted the *Saturnalial* feſtivals, during which, men diſguiſed themſelves under ſkins or hides of beaſts; the maſters laid down, for a

while, the authority they had over their ſlaves, and made it a ſort of paſtime to wait upon them as ſervants.

Lady Louiſa. A feſtival of that nature would be very proper, even now, to remind us, that originally all men were equal.

Mrs. Affable. There are ſome remains ſtill of this cuſtom. The great ones in *France* are ſociable with their neighbours in the country, but they are not pleaſed to know any thing of them, when they come to *Paris*. I am told, that the *Engliſh* behave in the ſame manner to their *Spaw* or *Bath* acquaintance.

Miſs Rural. You told us, that the golden age, exiſted only in the poets imagination; would it have been real, if *Adam* and *Eve* had preſerved their innocence?

Mrs. Affable. In this reſpect, I cannot be ſure of any thing farther, than what we know from the ſcripture; every one is at liberty to form ſuch ideas as they pleaſe, provided they are not inconſiſtent with the ſacred text. God threatened man with death, if he diſobeyed; had he not done ſo, he would have been immortal.

Miſs Rural. But, Mrs. *Affable*, this ſtate of immortality would have been contrary to the nature of a body that is compoſed of parts; thoſe parts, in courſe, may be ſeparated, and conſequently it is not to be ſaid, that the body could have been immortal, ſince, as you have taught us, diviſibility is eſſential to matter.

Mrs. Affable. This ſhews, my dear, that the body cannot be immortal by nature, but by privilege. In ſuch occaſions, the rule, I have formerly given, is to be remembered. We don't conceive how a body, mortal by nature, can be immortal by privilege without a miracle; but we

are thoroughly convinced, that God can work miracles; and, ſince he aſſures us, that he would have done it, and we know that he can neither deceive, nor be deceived, we muſt ſtedfaſtly believe, that this mortality by nature, and immortality by privilege, are but contrary in appearance; and that our underſtanding is too much confined, to comprehend theſe articles. But perhaps this is nothing to the purpoſe, children, and upon a more ſerious examen, it would clearly appear not to imply any impoſſibility.

Lady Lucy. Why don't you go upon this examen, Mrs. *Affable?* Can any thing yield more ſatisfaction than this ſort of ſtudy?

Mrs. Affable. Very true, lady; but we have actually ſo many things to learn, that I think it adviſeable to put off this, and ſeveral others, to another occaſion. I ſhall employ the leiſure hours in reflections, which may give me farther lights, and which I ſhall be ſure to communicate to my dear ladies.

Miſs Rural. We have at home great numbers of philoſophical books, and many relating only to natural philoſophy; ſhall I ſend you ſome? Perhaps you may light upon ſomething that relates to this point.

Mrs. Affable. I am obliged to you, my dear, but do not chuſe to ſeek truth in all ſorts of books.

Lady Witty. Where then will you ſearch after truth? Don't we arrive at truth, by reading and comparing the ſeveral thoughts of different authors, in the books they have publiſhed?

Mrs. Affable. It may be ſo, my dear; but it may eaſily happen, that you ſhall imbibe, inſtead of truth, errors and prejudices. We lately ſaid, that ſince God created us to be happy, his goodneſs and his wiſdom obliged him to provide us

with means for compaſſing that end. He created us in ſuch manner, that we muſt eat, to repair our waſted ſubſtance, and he has ſupplied us with all things proper and neceſſary to prepare our aliments, and to fit them for being changed into our ſubſtance.

Lady Senſible. I am aware of the conſequence, which is to be drawn from that principle. He has created us to know the truth; conſequently, he has provided ſufficient means to arrive at that knowledge.

Mrs. Affable. Juſt ſo, my dear; truth is the nouriſhment of the ſoul. Can you think, that he has leſs care of the ſoul, than of the body; and that he has not provided means for it to take its nouriſhment?

Lady Senſible. But reading may be one means, and inſtruction another. Don't you yourſelf teach us, how to come at the truth?

Mrs. Affable. I teach you a method of finding the truth in your own hearts; otherwiſe, we muſt ſay, that a blind and deaf man, who is incapable of reading, is created by the Almighty, to be the ſport of error and falſhood. A motive very unworthy of God, who is all good, and all wiſe. What would you think, lady, if I advanced, that one can give what he has not?

Lady Senſible. As I ſhould immediately diſcover, that it implied a contradiction, and was contrary to our natural ideas, I ſhould ſay, it was falſe and ſhocking to reaſon?

Mrs. Affable. And if I maintained, that we cannot give what we have not, would you think the aſſertion ridiculous?

Lady Senſible. I ſhould grant that immediately, as it is conformable to our ideas, and to natural reaſon.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I infer from thence, that the rule, for arriving at the truth, is in your ſoul. You apply that rule to what I ſay, that you may diſcover, whether it is agreeable to the rule; and you judge it to be falſe or true, according to its tallying, or not, to that rule, without any power left, to bend your mind to a complacency in accepting my method of thinking. If I ſeek to deceive you, I muſt conceal the falſehood under the diſguiſe of truth.

And this is the only book, I chuſe to conſult, with reſpect to natural knowledge.

Lady Louiſa. That is a troubleſome method; it would be a much ſhorter way, to form our ideas after thoſe of others, and to be enriched with their lights.

Mrs. Affable. The inſight we receive from others, is a prejudice with reſpect to us; but this propoſition we ſhall debate, at another meeting.

Lady Lucy. I ſhall beg at the ſame time to be informed, how a blind and deaf man can come at the knowledge of truth, or one that lives in a deſart. To me, I own, it appears impoſſible.

Mrs. Affable. Examining and diſcuſſing muſt decide theſe points; it will be prudent in you to ſuſpend your judgment till that time; perhaps I have judged wrong myſelf. To conclude, ladies, I deſire you will carry in your minds, the method I have laid down, either to evince the truth of what I have advanced, or to ſhew, that I am in the wrong.

THE END.

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